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STOKES' ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

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STOKES' ENCYCLOPEDIA

OF

Familiar Quotations

CONTAINING FIVE THOUSAND
SELECTIONS FROM SIX
HUNDRED AUTHORS

With a Complete General Index and an Index of Authors

COMPILED BY
ELFORD EVELEIGH TREFFRY

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PREFACE

IN presenting to the public a new collection of familiar quotations, a brief explanation of the aim and the nature of the work seems to be demanded.

At the outset, the difficulty is encountered of determining the scope of the work, and the classes of readers to which it is to appeal. The primary object of a collection of "familiar quotations" is to furnish information as to the author of a fugitive line or passage, such as sometimes haunts the brain, and also the exact locality in that author's works where such line or passage may be found.

But from this restricted field others open, until it is rendered more and more difficult to determine where the lines governing admission or rejection shall be drawn. One seeks a well-turned phrase that may embody a wish or a compliment for a friend; the orator or statesman desires some epigrammatic passage with which he can adroitly illustrate a point or make a well-rounded peroration. Instinctively all such turn to the book of "familiar quotations," in the hope of finding therein the sentiments they desire to express. And so the circles widen until little can be considered but the feasibility of compiling a good "working" collection of condensed crystallized philosophy and apt descriptions, necessarily bounded in its scope by the ordinary limitations of handiness of reference.

Any attempt to limit the terms of admission by a test of "familiarity" must necessarily fail; as what is familiar to one may be unknown to another seeker of the kinds mentioned above. With the enormous increase of genuine literature, not to mention books of merit but of unstable reputation, familiarity with the bulk of the world's literary treasures is to-day beyond the capability of all but a few. The mind that is stored with the lofty imagery of Milton, or the graphic but too often prosy descriptions of Homer and other classical writers, has little in common with that of the reader of humor-

ous works, such as those of Hood and Barham, Mark Twain and Kipling. To cater exclusively to one class is to exclude the other from participation in whatever advantages a collection of quotations may possess; and practically neither class would be satisfied with the result, yet with the best endeavours, the question will repeatedly be asked of any collection,—and doubtless at times with impatience,—"Why is this passage given room while that is omitted?" No answer can be given that will prove satisfactory to every querist. The omission of one passage may be justified by its very familiarity, it being assumed that nearly every one would recognize its language and its source, and the space thus afforded may give room to some phrase newly coming into favour. The insertion of another may be due to its familiarity in certain circles of readers.

To constitute familiarity a quotation must present, in pleasing and compact form, some noteworthy truth or idea,—be the latter philosophical or humorous. It must be incisive, to create an impression on the mind; it must be brief, to retain a hold, however slight, upon the memory. A line or a few words will linger for years in some unused chamber of the brain, until occasion furnishes the connection between the present and the past. Then like a flash comes recollection,—sometimes clear, but more often confused and indistinct,—of having that idea presented to the mind before. According to the strength of the mental faculties and the amount of their training, more or less assistance must be called for to reproduce the complete image, and the mere suggestion of a word may suffice to establish the train of thought. But to frame a complete list of quotations which should supply the mental yearnings of every one would be an impossible task. Many men have many minds—to quote a hoary thought—and no collection—however comprehensive—of crystallized ideas could ever begin to supply the demands of human mental activities.

Too many books of this nature follow one another blindly, even in many cases justifying the suspicion that little originality was used in their compilation. In the present work, however, the selection of quotations has been made directly from the sources, with the purpose of bringing together as

varied a collection as possible,—a collection which should appeal to a large number of readers through both its literary value and its practical usefulness. This has made it possible to avoid following the exact lines of the older collections, and to present to the public a work fresh and original. The advantage of the present volume as a book of reference is that it contains many phrases and verses, the source of which is not generally known or easily found; and that it is particularly interesting and suggestive to the general reader on account of the number and variety of the quotations, many of which are from literary fields not generally touched upon in similar works.

In the present collection, but little attempt has been made to tap the great fountain of foreign or classical literature, or to trace to their original sources the sentences which contain the crystallized wisdom of ages. In the world of thought there is comparatively little new. Old ideas are reclothed in newer language; but many of the gems of English literature have their basic germ in the thought of thousands of years ago. The logic of a Bacon, the imagery of a Milton, or the keen exposition of human nature of a Shakespeare can often be traced back to the philosophers, poets, orators, and historians of Greece and Rome. Still further back, the thread may be followed through Egyptian lore till we find familiar ideas impressed on Assyrian and Babylonian tablets and cylinders. Beyond this point who can say that human wisdom shall be ultimately traced? And yet it can hardly be said that scientific exploration will not at some time reveal evidence of more remote civilizations with rich literature. For this reason little or no attempt has been made in these pages to detect the earliest known exponent of an idea. Space, to say nothing of other limitations upon such a scheme, would naturally forbid more than has been attempted,—the citation of some author of ability or repute who has at some time given form and utterance to a happy description, a quaint conceit, or an immortal truth.

The field of this book is therefore narrowed practically to English and American literature. Within this field every effort has been made to include a wide range of authors, subjects and literary styles. There has been no intent to limit

the quotations to authors of classical rank; for humble ideas will often survive where polished form will perish. Considerable use has, however, been made of such translations from the classics and the writings of foreign authors as have reproduced in poetic form in our own tongue the glories of the Greek and Latin writers.

The storehouse of language and thought which lies within the covers of the Bible has purposely been drawn upon very scantily, and then more by way of annotation than of direct quotation. More than sufficient material has been found in more modern fields to fill the space originally allotted to this volume, and to enter the sacred field without reaping an ample harvest would prove but an aggravation to the seeker after Biblical lore.

For the quotations that are given, a glance at the index of authors will suffice to show that there is an unusually large number of authors cited,—more than in any other such collection of similar size and scope; and that they represent all classes from the great poets to obscure writers who are remembered only by some one poem, or perhaps by a single verse or phrase which through some value of its own has impressed itself upon the minds of men. Among these many authors, even at the risk of sacrificing some old favourites, the most modern writers have been well represented; for many of their apt phrases and forcible words have already made their impression upon the public mind, and if not actually "familiar" are rapidly becoming so, and are likely to remain so. Among those cited may be mentioned, Kipling, Austin Dobson, Edwin Markham, and Theodore Roosevelt. The introduction of such names is a distinguishing characteristic of this volume, and will contribute largely, it is hoped, to its usefulness.

In citing the different quotations, each one has been taken from the most trustworthy available editions of the works of the authors cited, and variorum readings have been supplied in many cases. When possible, such different readings have been given in the text enclosed in brackets; but when the variation is considerable and the insertion of both renderings in the text awkward or impossible, one of the readings has been given in the form of a footnote. Painstaking effort

has been made to secure accuracy in specific reference, but on account of variances between editions, it is possible that the passages quoted may be found in certain editions a few lines distant from the citations given in this volume; though in some instances varying citations are given.

In reference to the general plan of the book, it is to be noted that the quotations are arranged under "key-words" —that is under some word occurring in the text of the passage selected, which seems most readily to suggest the idea of the whole, and most likely to occur to any one seeking the particular passage in question. This arrangement has been deemed superior to the arrangement by authors, because likely to give the most satisfactory aid to the reader who is seeking the accurate reference for a phrase he but imperfectly remembers, or the one who is looking for a passage illustrating and enforcing a certain idea. In either case such key-word is the one thing most likely to be remembered or sought for, and the desired passage can always most readily be found by this means. Both of these uses of the book may be illustrated by a single case. Let us suppose that one vaguely remembers a passage in which occurs the reference, "Life's final star is brotherhood," or that he wishes to have at hand a number of passages in which *brotherhood* is the leading idea. In either case he has but to open the book at the word *brotherhood*. Under this word he will find the passage, in which the given expression occurs, cited from Markham, and he will also find such other passages as the book contains, in which *brotherhood* is the leading word.

Naturally there might be a difference of opinion as to what the key-word should be, especially in certain passages where two words seem to be equally significant and suggestive, or, on the other hand, the reader's remembrance of the quotation he is seeking may be vague, and some less important word may have for some reason or other impressed itself upon his memory. In all cases of either kind the general index is well calculated effectually to aid him in his search. The general index is very full and gives a reference for every important word in every quotation, with enough of the phrase given to distinguish it. Key-words are indicated by italics; and when the quotations under any key-

word cover more than one page the inclusive page references are given. This word is not again indexed for any quotation arranged under such key-word; but is indexed for every other passage in which it has any importance. Take, for example, the word *love;* the quotations grouped under this as a key-word cover several pages, and the page references are accordingly given in the index. Tennyson's

"Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands"

is included in these pages; hence *love* is not again indexed for this specific passage, but it is separately indexed in the phrase "a sigh for those who *love* me"—which is elsewhere found under a different key-word.

The footnotes—aside from the variorum readings already mentioned—consist, for the most part, of parallel passages from other authors than those cited, which express ideas more or less similar to those illustrated in the text; thus bringing together a number of quotations related in thought, if not similar in language and expression, which might otherwise be separated; and serving to illustrate how a thought may be consciously or unconsciously passed on from one writer to another, or may occur to more than one almost simultaneously. Less frequently passages from the same author are given, especially when the thought suggested is frequently repeated in his works.

With this explanation of the aim and plan of the book, and with the hope that it will be a real help to those who use it, it is submitted to their kindly judgment.

STOKES' ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF FAMILIAR QUOTATIONS

Abbey.— To the hush of our dread high-altars
Where the Abbey makes us *We*.
KIPLING, *The Native-Born*, st. 12

A B C. F. R. S. and LL. D.
Can only spring from A B C. ELIZA COOK, *A B C*

Sorting and puzzling with a deal of glee
Those seeds of science called his A B C.
COWPER, *Conversation*, lines 13, 14

Abed. He who once has won a name may lie abed till eight. G. W. THORNBURY, *The Jester's Sermon*

Abra.— Abra was ready ere I called her name;
And, though I called another, Abra came. PRIOR,
Solomon on the Vanity of the World, II, lines 362, 363

Abridgment.—An abridgment of all that was pleasant in man.
GOLDSMITH, *Retaliation*, st. 8

Absalom.— That 't is a common grief
Bringeth but slight relief;
Ours is the bitterest loss,
Ours is the heaviest cross;[1]
And for ever the cry will be
"Would God I had died for thee,
O Absalom, my son!"
LONGFELLOW, *The Chamber Over the Gate*, st. 7

Absence.— Absence makes the heart grow fonder;
Isle of Beauty, fare thee well!
T. H. BAYLY, *Isle of Beauty*

There is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 2

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[1] That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more.—TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, vi, st. 1

Oh! never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seemed my flame to qualify.
SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet* cix

Accompt.— He can write and read and cast accompt.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part II*, iv, 2

Aches. I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches.
SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, i, 2

Achieving.— Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;[1]
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.
LONGFELLOW, *Psalm of Life*, st. 9

Acorns.— Large streams from little fountains flow,
Tall oaks from little acorns grow.
D. EVERETT, *Lines Written for a School Declamation*

Action.— Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
More learned than the ears.
SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, iii, 2

Suit the action to the word, the word to the action.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 2

Acts.— Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,
An Honest Man's Fortune, Epilogue

Adam.— When Eve upon the first of men
The apple pressed with specious cant,
Oh, what a thousand pities then
That Adam was not Adamant!
HOOD, *Epigram xx: A Reflection*

In Adam's fall
We sinned all. *New England Primer*

Adam was a gardener.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part II*, iv, 2

Adieu.— Adieu, adieu! my native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue;
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto i, st. 13 (1)

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[1] Here's a heart for every fate. BYRON, *To Thomas Moore*, st. 2

He turned his charger as he spake,
Upon the river shore,
He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said "Adieu for evermore,
My love!
And adieu for evermore."
SCOTT, *Rokeby*, Canto iii, st. 28

Admiration.— A Society of Mutual Admiration.
HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, i

Adorned. Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the most.
THOMSON, *The Seasons*, Autumn, lines 204–206

Adversity. O summer friendship,[1]
Whose flattering leaves, that shadowed us in
Our prosperity, with the least gust drop off
In the autumn of adversity.
PHILIP MASSINGER, *The Maid of Honour*

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.[2]
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, ii, 1

Let me embrace thee, sour adversity,
For wise men say it is the wisest course.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part III*, iii, 1

Advice.— Good but rarely came from good advice.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto xiv, st. 66

Affection.— Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same.
COWPER, *The Negro's Complaint*, st. 2

Surely a woman's affection
Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking.
When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it.
LONGFELLOW, *Courtship of Miles Standish*, iii, lines 125–127

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[1] Like summer friends,
Flies of estate and sunneshine.—G. HERBERT, *The Answer*.

[2] God is seen God
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul, and the clod.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Saul*, xvii

Affection is a coal that must be cooled;
Else, suffered, it will set the heart on fire.
SHAKESPEARE, *Venus and Adonis*, lines 387, 388

Affliction. Henceforth I 'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself
"Enough, enough!" and die.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, iv, 6

Affront.— A moral, sensible, and well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can.
COWPER, *Conversation*, lines 193, 194

Afloat.— I 'm afloat — I 'm afloat — on the fierce rolling tide;
The ocean 's my home! and my bark is my bride.
ELIZA COOK, *Rover's Song*, st. 1

Afternoon. Sleeping within my [mine] orchard,
My custom always of [in] the afternoon.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 5

Age.— A lady of "a certain age," which means
Certainly aged. BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto vi, st. 69

I am not of this people, nor this age.
BYRON, *Prophecy of Dante*, Canto i, line 143

When he 's forsaken,
Withered and shaken,
What can an old man do but die?
Love will not clip him,
Maids will not lip him,
Maud and Marian pass him by;
Youth it is sunny,
Age has no honey,—
What can an old man do but die? HOOD, *Ballad*

He was not of an age, but for all time!
BEN JONSON, *To the Memory of Shakespeare*, line 43

Old age is still old age.
It is the waning, not the crescent moon;
The dusk of evening, not the blaze of noon:
It is not strength, but weakness; not desire,
But its surcease; not the fierce heat of fire,
The burning and consuming element,
But that of ashes and of embers spent,
In which some living sparks we still discern,
Enough to warm, but not enough to burn.
LONGFELLOW, *Morituri Salutamus*, st. 26

Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood.
SCOTT, *Marmion*, vi, 15

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy
The appetites they feed: but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies.
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii, 2

Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltness of time.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, i, 2

When the age is in, the wit is out.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, iii, 5

Crabbed age and youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance, age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn, age like winter weather;
Youth like summer brave, age like winter bare.
SHAKESPEARE, *Passionate Pilgrim*, st. 12

Thoughts of my age,
Dread ye not the cold sod;
Hopes of my age,
Be ye fixed on your God.
ST. GEORGE TUCKER, *Days of My Youth*, st. 3

Agony.— Charm ache with air, and agony with words.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, v, 1

Air.— *Hamlet.* The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Horatio. It is a nipping and an eager air.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 4

The air, a chartered libertine.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, i, 1

Alarum.— Hear the loud alarum bells —
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells.
POE, *The Bells*, st. 3

Albatross.— "Why look'st thou so?"— "With my cross-bow I shot the albatross."
COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*, lines 81, 82

Alcalde.— He whose father is alcalde, of his trial hath no fear.
BRET HARTE, *Concepcion de Arguello*, iii, st. 15

Alcoholic.— The alcoholic virtues don't wash; but until the water takes their colours out, the tints are very much like those of the true celestial stuff.
HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, viii

Ale.— Then to the spicy nut-brown ale.[1]
MILTON, *L'Allegro*, line 100

I would give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, iii, 2

A quart of ale is a dish for a king.
SHAKESPEARE, *Winter's Tale*, iv, 3 [2]

I cannot eat but little meat,—
My stomach is not good;
But, sure, I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood. . . .
Back and side, go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.
JOHN STILL, *Good Ale*, st. 1

Alexandrine.— A needless Alexandrine ends the song
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, lines 356, 357

Algebra. He, by geometric scale,
Could take the size of pots of ale;
Resolve, by sines and tangents straight,
If bread or butter wanted weight;
And wisely tell what hour o' th' day
The clock does strike, by algebra.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, i, lines 121–126

Allegory.— As headstrong as an allegory on the banks of the Nile.
SHERIDAN, *The Rivals*, v, 3

Alley.— Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
H. CAREY, *Sally in Our Alley*, st. 1

Alliances.— Peace, commerce, and honest friendship, with all nations,— entangling alliances with none.
THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Inaugural Address, March* 4, 1801

Alliteration.— Apt alliteration's artful aid.
C. CHURCHILL, *The Prophecy of Famine*

Almighty.— The Almighty has his own purposes.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *Inaugural Address, March* 4, 1865

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[1] Foamed forth in floods the nut-brown ale.
SCOTT, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto VI, viii

Alms.— That is no true alms which the hand can hold;
He gives only the worthless gold
Who gives from a sense of duty.
LOWELL, *Vision of Sir Launfal*, i, st. 6

Alone.— Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*, lines 232, 233, 598

Alone I did it. SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, v, 6 [5]

Altar-stairs.— Upon the great world's altar-stairs
That slope through darkness up to God.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, lv, st. 4

Ambassador.— An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country.
SIR HENRY WOTTON, adapted and translated by Izaak Walton in his *Life of Wotton*

Ambition.— Till pride and worse ambition threw me down.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IV, line 40

What will not ambition and revenge
Descend to? who aspires must down as low
As high he soared. *Ibid.*, IX, lines 168–170

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, ii, 1

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff. *Ibid.*, iii, 2

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, iii, 2

Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, i, 7

Ambitious.— As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 2

No man's pie is freed
From his ambitious finger.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, i, 1

Amen. "Amen"
Stuck in my throat. SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, ii, 2

America.— This day is a glorious day for America.
SAMUEL ADAMS, quoted in Tudor's *Life of James Otis*

America! half-brother of the world!
With something good and bad of every land.
P. J. BAILEY, *Festus*, Scene—The Surface

My Lords, you cannot conquer America.
WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM,
Speech on the American War, Nov. 18, 1777

American.— I am an American,— and wherever I look up and see the stars and stripes overhead, that is home to me! HOLMES, *Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, iv

The apron-strings of an American mother are made of india-rubber. Her boy belongs where he is wanted; and . . . his home [is] wherever the stars and stripes [blow] over his head. *Ibid.*, xii

To think of trying to waterproof the American mind against the questions that Heaven rains down upon it shows a misapprehension of our new conditions; . . . for what the Declaration means is the right to question everything, even the truth of its own fundamental proposition. *Ibid.*

The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man [Lincoln],
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.
LOWELL, *Commemoration Ode*, st. 6

If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms—never—never—never!
WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM,
Speech on the American War, Nov. 18, 1777

Amorous.— Whosoever esteemeth too much of amorous affection, quitteth both riches and wisdom.
BACON, *Essay X: Of Love*

Anchor.— Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of clay.
SIR S. FERGUSON, *The Forging of the Anchor*, st. 4

Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.
TENNYSON, *Enoch Arden*, line 222

Angel.— Thou hast called me thy angel in moments of bliss,
And thy angel I'll be, 'mid the horrors of this,—
Through the furnace, unshrinking, thy steps to pursue,
And shield thee, and save thee,—or perish there too!
THOMAS MOORE, *Come, Rest in This Bosom*, st. 3

Methinks an angel spake.—SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, v, 2

Till my bad angel fire my good one out.
SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet cxliv; Passionate Pilgrim*, st. 2

Angels.—The angels all were singing out of tune,
And hoarse with having little else to do,
Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,
Or curb a runaway young star or two.
BYRON, *Vision of Judgment*, st. 2

I know that the angels are whispering with thee.
S. LOVER, *The Angel's Whisper*

Like angels' visits, short and bright.[1]
JOHN NORRIS, *The Parting*

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 4

Anger.— Like women's anger, impotent and loud.
DRYDEN, *Epistle to Sir Godfrey Kneller*, line 84

Anger's my meat; I sup upon myself,
And so shall starve with feeding.
SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, iv, 2

Anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allowed his way,
Self-mettle tires him.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, i, 1

Anger hath a privilege.—SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, ii, 2

Angle. Angle on; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.
IZAAK WALTON, *The Angler's Wish*, st. 4

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[1] Like angel-visits, few and far between.
THOMAS CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope*, ii, st. 28

Visits
Like those of angels, short and far between.
R. BLAIR, *The Grave*, ii

Angling.— Angling is somewhat like poetry, men are to be born so. IZAAK WALTON, *The Complete Angler*, i

We may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries: "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did." And so, if I might be judge, God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling. *Ibid.*

All that are lovers of virtue . . . be quiet and go a-angling. *Ibid.*, xxi

Anguish.— Beloved one, if anguish would fall where fall it may,
If sorrow could be won by gifts to barter prey for prey,
There is an arm would wither, so thine revived might be;
A lip which would be still and mute, to make thy music free;
An eye which would forget to wake, to bid thy morning shine;
A heart whose very strings would break, to steal one pang from thine. PRAED, *To* ———, st. 2

Anointed.— The Lord's anointed.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III*, iv, 4

Answer.— You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, iv, 1

Answers.— I am not bound to please thee with my answers.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

Anthem.— Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, st. 11

The hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem.
LONGFELLOW, *Courtship of Miles Standish*, iii, line 40

Anti.— Lean, hungry, savage, anti-everythings.
HOLMES, *A Modest Request*, The Speech, line 40

Antiquity.— Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.
HORACE SMITH, *Address to a Mummy*, st. 6

Apes.— I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.[1]
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, ii

[1] I will . . . lead his apes into hell.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, ii, 1

Apology.— Apology is only egotism wrong side out.
HOLMES, *Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, vi

Apostles.— Parson Wilbur sez he never heerd in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swaller-tail coats,
An' marched round in front of a drum an' a fife,
To git some on 'em office, an' some on 'em votes;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they did n't know everythin' down in Judee.
LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, I, iii, st. 8

Apothecary.— An apothecary on a white horse
Rode by, on his vocation;
And the Devil thought of his old friend,
Death, in the Revelation.
SOUTHEY, *The Devil's Walk*, st. 7

Apparel.— Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 3

Appetite.— Appetite comes with eating. RABELAIS, I, v

She would hang on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 2

Applaud.— I would applaud thee to the very echo,
That should applaud again.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, v, 3

Applause.— The applause of listening senates[1] to command.
GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, st. 17

Apple.— An evil soul producing holy witness
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 3

Apples.— Lord love us, how we apples swim.
DAVID MALLETT,[2] *Tyburn*

There's small choice in rotten apples.
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, i, 1

Approbation.— Approbation from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed.
THOMAS MORTON, *A Cure for the Heart-ache*, v, 2

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[1] While listening senates hang upon thy tongue.
THOMSON, *The Seasons, Autumn*, line 15

[2] Also attributed to Swift.

'T is approbation strikes the string of joy.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, VIII, line 85

Arab.— Because thou com 'st, a weary guest,
Unto my tent, I bid thee rest.
This cruse of oil, this skin of wine,
These tamarinds and dates are thine.
. . . . . .
Even so
An Arab chieftain treats a foe,
Holds him as one without a fault
Who breaks his bread and tastes his salt;
And, in fair battle, strikes him dead
With the same pleasure that he gives him bread.
T. B. ALDRICH, *An Arab Welcome*

Archer.— Insatiate archer! could not one suffice?
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, I, lines 212–214

Are.— We know what we are, but know not what we may be.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iv, 5

Argue.— In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still.
GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*, st. 14

Ark.— Presume to lay their hand upon the ark
Of her magnificent and awful cause.
COWPER, *The Task: The Time-Piece*, lines 231, 232

Arm.— Arm! arm! it is — it is — the cannon's opening roar!
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iii, st. 22

Arm-chair.— I love it, I love it; and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
. . . . . .
Would ye learn the spell? — a mother sat there;
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.
ELIZA COOK, *The Old Arm-chair*, st. 1

Armed.— Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just,[1]
And he but naked, though locked up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part II*, iii, 2

Arms.— My soul 's in arms, and eager for the fray.
COLLEY CIBBER, *Richard III, Adapted*, v, 5

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[1] My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.
TENNYSON, *Sir Galahad*

Arms and the man I sing, who, forced by Fate,
And haughty Juno's unrelenting hate.[1]
DRYDEN, *Virgil's Æneid*, Book I, lines 1, 2

The arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, v, 2

Art.— All things are artificial, for nature is the art of God.[2]
SIR THOMAS BROWNE, *Religio Medici*, sect. xvi

When the flush of a new-born sun fell first on Eden's green and gold,
Our father Adam sat under the Tree and scratched with a stick in the mould;
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen was joy to his mighty heart,
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves: "It 's pretty, but is it art?"
KIPLING, *The Conundrum of the Workshop*

Artificer.— Another lean unwashed artificer.
SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, iv, 2

Artillery.— Then shook the hills with thunder riven;
Then rushed the steed, to battle driven;
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flashed the red artillery.
THOMAS CAMPBELL, *Hohenlinden*, st. 4

Arts.— Arts that thrive at Number Five
Don't take at Number One. HOOD, *Number One*, st. 3

Ashes.— Take them, O Father, in immortal trust!
Ashes to ashes, dust to kindred dust,
Till the last angel rolls the stone away,
And a new morning brings eternal day!
HOLMES, *Dedication of the Pittsfield Cemetery*, st. 9

Ass.— Oh, that he were here to write me down an ass! But, masters, remember that I am an ass; though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass . . . Oh, that I had been writ down an ass. . . . Do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, iv, 2; v, 1

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[1] And angry Juno's unrelenting hate.
DRYDEN, *Palamon and Arcite*, line 698

[2] The course of nature is the art of God.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, IX, line 1269

Asses.— Its proper power to hurt, each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels.
POPE *Imitations of Horace.*
Satire I, Book ii, lines 85, 86

Theseus. I wonder if the lion be to speak.
Demetrius. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, v, 1

Assurance. I'll make assurance doubly sure,
And take a bond of fate.—SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iv, 1

Assyrian.— The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.
BYRON, *Destruction of Sennacherib*, st. 1

Astronomer.— An undevout astronomer is mad.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, IX, line 773

Atheism.— A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism; but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion. . . . Atheism is rather in the lip than in the heart of man. BACON, *Essay XVI: Of Atheism*

Atheist.— By night an atheist half believes a god.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, V, line 176

Atlantis.— The lost Atlantis of our youth!
LONGFELLOW, *Ultima Thule*, Dedication, st. 2

Attempt.— Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt;
Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.
HERRICK, *Seek and Find*

Attractive.— Here's metal more attractive.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 2

Auld Lang Syne.—Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
. . . . . .
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne. BURNS, *Auld Lang Syne*

Austrian.— An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade.
ANONYMOUS, *Siege of Belgrade*

Authors.— Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the rust we value, not the gold.
POPE, *Imitations of Horace*, Epistle I, Book ii, lines 35, 36

Avarice.— So, for a good old gentlemanly vice,
I think I must take up with avarice.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto i, st. 216

Avenged.— 'T is an old tale and often told;
But did my fate and wish agree,
Ne'er had been read in story old
Of maiden true betrayed for gold
That loved or was avenged like me!
SCOTT, *Marmion*, ii, st. 27

O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be avenged on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in [on] me alone;
Oh, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III*, i, 4

Avenging.— So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he 's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,—
The world shall see his bones!
HOOD, *The Dream of Eugene Aram*

Awake.— Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, I, line 33

Aweary. Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 3

Axe.— When I see a merchant over-polite to his customers, begging them to taste a little brandy, and throwing half his goods on the counter, thinks I, that man has an axe to grind. C. MINOR, *Who'll Turn Grindstones?*

Axis.— The axis of the earth sticks out visibly through the centre of each and every town or city.
HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, vi

Baby.— Who can tell what a baby thinks?
Who can follow the gossamer links
By which the mannikin feels his way
Out from the shore of the great unknown,
Blind, and wailing, and alone,
Into the light of day? J. G. HOLLAND, *Bitter Sweet:* First Movement — The Question Stated

"Where did you come from, baby dear?"
"Out of the everywhere into the here."
G. MACDONALD, *The Baby*, st. 1

Oh, hush thee, my baby, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady both lovely and bright.
SCOTT, *Lullaby of an Infant Chief*, st. 1

Bacchus.— Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.
DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast*, lines 54–60

Bachelor.— When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, ii, 3

Bachelor's Hall.— Bachelor's Hall, what a quare-lookin' place it is!
Kape me from such all the days of my life!
Sure but I think what a burnin' disgrace it is,
Niver at all to be gettin' a wife.

Pots, dishes, pans, an' such grasy commodities,
Ashes and praty-skins, kiver the floor;
His cupboard's a storehouse of comical oddities,
Things that had niver been neighbours before.
JOHN FINLEY, *Bachelor's Hall*, st. 1, 2

Bad.— 'Tis no shame to be bad, because 'tis so common.
CYRIL TOURNEUR, *The Revenger's Tragedy*, ii, 1

Bairns.— Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!
ALEXANDER ANDERSON, *Cuddle Doon*

They say barnes are blessings.
SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well*, i, 3

Bait.— Bait the hook well; this fish will bite.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, ii, 3

Balance.— I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old. CANNING, *The King's Message*

Ballads.— I knew a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.
ANDREW FLETCHER OF SALTOUN, *Letter to the Marquis of Montrose*

Balm.—"Is there — is there balm in Gilead? — tell me — tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"
POE, *The Raven*, st. 15

Banishment.— The bitter bread of banishment.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, iii, 1

Bank.— I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows.
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, ii, 1

Banner.— For ever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?
DRAKE, *The American Flag*, st. 5

Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there;
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
F. S. KEY, *The Star-Spangled Banner*, st. 1

Our glorious Semper Eadem, the banner of our pride.
MACAULAY, *The Armada*, line 30

Banners.— Hang out our banners on the outward walls;
The cry is still "They come!" our castle's strength
Will laugh a siege to scorn.—SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, v, 5

Banquet-hall.— I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed.
T. MOORE, *Oft in the Stilly Night*, st. 2

Bar.— Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.[1]

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[1] Raise ye no cry, and let no moan
Be made when I depart.—FELICIA HEMANS, *The Cid's Deathbed*, st. 9

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,[1]
When that which drew from out the boundless deep[2]
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark. TENNYSON, *Crossing the Bar*

Barbarism.— There is a moral of all human tales;
'T is but the same rehearsal of the past,
First freedom, and then glory — when that fails,
Wealth, vice, corruption,— barbarism at last.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iv, st. 108

Barbered.— Being barbered ten times o'er.
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii, 2

Bard.— A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beseems.
JAMES THOMSON, *The Castle of Indolence*, Canto i, st. 68

Bargain.— So clap hands and a bargain.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, v, 2

Bark. That fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark.
MILTON, *Lycidas*, lines 100, 101

Barleycorn.— John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'T will make your courage rise.
BURNS, *John Barleycorn*, st. 13

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[1] How still the plains of the water be!
The tide is in his ecstasy.
The tide is at his highest height:
And it is night.—LANIER, *The Marshes of Glynn*, st. 10

[2] Out of the deep, my child, out of the deep,
Where all that was to be, in all that was,
Whirled for a million æons through the vast
Waste dawn of multitudinous-eddying light —
. . . . .
And last in kindly curves, with gentlest fall,
By quiet fields, a slowly-dying power,
To that last deep where we and thou are still.
TENNYSON, *De Profundis*, i

Out of the deep, Spirit, out of the deep,
With this ninth moon, that sends the hidden sun
Down yon dark sea, thou comest, darling boy.
TENNYSON, *De Profundis*, ii, st. 1

Where is he who knows?
From the great deep to the great deep he goes.
TENNYSON, *Coming of Arthur*, lines 409, 410

Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst mak' us scorn!
Wi' tippenny we fear nae evil;
Wi' usquebae we 'll face the devil!
BURNS, *Tam O' Shanter*, st. 11

Bastion.— A looming bastion fringed with fire.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, xv, st. 5

Battle.— Battle's magnificently-stern array! BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iii, st. 28

While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.
CAMPBELL, *Ye Mariners of England*

Wut 's words to them whose faith an' truth
On War's red techstone rang true metal,
Who ventered life an' love an' youth
For the gret prize o' death in battle?
LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, II, x, st. 17

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line!
For God! for the cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!
MACAULAY, *The Battle of Naseby*, st. 5

On the perilous edge
Of battle.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, I, lines 276, 277

Battles.— Soothed with the sound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain. DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast*, lines 66–68

Be.— To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them?—SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 1

Beak.—"Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"
POE, *The Raven*, st. 17

Bear.— To bear, to nurse, to rear,
To watch, and then to lose:
To see my bright ones disappear,
Drawn up like morning dews.
JEAN INGELOW, *Songs of Seven: Seven Times Six*, st. 1

She will sing the savageness out of a bear.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, iv, 1

Beast.

The beast
With many heads. SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, iv, 1

A beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourned longer.—SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 2

Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, cxviii, st. 7

Beaten.— Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of by th' blow;
Some kicked, until they can feel whether
A shoe be Spanish or neat's leather.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, II, i, lines 221–224

Beautiful.— With other articles of ladies fair,
To keep them beautiful, or leave them neat.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto i, st. 143

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful;
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful. HOOD, *The Bridge of Sighs*, st. 5

Beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, III, lines 81–83

Beauty.— My love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her:
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For winter, spring, and summer.
No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on:
But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.
ANONYMOUS, *Madrigal: My Love in Her Attire*

Old as I am, for ladies' love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet,
Which once inflamed my soul, and still inspires my wit.[1]
DRYDEN, *Cymon and Iphigenia*, lines 1–3

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.
KEATS, *Endymion*, i, line 1

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[1] Oh, the days are gone when beauty bright
My heart's chain wove,
When my dream of life from morn to night
Was love, still love!
T. MOORE, *Love's Young Dream*

Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, i, 3

The goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness.
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, iii, 1

Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear!
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, i, 5

'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruellest she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.
SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, i, 5

Bed.— Oh, bed! oh, bed! delicious bed!
That heaven upon earth to the weary head.
HOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg*, Her Dream

Weary with toil, I haste me to my bed,
The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
But then begins a journey in my head,
To work my mind, when body's work's expired.
SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet* XXVII

Of all the foes that man should dread
The first and worse one is a bed
. . . . . .
For I've been born and I've been wed —
All of man's peril comes of bed.
C. H. WEBB, *Dum Vivimus Vigilamus*, st. 1, 2

Bedclothes.— He took lodgings for rain or shine
Under green bedclothes in '69.
HOLMES, *Parson Turell's Legacy*, st. 1

Bedfellows.— Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.[1]
SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, ii, 2

Bee.— Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie.
. . . . . .
Merrily, merrily shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.
SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, v, 1 (Ariel's Song)

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[1] In they go,
Beggar and banker, porter and gentleman,
The cinder wench and the white-handed lady,
Into one pit: oh, rare, rare bedfellows!
There they all lie in uncomplaining sleep.
WILSON
Do not all go to one place?
Ecclesiastes, vi, 6

Beef.— When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts, and enriched our blood;
Our soldiers were brave, and our courtiers were good.
Oh, the roast beef of old England,
And oh, the old English roast beef!
FIELDING, *The Roast Beef of Old England*, st. 1

What say you to a piece of beef and mustard?
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, iv, 3

Beer.— Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, ii, 2

Taps, that in our day were famous,
Have given place to lager bier.
STEDMAN, *The Ballad of Lager Bier*, st. 1

Beetle.— If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, i, 2

Beggar. Whiles I am a beggar, I will rail
And say there is no sin but to be rich;
And, being rich, my virtue then shall be
To say there is no vice but beggary.
SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, ii, 1 [2]

Beggars.— Beggars mounted run their horse to death.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part III*, i, 4

Bell.— The sound of the church-going bell.
COWPER, *Alexander Selkirk*, st. 4

His death, which happened in his berth,
At forty-odd befell:
They went and told the sexton, and
The sexton tolled the bell.
HOOD, *Faithless Sally Brown*, st. 17

If the midnight bell
Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
Sound on into the drowsy ear of night.
SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, iii, 3

Bell, book and candle.[1] *Ibid.*

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[1] The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book.
R. H. BARHAM, *Ingoldsby Legends*, The Jackdaw of Rheims

Go fetch me a book!— go fetch me a bell
As big as a dustman's!— and a candle as well!
I'll send him — *where* good manners won't let me tell!
R. H. BARHAM, *Ingoldsby Legends*, The Ingoldsby Penance

It is done!
Clang of bell and roar of gun
Send the tidings[1] up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!
WHITTIER, *Laus Deo*, st. 1

Bells.— Oh, the merry Christ-Church bells!
ANONYMOUS, *The Merry Bells of Oxford*

Those evening bells! those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells,
Of youth and home and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.
T. MOORE, *Those Evening Bells*, st. 1

Hear the sledges with the bells —
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight.[2]— POE, *The Bells*, st. 1

If ever you have looked on better days,
If ever been where bells have knolled to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what 't is to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, ii, 7

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid, the night is still;
A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist.

A single peal of bells below,
That wakens at this hour of rest
A single murmur in the breast,
That these are not the bells I know.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, civ

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky. *Ibid.*, cvi, st. 1

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[1] Of the passage of the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States abolishing slavery.

[2] Jingle, jingle, clear the way,
'T is the merry, merry sleigh!
As it swiftly scuds along,
Hear the burst of happy song,
See the gleam of glances bright,
Flashing o'er the pathway white!
Jingle, jingle, past it flies,
Sending shafts from hooded eyes.
G. W. PETTEE, *Sleigh Song*.

Belly.— He had a broad face, and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
C. C. Moore, *A Visit from St. Nicholas*

Benefits.— Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, ii, 7

Benison.— God's benison go with you; and with those
That would make good of bad, and friends of foes!
Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, ii, 4

Best.— Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be.
R. Browning, *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, st. 1

No doubt everything is for the best.
Byron, *Don Juan*, Canto vi, st. 1

Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more.
Young, *Night Thoughts*, II, lines 91, 92

Betimes.— Not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes.
Shakespeare, *Twelfth Night*, ii, 3

Beware.— I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be,
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!
Longfellow, *Translation from the German: Beware!* st. 1

Bible.— Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone;
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.[1]
Lowell, *Bibliolatres*, st. 6

Bier.— They bore him barefaced on the bier.
Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, iv, 5

Bile.— There are but two bad things in this world — sin and bile.
Hannah More

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[1] Out from the heart of Nature rolled
The burdens of the Bible old;
The litanies of nations came,
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,—
The canticles of love and woe.
Emerson, *The Problem*, st. 2

Bilious.— No solemn sanctimonious face I pull,
Nor think I'm pious when I'm only bilious.
HOOD, *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire*, st. 4

Billiards.— Let 's to billiards.
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii, 5

Bird.— The bird that hath been limèd in a bush,
With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part III*, v, 6

The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
Against it and beats out his weary life.
TENNYSON, *Enoch Arden*, lines 722–726

Birdie.— What does little birdie say
In her nest at peep of day?
TENNYSON, *Sea Dreams*, lines 281, 282

Birnam.— Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, v, 3

Birth.— The owl shrieked at thy birth,— an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howled, and hideous tempests [tempest] shook down trees;
The raven rooked her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part III*, v, 6

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.
WORDSWORTH, *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, st. 5

Birthdays.— What different dooms our birthdays bring!
HOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg*, Her Birth

Birthright. Thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness
Share with thy birthright!
SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well*, i, 1

Biscay.— Loud roared the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge showers,
The clouds were rent asunder
By lightning's vivid powers;
The night both drear and dark,
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day, there she lay,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!
ANDREW CHERRY, *The Bay of Biscay*, st. 1

Bite.— And having looked to government for bread, in the very first scarcity they will turn and bite the hand that fed them. BURKE, *Thoughts and Details on Scarcity.*

Bivouac.— On fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.
THEODORE O'HARA, *The Bivouac of the Dead*, st. 1

Blackguards.— "*Arcades ambo*," *id est* — blackguards both.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto iv, st. 93

Black-jack.— Our vicar still preaches that Peter and Poule
Laid a swingeing long curse on the bonny brown bowl,
That there's wrath and despair in the jolly black-jack,
And the seven deadly sins in a flagon of sack;
Yet whoop, Barnaby! off with thy liquor,
Drink upsees out, and a fig for the vicar.
SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake*, Canto vi, st. 5

Blade.— The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting had grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of some body to hew and hack.[1]
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, i, lines 359–362

Blaize.— Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize;
Who never wanted a good word —
From those who spoke her praise.
GOLDSMITH, *Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize*, st. 1

Blameless.— Wearing the white flower of a blameless life.
TENNYSON, *Idylls of the King: Dedication*, line 24

Blank.— That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank.
T. GIBBONS, *When Jesus Dwelt*

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[1] A sword laid by,
Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iii, st. 44

Blessed.— A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware.
COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*, lines 284, 285

Blessings.— How blessings brighten as they take their flight.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, II, line 606

Blind.— A blind man is a poor man, and blind a poor man is;
For the former seeth no man, and the latter no man sees.
LONGFELLOW, *Poverty and Blindness*, from the German of F. von Logau

Bliss.— That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!
THOMSON, *The Seasons*, Spring, lines 1170–1176

Scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.
Ibid., Spring, lines 1170–1176

Blocks.— You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things! SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, i, 1

Blood. When I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out amain.
HOOD, *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, st. 18

That is best blood that hath most iron in 't,
To edge resolve with, pouring without stint
For what makes manhood dear.
LOWELL, *Commemoration Ode*, st. 10

Pleased to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle i, lines 83, 84

There is no sure foundation set on blood,
No certain life achieved by others' death.
SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, iv, 2

Fie, foh, and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, iii, 4

Lay the summer's dust with showers of blood.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, iii, 3

Blood will have blood. SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iii, 4

He forfeits his own blood that spills another.
SHAKESPEARE, *Timon of Athens*, iii, 5

Where blood with gold is bought and sold.
SHELLEY, *Prometheus Unbound*, i

Blood-avenging.— And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the Heaven's topmost height,
I heard a voice — the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite[1]—
"Thou guilty man! take up thy dead
And hide it from my sight!"
HOOD, *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, st. 20

Bludgeonings.— In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.
W. E. HENLEY, *Out of the Night That Covers Me*, st. 2

Blue.— Under the laurel, the Blue,
Under the willow, the Gray.
F. M. FINCH, *The Blue and the Gray*, st. 2

Blunder.— Sire, it is worse than a crime, it is a blunder.
JOSEPH FOUCHÉ, cited by Barbère de Vieuzac

In men this blunder still you find,
All think their little set—mankind.
HANNAH MORE, *Florio*, I

Blunt.— Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise.
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, iii, 2

Blushes.— The man that blushes is not quite a brute.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, VII, line 496

Boat.— My boat is on the shore,
And my bark is on the sea.—BYRON, *Lines to Moore*, st. 1

Bodies.— Our bodies are [our] gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners. SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, i, 3

Body.— A dem'd, damp, moist, unpleasant body.
DICKENS, *Nicholas Nickleby*, xxxiv

The human body is a furnace which keeps in blast threescore years and ten, more or less. . . . When the fire slackens, life declines; when it goes out, we are dead.
HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, vii

Bold.— Write on your door the saying wise and old,
"Be bold! be bold!" and everywhere — "Be bold;
Be not too bold!" Yet better the excess
Than the defect; better the more than less;
Better like Hector in the field to die,[2]
Than like a perfumed Paris turn and fly.
LONGFELLOW, *Morituri Salutamus*, st. 11

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[1] Blood, though it sleep a time, yet never dies:
The gods on murderers fix revengeful eyes. CHAPMAN, *Widow's Tears*

[2] Better to sink beneath the shock,
Than moulder piecemeal on the rock! BYRON, *The Giaour*, lines 969, 970

A bold bad man.[1]—SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, I, i, st. 37

Bolt.— Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?
T. D. ENGLISH, *Ben Bolt*, st. 1

Bond.— Let him look to his bond. . . . I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond. . . . Is it so nominated in the bond? . . . I cannot find it; 't is not in the bond.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 1, 3; iv, 1

Bondman.— Who is here so base that would be a bondman?
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 2

Bonds.— His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii, 7

Bondsmen.— Hereditary bondsmen! know ye not
Who would be free themselves must strike the blow?
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto ii, st. 76

Bones.— The knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;
His soul is with the saints, I trust.
S. T. COLERIDGE, *The Knight's Tomb*

Good frend for Jesus sake forbeare
To digg the dust encloased heare,
Bleste be y^e^ man y^t^ spares thes stones,
And curst be he y^t^ moves my bones.[2]
SHAKESPEARE, *Inscription over His Tomb*

An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, iv, 2

Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold;
Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
Which thou dost glare with.—SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iii, 4

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[1] This bold bad man. SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, ii, 2

[2] What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones
The labour of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid? MILTON, *On Shakespeare*, 1630

Ill fare the hands that heaved the stones
Where Milton's ashes lay,
That trembled not to grasp the bones
And steal his dust away!
COWPER, *On the Liberties Taken with the Remains of Milton*, st. 5

Bonnet.— Tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in;
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.
NORA PERRY, *The Love Knot*, st. 1

Book.— 'T is pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
A book 's a book, although there 's nothing in 't.
BYRON, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, lines 51, 52

The Holy Book by which we live and die.
R. H. MESSINGER, *A Winter Wish*, st. 3

A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. MILTON, *Areopagitica*

As good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself.— *Ibid.*

He hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished.
SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour 's Lost*, iv, 2

Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? Oh, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, iii, 2

Painter. When comes your book forth?
Poet. Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.
SHAKESPEARE, *Timon of Athens*, i, 1

Bookful.— The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, lines 612, 613

Book-learned.— But of all plagues, the greatest is untold;
The book-learned wife in Greek and Latin bold,
The critic-dame, who at her table sits,
Homer and Virgil quotes, and weighs their wits.
DRYDEN, *Juvenal, Satire VI*, lines 560–563

Books.— Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.
BACON, *Essay L: Of Studies*

Some books are lies frae end to end.
BURNS, *Death and Doctor Hornbook*

I trust in God — and good books.
CAMPBELL, cited by John Hogben, in Biographical Sketch, 1886

Books cannot always please, however good;
Minds are not ever craving for their food.
G. CRABBE, *The Borough*, Letter xxiv, lines 402, 403

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost. J. FULLER, *Of Books*

Reading new books is like eating new bread,
One can bear it at first, but by gradual steps he
Is brought to death's door of a mental dyspepsy.
LOWELL, *Fable for Critics*, lines 104–106

Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me
From mine own library with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, i, 2

Bore.— No iron gate, no spiked and panelled door,
Can keep out death, the postman, or the bore.
HOLMES, *A Modest Request*, The Scene, lines 17, 18

Bores.— Got the ill name of augurs, because they were bores.
LOWELL, *Fable for Critics*, line 55

Borrower.— Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.[1]
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 3

Bosom.— Come, rest in this bosom, my own stricken deer,
Though the herd have fled from thee, thy home is still here;
Here still is the smile, that no cloud can o'ercast,
And a heart and a hand all thy own to the last.
T. MOORE, *Come, Rest in This Bosom*, st. 1

Boston. Stern-eyed Puritans, who first began
To spread their roots in Georgius Primus' reign,
Nor dropped till now, obedient to some plan,
Their century fruit,— the perfect Boston man.
BRET HARTE, *Cadet Grey*, Canto i, st. 2

Boston has opened, and kept open, more turnpikes that lead straight to free thought and free speech and free deeds than any other city of live men or dead men.
HOLMES, *Professor at the Breakfast Table*, i

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[1] Who goeth a borrowing,
Goeth a sorrowing.
TUSSER, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry:* June's Abstract

Solid men of Boston,[1] banish long potations;
Solid men of Boston, make no long orations![2]
CHARLES MORRIS, *Lyra Urbanica*

So, long as Boston shall Boston be,
And her bay-tides rise and fall,
Shall Freedom stand in the Old South Church,
And plead for the rights of all!
WHITTIER, *In the Old South*, st. 13

Bottle.— Pardon me, the bottle stands with you.
COWPER, *Hope*, line 380

Leave the bottle on the chimley-piece, and don't ask me to take none, but let me put my lips to it when I am so dispoged. DICKENS, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, xix

Bouillabaisse.— This bouillabaisse a noble dish is —
A sort of soup or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo:
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace:
All these you eat at Terré's tavern,
In that one dish of bouillabaisse.
THACKERAY, *The Ballad of Bouillabaisse*, st. 2

Bounty. For his bounty,
There was no winter in 't; an autumn 't was
That grew the more by reaping.
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, v, 2

Bowed.— My God has bowed me down to what I am;
My grief and solitude have broken me.
TENNYSON, *Enoch Arden*, lines 852, 853

Bowl.— Troll the bowl, the jolly nut-brown bowl,
And here, kind mate, to thee!
Let 's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul,
And down it merrily.
DEKKER, *The Second Three Men's Song*, in *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, v, 4

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[1] A solid man of Boston,
A comfortable man, with dividends,
And the first salmon, and the first green peas.
LONGFELLOW, *New England Tragedies:* John Endicott, iv, 1

[2] Also quoted in this form:
Solid men of Boston, make no long orations;
Solid men of Boston, banish strong potations!

Box.— The whole machinery of the State, all the apparatus of the system, and its varied workings, end in simply bringing twelve good men into a box.
BROUGHAM, *Present State of the Law*

Boxes.— A beggarly account of empty boxes.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, v, 1

Boy.— Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy?[1]
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto ii, st. 23

A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.
LONGFELLOW, *My Lost Youth*

Oh, 'tis a parlous [perilous] boy;
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III*, iii, 1

Bowls. Fill our bowls once more;[2]
Let's mock the midnight bell.
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii, 13 [11]

Brain.— With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroyed by thought.
C. CHURCHILL, *Epistle to Hogarth*

This is the very coinage of your brain.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 4

The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 2

Brains.— Our brains are seventy-year clocks. The Angel of Life winds them up once for all, then closes the case, and gives the key into the hand of the Angel of the Resurrection. HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, viii

Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, v, 1

O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!—SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, ii, 3

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[1] Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still,
O listless woman, weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill
I'd give — but who can live youth over?
STEDMAN, *The Doorstep*, st. 12

[2] "Fill our bowls; once more,"— according to differing versions.

Brandy.— Claret is the liquor for boys: port for men: but he who aspires to be a hero must drink brandy. . . . Brandy will do soonest for a man what drinking *can* do for him.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, *Life*, by Boswell, April 7, 1779

Brass.— Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, iv, 2

Brave.— How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!

. . . . . .

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

WILLIAM COLLINS, *Ode Written in* 1746

None but the brave deserves the fair.

DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast*, line 15

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting, in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

LOWELL, *The Present Crisis*, st. 11

The bravest of the brave.[1]

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, *Life*, by Sloane, IV, 2

The heart's-blood of the brave.

L. H. SIGOURNEY, *Return of Napoleon from St. Helena*, st. 9

Bravest.— The bravest are the tenderest,—
The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR, *The Song of the Camp*, st. 11

Bread.— Besides, they always smell of bread and butter.

BYRON, *Beppo*, st. 39

Not a deed would he do, nor a word would he utter,
Till he weighed its relation to plain bread and butter.

LOWELL, *Fable for Critics*, lines 186, 187

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[1] A characterization of Marshal Ney.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestowed or not;
And let Thy will be done.
POPE, *The Universal Prayer*, st. 12

Bread is the staff of life.[1] SWIFT, *Tale of a Tub*

Chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,
And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life.
TENNYSON, *Maud*, I, st. 10

Break.— Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.
TENNYSON, *Break, Break*, st. 1

Break not, O woman's heart, but still endure.
TENNYSON, *Idylls of the King, Dedication*, line 43

Breakers.— The breakers licked them off; and some were crushed,
Some swallowed in the yeast, some flung up dead,
The dear breath beaten out of them.
JEAN INGELOW, *Brothers, and a Sermon*

Breakfast. Then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, iii, 2

Breast.— On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.
GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, st. 24

So perish all whose breast ne'er learned to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.
POPE, *Elegy to an Unfortunate Lady*, lines 45, 46

Now is done thy long day's work;
Fold thy palms across thy breast,[2]
Fold thine arms, turn to thy rest.
TENNYSON, *A Dirge*, st. 1

Breath.— With bated breath and whispering humbleness.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 3

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[1] Bread which strengtheneth man's heart. Ps. civ, 15

[2] Two hands upon the breast,
And labor's done. D. M. CRAIK, *Now and Afterwards*

Breathing.— We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.—HOOD, *The Death-Bed*, st. 1

Breech.—But Hudibras gave him a twitch
As quick as lightning in the breech,
Just in the place where honour's lodged,
As wise philosophers have judged,
Because a kick in that part more
Hurts honour than deep wounds before.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, II, iii, lines 1065–1070

Brevity.— Brevity is the soul of wit.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, ii, 2

Bribe. Examine well
His milk-white hand; the palm is hardly clean —
But here and there an ugly smutch appears.
Foh! 'twas a bribe that left it: he has touched
Corruption! Whoso seeks an audit here
Propitious, pays his tribute, game or fish,
Wild-fowl or venison; and his errand speeds.
COWPER, *The Task: The Winter Evening*, lines 606–612

This prints my letters,[1] that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subscribe, subscribe."
POPE, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, lines 113, 114

Bribes. What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers,— shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.—SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 3

Bricks.— Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house, and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part II*, iv, 2

Bride.— The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.
COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*, lines 33–36

Bride-bed.— I thought thy bride-bed to have decked, sweet maid,
And not [to] have strewed thy grave.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, v, 1

[1] Some of Pope's letters to Cromwell had been surreptitiously printed.

Bridge.— In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?
MACAULAY, *Horatius*, st. 29

Brief.— Brief let me be. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 5

Briers.— Oh, how full of briers is this working-day world!
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, i, 3

Britain.— When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain:
"Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves."—THOMSON, *Alfred*, ii, 5

British.—Wherever there is water to float a ship, there is to be found a British standard.
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, *Life*, by Sloane, IV, 214

Britons. Britons rarely swerve
From law, however stern, which tends their strength to nerve.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto ii, st. 19

Broken-hearted.— Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.
BURNS, *Ae Fond Kiss*, st. 2

Brook.— A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.
S. T. COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*, lines 369–372

Brother.— Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
BURNS, *Tam O' Shanter*, st. 5

My father's brother, but no more like my father
Than I to Hercules. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 2

There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice.
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, iii, 1

"Where wert thou, brother, those four days?"
There lives no record of reply.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, xxxi, st. 2

Brotherhood.— There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart,
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is severed as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.
COWPER, *The Task: The Time-Piece*, lines 8–11

The crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is Brotherhood.
EDWIN MARKHAM, *Brotherhood*, st. 1

Brothers.— Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree [*palm*] and a' that.
For a' that and a' that,
It 's coming yet, for a' that.
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.[1]
BURNS, *Is There for Honest Poverty*, st. 5

More than my brothers are to me.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, lxxix, st. 1

Brow. This man's brow, like to a title-leaf,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, i, 1

Brown. Old Brown,
Osawatomie Brown,
Said, "Boys, the Lord will aid us!" and he shoved his ramrod down.
STEDMAN, *How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry*, st. 2

Brute.— A bitter sorrow 'tis to lose a brute
Friend, dog or horse, for grief must then be mute,—
So many smile to see the rivers shed
Of tears for one poor, speechless creature dead.
T. W. PARSONS, *Obituary*, lines 11–14

Bubble.— Only propose to blow a bubble,
And Lord! what hundreds will subscribe for soap!
HOOD, *A Black Job*, st. 2

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle i, lines 87–90

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[1] Hope on, hope ever, yet the time shall come,
When man to man shall be a friend and brother.
GERALD MASSEY, *Hope On, Hope Ever*

Bubbles.— The Eternal Sáki from that bowl has poured
Millions of bubbles like us, and will pour.
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 46

The earth hath bubbles, as the water hath.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, i, 3

Bucket.— The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, which hung in the well.
S. WOODWORTH, *The Bucket*

Buckets. The toil
Of dropping buckets into empty wells,
And growing old in drawing nothing up.
COWPER, *The Task: The Garden*, lines 188–190

Now up, now down, as buckets in a well.
DRYDEN, *Palamon and Arcite*, line 692

Budge.— I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, iii, 1

Bugle-horn.— Where, where was Roderick then![1]
One blast upon his bugle-horn
Were worth a thousand men.[2]
SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake*, Canto vi, st. 18

Bugles.— Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
CAMPBELL, *The Soldier's Dream*, st. 1

Build.— Build sure in the beginnin'.
An' then don't never tech the underpinnin'.
LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, II, ii, lines 309, 310

Builded.— The hand that rounded Peter's dome
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome
Wrought in a sad sincerity;
Himself from God he could not free;
He builded better than he knew;
The conscious stone to beauty grew.
EMERSON, *The Problem*, st. 2

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[1] Oh! where was Rupert in that hour
Of danger, toil, and strife?
It would have been to all brave men
Worth a hundred years of life.
SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE, *The Old Cavalier*, st. 8

[2] Oh, for a blast of that dread horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
That to King Charles did come! SCOTT, *Marmion*, Canto vi, st. 33

Building.— We've gut to fix this thing for good an' all;
It's no use buildin' wut's a-goin' to fall.
I'm older'n you, an' I've seen things an' men,
An' my experunce,— tell ye wut it's ben:
Folks thet wurked thorough was the ones thet thriv,
But bad work follers ye ez long's ye live;
You can't git red on't; jest ez sure ez sin,
It's ollers askin' to be done agin.
LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, II, ii, lines 269–276

Built.— Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IX, line 485

Bulldog.— Stick to your aim; the mongrel's hold will slip,
But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip.
HOLMES, *A Rhymed Lesson*, st. 33

Hold on with a bulldog grip, and chew and choke as much as possible.
ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *Telegram to Gen. U. S. Grant, August* 17, 1864

Bunker's Hill.— "Drink, John," she said, "'twill do you good,— poor child, you'll never bear
This working in the dismal trench, out in the midnight air;
And if — God bless me! — you were hurt, 'twould keep away the chill;"
So John did drink,— and well he wrought that night at Bunker's Hill!
HOLMES, *On Lending a Punch-Bowl*, st. 10

Burden.— The daily burden for the back.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, XXV, st. 1

Burgundy.— The mellow-tasted Burgundy.
THOMSON, *The Seasons*, Autumn, line 705

Burial.— Rider and horse,— friend, foe,— in one red burial blent.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iii, st. 28

Burthen. A burthen
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, iii, 2

Bush.— Good wine needs no bush.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, v, 4

Business.— To business that we love we rise betime,
And go to't with delight.
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv, 4

Come home to men's business and bosoms
BACON, *Dedication of Essays*

But.— *Messenger.* . But yet, madam,—
Cleopatra. I do not like "But yet," it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon "But yet"!
"But yet" is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor.
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii, 5

Butcher.— Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
And sees, fast by, a butcher with an axe,
But will suspect 'twas he that made the slaughter?[1]
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part II*, iii, 2

Butterfly.— Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
POPE, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, line 308

Buxom.— Buxom, blithe, and debonair.
MILTON, *L'Allegro*, line 24

Buy.— I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 3

Cabined. Now I am cabined, cribbed, confined,[2] bound in
To saucy doubts and fears. SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iii, 4

Cæsar.— Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 2

Cake.—Would'st thou both eat thy cake, and have it?
G. HERBERT, *The Size*, st. 3

My cake is dough.[3]
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, v, 1

He that will have a cake out of the wheat must [needs] tarry the grinding.
SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida*, i, 1

Calamity.— Calamity is man's true touchstone.[4]
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Four Plays in One: The Triumph of Honour*, sc. 1

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[1] Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead,
Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak?
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part II*, iii, 2

[2] Cabined, cribbed, confined.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iv, 127

[3] Our cake 's dough on both sides.—SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, i, 1

[4] Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of the greatest minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt from the darkest storm.
C. C. COLTON, *Lacon*.

Calf.— To worship the golden calf of Baal; . . . to barter away that precious jewel, self-esteem, and cringe to any mortal creature — for eighteen shillings a week! . . . Had it been for the sake of a ribbon, star, or garter; sleeves of lawn, a great man's smile, a seat in Parliament, a tap upon the shoulder from a courtly sword; a place, a party, or a thriving lie, or eighteen thousand pounds, or even eighteen hundred: — but to worship the golden calf for eighteen shillings a week! oh, pitiful, pitiful! DICKENS, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, x

Calumny.—Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny.[1]—SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 1

Camel.— It is as hard to come as for a camel
To thread the postern of a small needle's eye.[2]
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, v, 5

Camp.— After eighteen hundred years' profession of the creed of peace, Christendom is an armed camp.
LECKY, *The Map of Life*, vii

Cancer.— There 's nothin' for a cancer but the knife,
Onless you set by 't more than by your life.
LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, II, ii, lines 291, 292

Candidate.— Ez to my princerples I glory
In hevin' nothin' o' the sort;
I ain't a Wig, I ain't a Tory,
I 'm jest a candidate, in short.
LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, I, vii, st. 10

Candle.— How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, v

Cannon.— Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
Volleyed and thundered.
TENNYSON, *Charge of the Light Brigade*, st. 3

Cannon-shot.— Cannon-shot, musket-shot, volley on volley, and yell upon yell.—TENNYSON, *Defence of Lucknow*, st. 3

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[1] No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure 'scape; back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, iii, 2

[2] Matt. xix, 24; Mark x, 25; Luke xviii, 25.

Canopy.— *Third Servant.* Where dwellest thou?
Coriolanus. Under the canopy.

. . . . . .

Third Servant. Where 's that?
Coriolanus. I' the city of kites and crows.
SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, iv, 5

Caps. They threw their caps[1]
As they would hang them on the horns o' the moon,
Shouting their emulation.—SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, i, 1

Captain.— That in the captain 's but a choleric word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, ii, 2

Great in council and great in war,
Foremost captain of his time,
Rich in saving common sense,
And, as the greatest only are,
In his simplicity sublime.—TENNYSON, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, st. 4

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.
WALT WHITMAN, *O Captain! My Captain!* st. 1

Card.— How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, v, 1

Care.— I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.[2]
WHITTIER, *The Eternal Goodness*, st. 20

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[1] You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasy caps in hooting at Coriolanus' exile.
SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, iv, 6

The rabblement hooted [shouted] and clapped their chapped [chopped] hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, i, 2

[2] I cannot go
Where Universal Love not smiles around.
THOMSON, *A Hymn*, lines 111, 112

Cares. Gi'e me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, oh!
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, oh!
BURNS, *Green Grow the Rashes*, st. 3

And the night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.
LONGFELLOW, *The Day Is Done*, st. 11

His cares are now all ended.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, v, 2

Case.— A rotten case abides no handling.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, iv, 1

Cash.— Some for the glories of this world; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's paradise to come;
Ah, take the cash, and let the credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant drum!
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 13

Cast.— Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the die.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III*, v, 4

Castle.— A man's house is his castle.[1]
SIR EDWARD COKE, *Third Institute*

Cat.— Should ever anything be missed— milk, coals, umbrellas, brandy—
The cat's pitched into with a boot or anything that's handy. C. S. CALVERLEY, *Sad Memories*, st. 5

What female heart can gold despise?
What cat's averse to fish?
THOMAS GRAY, *On a Favourite Cat*, st. 4

Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers, waking, grumble —"Drat that cat!"
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill will.
HOOD, *A Nocturnal Sketch*, lines 22–25

[1] The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storms may enter; the rain may enter,— but the King of England cannot enter! All his forces dare not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement.
WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM, *Speech Against the Excise on Cider*

What d'ye think of that, my cat?
What d'ye think of that, my dog?
HOOD, *The Bachelor's Dream*

Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, v, 1

As vigilant as a cat to steal cream.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, iv, 2

Letting "I dare not" wait upon "I would,"
Like the poor cat i' the adage.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, i, 7

Thrice the brinded cat hath mewed. *Ibid.*, iv, 1

A harmless necessary cat.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

What though care killed a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, v, 1

Catastrophe.— I'll tickle your catastrophe.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, ii, 1

Catechism.— Love! Honour! And Obey! Overhaul your catechism till you find that passage, and when found turn the leaf down. DICKENS, *Dombey and Son*, iv

Cathay.— Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.
TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, line 184

Cats.— When cats run home and light is come.
TENNYSON, *The Owl*, st. 1

Cauldron.— Round about the cauldron go.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, i, 1

Cause.— His cause being just and his quarrel honourable.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, iv, 1

Caviare.— The play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, ii, 2

Cavil.— I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, iii, 1

Cecilia.— At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame.
DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast*, lines 161, 162

Celerity.— Celerity is never more admired
Than by the negligent.
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii, 7

Censure.— Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleased to praise, yet not afraid to blame,
Averse alike to flatter, or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, lines 741–744

Censure is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent. SWIFT, *Thoughts on Various Subjects*

Chair.— To see the vacant chair, and think,
"How good! how kind! and he is gone!"
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, xx, st. 5

Chaise.— A chaise breaks down, but doesn't wear out.[1]
HOLMES, *The Deacon's Masterpiece*, st. 3

Champagne. Quick
As is the wit it gives, the gay champagne.
THOMSON, *The Seasons*, Autumn, lines 705, 706

Champion.— His square-turned joints and strength of limb
Showed him no carpet knight so trim,
But in close fight a champion grim,
In camps a leader sage. SCOTT, *Marmion*, i, 5

Chance.— Have a care o' th' main chance.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, II, ii, line 502

Chance is like an amberill,— it don't take twice to lose it.
LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, II, i, st. 1

Change.— The time is ripe, and rotten-ripe, for change;
Then let it come.
LOWELL, *A Glance Behind the Curtain*, lines 230, 231

Change is the watchword of Progression. When
We tire of well-worn ways, we seek for new.
This restless craving in the souls of men
Spurs them to climb, and seek the mountain view.
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, *The Year Outgrows the Spring*, st. 5

Chaos.— A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.[2]
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, I, lines 542, 543

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[1] Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day?
HOLMES, *The Deacon's Masterpiece*, st. 1

[2] I sung of Chaos and eternal Night. MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, III, line 18
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night. POPE, *The Dunciad*, I, line 12

Charge.— With dying hand, above his head,
He shook the fragment of his blade
And shouted "Victory!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.—SCOTT, *Marmion*, vi, 32

Charmer.— How happy could I be with either,
Were t' other dear charmer away!
JOHN GAY, *The Beggar's Opera*, ii, 2 [10]

Charms.— Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away.—T. MOORE, *Believe Me*, st. 1

Honoured well are charms to sell
If priests the selling do.—N. P. WILLIS, *Unseen Spirits*, st. 3

Charter. A glorious charter, deny it who can,
Is breathed in the words "I'm an Englishman!"
ELIZA COOK, *The Englishman*, st. 4

Chaste.— As chaste as unsunned snow.
SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, ii, 5

Chastity.— So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,
That, when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.
MILTON, *Comus*, lines 453–456

Chat.— This bald unjointed chat.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, i, 3

We sit to chat as well as eat.
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, v, 2

Chaucer.— Dan Chaucer, well of English undefyled,
On Fame's eternall beadroll worthie to be fyled.
SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, IV, ii, st. 32

Cheap.— As cheap as stinking mackerel.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, ii, 4

Cheat.— Doubtless the pleasure is as great
Of being cheated as to cheat.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, II, iii, lines 1, 2

Cheek.— See, how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
Oh, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 2

Cheer.— Cheer, boys! cheer! no more of idle sorrow,
Courage, true hearts, shall bear us on our way!
Hope points before, and shows the bright to-morrow,
Let us forget the darkness of to-day!
Cheer, boys! cheer! for England, mother England!
Cheer, boys! cheer! the willing strong right hand,
Cheer, boys! cheer! there's work for honest labour—
Cheer, boys! cheer! — in the new and happy land.
CHARLES MACKAY, *Cheer, Boys! Cheer!*

You shall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks to stay and eat it.
SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, iii, 6

Cheerful.— A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows.
WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion: VII, The Churchyard Among the Mountains*, lines 562–563

Cheese.— With the exception of the heel of a Dutch cheese — which is not adapted to the wants of a young family — there is really not a scrap of anything in the larder.
DICKENS, *David Copperfield*, I, xi

I dare not fight; but I will wink and hold out mine iron: it is a simple one; but . . . it will toast cheese.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, ii, 1

Cherish.— Something the heart must have to cherish,
Must love and joy and sorrow learn,
Something with passion clasp, or perish,
And in itself to ashes burn.
LONGFELLOW, *Forsaken*, st. 1

Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, iii, 2

Cherries.— No man can gather cherries in Kent at the season of Christmas!
LONGFELLOW, *Courtship of Miles Standish*, ix, line 48

Cherub.— There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.
C. DIBDIN, *Poor Jack*, st. 2

Chess-board.— We called the chess-board white,— we call it black. ROBERT BROWNING, *Bishop Blougram's Apology*, line 214

Chickens.— To swallow gudgeons ere th're catched,
And count their chickens ere th're hatched.[1]
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, II, iii, lines 923, 924

[1] This moral, I think, may be safely attached,—
"Reckon not on your chickens before they are hatched."
J. TAYLOR, *The Milkmaid*

What! all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop? SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iv, 3

Chief.— Hail to the chief who in triumph advances!
Honoured and blessed be the ever-green Pine!
Long may the tree, in his banner that glances,
Flourish, the shelter and grace of our line.
SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake*, Canto ii, st. 19

Child. I never seed nothing that could or can
Jest git all the good from the heart of a man
Like the hands of a little child.
JOHN HAY, *Golyer*, st. 4

A child don't not feel like a child till you miss him.
HOOD, *The Lost Heir*

Never shalt thou the heavens see,
Save as a little child thou be.[1]
LANIER, *The Symphony*, lines 333, 334

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite:
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle ii, lines 275–282

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!
SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, i, 4

The child is father of the man.[2]
WORDSWORTH, *My Heart Leaps Up When I Behold*

Childhood.— How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew!
S. WOODWORTH, *The Bucket*, st. 1

Childishness.— Second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, ii, 7

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[1] Matt. xviii, 3.

[2] The childhood shows the man
As morning shows the day. MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, v, lines 220, 221

Children.— Children sweeten labours, but they make misfortune more bitter; they increase the cares of life, but they mitigate the remembrance of death.

BACON, *Essay VII: Of Parents and Children*

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as the Children's Hour.

LONGFELLOW, *The Children's Hour*, st. 1

Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, v, 5 [4]

Chimney.— He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment.[1]

LONGFELLOW, *Courtship of Miles Standish*, vi, line 87

Chinee. For ways that are dark
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.— BRET HARTE,
Plain Language from Truthful James, st. 1

Chinese.— We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor.

Ibid., st. 7

Chivalry.— I thought that ten thousand swords would have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her [Marie Antoinette] with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded.

EDMUND BURKE, *Reflections on the Revolution in France*

Choir. The choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence.

GEORGE ELIOT, *O, May I Join the Choir Invisible*, st. 1

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
Ez his'n in the choir;
My! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
She knowed the Lord was nigher.

LOWELL, *The Courtin'*, st. 11

Choler.— Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 3

What! drunk with choler?

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, i, 3

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[1] Were not I a little pot, and soon hot.

SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, iv, 1

Chord. I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

. . . . .

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.
A. A. PROCTER, *A Lost Chord*, st. 2, 6, 7

Chowder-kettle.— You should have been with us that day round the chowder-kettle.
WALT WHITMAN, *Song of Myself*, 10

Christ.— Ring in the Christ that is to be.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, cvi, st. 8

Christian.— A Christian is the highest style of man.[1]
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, IV, line 789

Christians.— Christians have burned each other, quite persuaded
That all the apostles would have done as they did.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto i, st. 83

O father Abram, what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others!
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 3

Christmas. My song I troll out, for Christmas stout,
The hearty, the true, and the bold;
A bumper I drain, and with might and main
Give three cheers for this Christmas old!
DICKENS, *Pickwick Papers*, xxviii, A Christmas Carol

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there.
C. C. MOORE, *A Visit from St. Nicholas*

God rest ye merry, gentlemen; let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ, our Saviour, was born on Christmas Day.
DINAH M. MULOCK, *A Christmas Carol*, st. 1

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[1] A Christian is God Almighty's gentleman.—J. C. HARE, *Guesses at Truth*
His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel*, i, line 645

The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid, the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.

Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound:

Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate and now decrease,
Peace and good will, good will and peace,
Peace and good will, to all mankind.[1]

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, xxviii, st. 1–3

Again at Christmas did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, lxxviii, st. 1

At Christmas play and make good cheere,
For Christmas comes but once a yeere.

TUSSER, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry:* The Farmer's Daily Diet, st. 6

Church. That spiritual pinder,
Who looks on erring souls as straying pigs,
That must be lashed by law, wherever found,
And driven to church as to the parish pound.

HOOD, *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire*, st. 11

A man may cry Church! Church! at ev'ry word,
With no more piety than other people —
A daw's not reckoned a religious bird
Because it keeps a-cawing from a steeple.
The Temple is a good, a holy place,
But quacking only gives it an ill savour;
While saintly mountebanks the porch disgrace,
And bring religion's self into disfavour! *Ibid.*, st. 17

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[1] Tall spire, from which the sound of cheerful bells
Just undulates upon the listening ear.

COWPER, *The Task: The Sofa*, lines 174, 175

How soft the music of those village bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear
In cadence sweet! now dying all away,
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on!

COWPER, *The Task: Winter Walk at Noon*, lines 6–10

Dear bells! how sweet the sounds of village bells
When on the undulating air they swim!
Now loud as welcomes! faint, now, as farewells!
And trembling all about the breezy dells
As fluttered by the wings of Cherubim.

HOOD, *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire*, st. 16

Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.
POPE, *Moral Essays*, Epistle iii, lines 285, 286

An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, iii, 3

Till holy Church incorporate two in one.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 6

Cider.— The piercing cider for the thirsty tongue.
THOMSON, *The Seasons*, Autumn, line 643

Cigar.— A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke.[1]
KIPLING, *The Betrothed*, st. 25

Cigar-box.— Open the old cigar-box, get me a Cuba stout,
For things are running crossways, and Maggie and I are out.
KIPLING, *The Betrothed*, st. 1

Circle.

As when
A stone is flung into some sleeping tarn
The circle widens till it lip the marge.[2]
TENNYSON, *Pelleas and Etarre*, lines 88–90

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[1] They tell me Nancy Low
Has married Mr. R——;
The jilt! but I can live,
So I have my cigar.
HOOD, *The Cigar*, st. 14

[2] If that thou
Throw on water now a stoon,
Wel wost thou, hit wol make anoon
A litel roundel as a cercle,
Paraventure brood as a covercle;
And right anoon thou shalt see weel,
That wheel wol cause another wheel,
And that the thridde, and so forth, brother,
Every cercle causing other,
Wyder than himselve was;
And thus fro roundel to compas,
Ech aboute other goinge,
Caused of otheres steringe,
And multiplying ever-mo,
Til that hit be so fer y-go
That hit at bothe brinkes be.
CHAUCER, *The House of Fame*, II, lines 280–295

As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle iv, lines 364–366

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself
Till by broad spreading it disperse to nought.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part I*, i, 2

Circumlocution.— The Circumlocution Office was . . . the most important Department under government. No public business of any kind could possibly be done at any time without the acquiescence of the Circumlocution Office. Its finger was in the largest public pie, and in the smallest public tart. It was equally impossible to do the plainest right and to undo the plainest wrong without the express authority of the Circumlocution Office. . . . Whatever was required to be done, the Circumlocution Office was beforehand with all the public departments in the art of perceiving — How not to do it.

DICKENS, *Little Dorrit*, x

Citizen.— The first requisite of a good citizen in this republic of ours is that he shall be able and willing to pull his weight; that he shall not be a mere passenger, but shall do his share in the work that each generation of us finds ready to hand.[1]

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, *Speech before the New York Chamber of Commerce*, November 11, 1902

Civet.— I cannot talk with civet in the room,
A fine puss gentleman that's all perfume.

COWPER, *Conversation*, lines 283, 284

Civic.— Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, cvi, st. 6

Civil. The intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, i, 1

Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.

SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, Prologue

Civilizes.— The sex whose presence civilizes ours.

COWPER, *Conversation*, line 254

Clanging.— Trailing like a wounded duck, working out her soul;
Clanging like a smithy-shop after every roll;
Just a funnel and a mast lurching through the spray —
So we threshed the "Bolivar" out across the Bay!

KIPLING, *Ballad of the Bolivar*, st. 4

Clapper-clawing.— Have always been at daggers-drawing,
And one another clapper-clawing.

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, II, ii, lines 79, 80

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[1] The true Christian is the true citizen, lofty of purpose, resolute in endeavour, ready for a hero's deeds, . . . and in this world doing all that in him lies, so that when death comes he may feel that mankind is in some degree better because he has lived.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, *Sp. bef. Y. M. C. A.*, Dec. 30, 1900

Claret.— The claret smooth, red as the lips we press
In sparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl.
THOMSON, *The Seasons*, Autumn, lines 703, 704

Classes.— I have seen some nations like o'erloaded asses
Kick off their burthens — meaning the high classes.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto xi, st. 84

Classic.— Still I seem to tread on classic ground.
ADDISON, *Letter from Italy*, line 12

Clay.— "She is dead!" they said to him. "Come away;
Kiss her! and leave her! — thy love is clay!"
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *She and He*, st. 1

Some must follow, and some command,
Though all are made of clay.
LONGFELLOW, *Kéramos*, st. 1

Clean.— Let your hands and your conscience
Be honest and clean;
Scorn to touch or to think of
The thing that is mean;
But hold on to the pure
And the right with firm grip,
And though hard be the task,
"Keep a stiff upper lip!"
PHŒBE CARY, *Keep a Stiff Upper Lip*, st. 3

Cleanliness.— Cleanliness is indeed next to godliness.
WESLEY, *Sermon on Dress*

Clergy.— The clergy have played the part of the fly-wheel in our modern civilization.
HOLMES, *Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, i

Climb.— Fain would I climb but that I fear to fall.[1]
RALEIGH, *Line Written on Window of Queen Elizabeth's Pavilion*

To climb steep hills
Requires slow pace at first.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, i, 1

Clock.— From that chamber, clothed in white,
The bride came forth on her wedding night;
There, in that silent room below,
The dead lay in his shroud of snow;
And in the hush that followed the prayer,
Was heard the old clock on the stair,—
"For ever — never!
Never — for ever!"
LONGFELLOW, *The Old Clock on the Stairs*, st. 7

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[1] If thy mind fail thee, do not climb at all.
QUEEN ELIZABETH, *Line Written Beneath Raleigh's Inscription*

Orlando. There's no clock in the forest.
Rosalind. Then there is no true lover in the forest; else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, iii, 2

Cloister.— For aye to be in shady cloister mewed,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon [1]
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, i, 1

Cloud. There does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night.
MILTON, *Comus*, lines 223, 224

Hamlet. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel? [2]
Polonius. By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.
Hamlet. Methinks it is like a weasel.
Polonius. It is backed like a weasel.
Hamlet. Or like a whale.
Polonius. Very like a whale.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 2

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer's cloud,
Without our special wonder?
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iii, 4

Clouds.— I saw two clouds at morning,
Tinged with the rising sun;
And in the dawn they floated on,
And mingled into one.
J. G. C. BRAINARD, *Epithalamium*, st. 1

Coaches.— What are we . . . but coaches? . . . Our passions are the horses, and rampant animals, too. . . . We start from The Mother's Arms, and we run to The Dust Shovel. DICKENS, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, viii

Coarse. Thou shalt lower to his level day by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathize with clay. TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, lines 45, 46

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[1] I was not good enough for man,
And so am given to God. KINGSLEY, *The Ugly Princess*, st. 4

[2] Sometime we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour sometime like a bear or lion,
A towered citadel, a pendent rock,
A forked mountain, or blue promontory
With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
And mock our eyes with air: . . .
That which is now a horse, even with a thought
The rack dislimns, and makes it indistinct,
As water is in water. SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv, 14 [12]

Coat.— There 's a hole made in your best coat.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii, 5

Cobwebs.— And with as delicate a hand,
Could twist as tough a rope of sand;
And weave fine cobwebs, fit for skull
That 's empty when the moon is full;
Such as take lodgings in a head
That 's to be let unfurnished.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, i, lines 157–162

Cock.— *Bernardo.* It was about to speak when the cock crew.
Horatio. And then it started like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful summons.[1] — SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 1

The early village cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III*, v, 3

Cockle.— How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iv, 5

Coffee.— Coffee, which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes.
POPE, *Rape of the Lock*, iii, lines 117, 118

Cold.— For this relief much thanks: 't is bitter cold,
And I am sick at heart. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 1

I had a true-love, none so dear,
And a friend both leal and tried:
I had a cask of good old beer,
And a gallant horse to ride.
. . . . .
My lady fell to shame and hell,
And with her took my friend;
My cask ran sour, my horse went lame,
So alone in the cold I end.
LORD DE TABLEY, *Fortune's Wheel*, st. 1, 3

Coliseum.— While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls — the world.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iv, st. 145

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[1] The cock he crew; the fiends they flew
From the voice of the morning away.
SOUTHEY, *The Old Woman of Berkeley*, st. 27

Collar.— His lockèd, lettered, braw brass collar
Showed him the gentleman and scholar.
BURNS, *The Twa Dogs*, st. 3

Cologne.— The river Rhine, it is well known,
Doth wash your city of Cologne;
But tell me, Nymphs! what power divine
Shall henceforth wash the river Rhine?
S. T. COLERIDGE, *Cologne*, lines 7–10

Colonel.— I personally wish ——— to be appointed colonel . . .; and this regardless of whether he can tell the exact shade of Julius Cæsar's hair.—ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *Note to Secretary Stanton, November* 11, 1863

Colossus.— Why, man, he doth bestride the world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, i, 2

Colour.— Deem our nation brutes no longer,
Till some reason ye shall find
Worthier of regard, and stronger
Than the colour of our kind.
Slaves of gold, whose sordid dealings
Tarnish all your boasted powers,
Prove that you have human feelings
Ere you proudly question ours.
COWPER, *The Negro's Complaint*, st. 7

Colours.— Stood for his country's glory fast,
And nailed her colours to the mast.[1]
SCOTT, *Marmion*, Introd. to Canto i

Colt.— Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, i, 3

Columbia.— Columbia, Columbia, to glory arise,
The queen of the world, and the child of the skies!
TIMOTHY DWIGHT, *Columbia*, st. 1

Hail, Columbia! happy land!
Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band!
Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause!
JOSEPH HOPKINSON, *Hail, Columbia!* st. 1

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[1] Through childhood, through manhood,
Through life to the end,
Struggle bravely and stand
By your colours, my friend.
Only yield when you must;
Never "give up the ship,"
But fight on to the last
"With a stiff upper lip!" PHŒBE CARY, *Keep a Stiff Upper Lip*, st. 4

Column.— Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies.
POPE, *Moral Essays*, Epistle iii, lines 339, 340

Comb.— To comb your noddle with a three-legged stool.
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, i, 1

Come.— Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!
T. O. DAVIS, *The Welcome*, st. 1

That it should come to this!
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 2

Comfort. That comfort comes too late;
'Tis like a pardon after execution.[1]
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, iv, 2

Commandments.— Old as the Ten Commandments.
KIPLING, *Cleared*, st. 12

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part II*, i, 3

Commerce.— Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales. TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, lines 121, 122

Common.— I am not in the roll of common men.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, iii, 1

'Tis the common lot;
In this shape, or in that, has Fate entailed,
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children than sure heirs of pain.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, I, lines 238–241

Commonwealth.— An independent, peaceful, law-abiding, well-governed, and prosperous commonwealth; . . . a state without king or nobles; . . . a church without a bishop; . . . a people governed by grave magistrates which it had selected, and equal laws which it had framed.
RUFUS CHOATE, *Address before the New England Association, December*, 1843

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[1] "After dying all reprieve's too late."
DRYDEN, *Song*, "*Fair, Sweet, and Young*," line 18

Company.— Villainous company hath been the spoil of me.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, iii, 3

Comparisons.— She and comparisons are odious.[1]
DONNE, *Elegy VIII: The Comparison*

Compass. That trembling vassal of the Pole,
The feeling compass, navigation's soul.
BYRON, *The Island*, Canto i, st. 5

Watched the compass chase its tail like a cat at play —
That was on the "Bolivar," south across the Bay.
KIPLING, *Ballad of the Bolivar*, st. 8

Complexion.— Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun,
To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, ii, 1

Compromise.— They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin.
LOWELL, *The Present Crisis*, st. 9

Conclusion.— O most lame and impotent conclusion!
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, ii, 1

But this denoted a foregone conclusion. *Ibid.*, iii, 3

Confess. Confess yourself to heaven;
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 4

I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, iv, 1

Confidence.— Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom.—WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM, *Speech, January* 14, 1766

Conflict.— It is an irrepressible conflict between opposing and enduring forces.—W. H. SEWARD, *Speech, October* 25, 1858

Congenial.— Congenial spirits part to meet again.
THOMAS CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope*, ii, st. 29

Congress.— So, wen one's chose to Congriss, ez soon ez he's in it,
A collar grows right round his neck in a minnit,
An' sartin it is thet a man cannot be strict
In bein' himself, wen he gits to the Deestrict,
Fer a coat thet sets wal here in ole Massachusetts,
Wen it gits on to Washin'ton, somehow askew sets.
LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, I, iv, lines 39–44

[1] Comparisons are odorous.—SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, iii, 5

Conquer.— Though mine arm should conquer twenty worlds,
There's a lean fellow beats all conquerors.
THOMAS DEKKER, *Old Fortunatus*, i, 1

Conquered.— I sing the hymn of the conquered, who fell in the Battle of Life,—
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died overwhelmed in the strife;
. . . . .
The hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and desperate part. W. W. STORY, *Io Victis*, st. 1

Conscience. That fierce thing
They call a conscience![1] HOOD, *Lamia*, Scene vii

I keep a conscience clear,
I've a hundred pounds a year,
And I manage to exist and to be glad, John Brown.
CHARLES MACKAY, *John Brown*, st. 4

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.
POPE, *The Universal Prayer*, st. 4

Conscience is but [For conscience is] a word that cowards use,
Devised at first to keep the strong in awe.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III*, v, 3

Conscience has no more to do with gallantry than it has with politics. R. B. SHERIDAN, *The Duenna*, ii, 4

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[1] With his departing breath,
A form shall hail him at the gates of death,
The spectre Conscience,— shrieking through the gloom,
Man, we shall meet again beyond the tomb.
JAMES MONTGOMERY, *The West Indies*, iii, st. 10

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry
And lose the name of action. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 1

O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
. . . . .
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III*, v, 3

Trust that man in nothing who has not a conscience in everything.

STERNE, *Tristram Shandy*, II, xvii; *Sermon* xxvii

Consent.— And whispering "I will ne'er consent," consented.

BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto i, st. 117

Considering.— "I am pretty well, considering." Mrs. Pipchin always used that form of words. It meant, considering her virtues, sacrifices, and so forth.

DICKENS, *Dombey and Son*, xi

Consistency.— He 's ben on all sides thet give places or pelf;
But consistency still wuz a part of his plan,—
He 's ben true to *one* party,— an' thet is himself.

LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, I, iii, st. 3

Constable. Thou hast
Out-run the constable at last.

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, iii, lines 1367, 1368

Constant. I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.

SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 1

Content.— Happy the man that, when his day is done,
Lies down to sleep with nothing of regret —
The battle he has fought may not be won —
The fame he sought be just as fleeting yet;
Folding at last his hands upon his breast,
Happy is he, if hoary and forespent,
He sinks into the last, eternal rest,
Breathing these only words: "I am content."

EUGENE FIELD, *Contentment*, st. 1

Contentment.— The noblest mind the best contentment has.

SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, Canto i, st. 35

Conversation.— When you stick on conversation's burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful *urs*.

HOLMES, *A Rhymed Lesson*, st. 45

Conversations. Conversations, dull and dry,
Embellished with — He said, and So said I.

COWPER, *Conversation*, lines 211, 212

Cook.— 'T is an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers.

SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, iv, 2

Cookery.— But his neat cookery! he cut our roots
In characters,
And sauced our broths, as Juno had been sick
And he her dieter.

SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, iv, 2

Cooks.— We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books,— what is knowledge but grieving?
He may live without hope,— what is hope but deceiving?
He may live without love,— what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?
OWEN MEREDITH, *Lucile*, II, xix

Cooks must live by making tarts,
And wits by making verses.
PRAED, *Twenty-Eight and Twenty-Nine*, st. 2

Copies.— We took him setting of boys' copies.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part II*, iv, 2

Copper.— All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.
COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*, lines 111–114

Corinth.— The khan and the pachas are all at their post;
The vizier himself at the head of the host.
When the culverin's signal is fired, then on;
Leave not in Corinth a living one —
A priest at her altars, a chief in her halls,
A hearth in her mansions, a stone on her walls.
God and the Prophet! — Alla Hu!
Up to the skies with that wild halloo!
BYRON, *Siege of Corinth*, st. 22

Cormorant.— Thence up he flew, and on the Tree of Life,
The middle tree and highest there that grew,
Sat like a cormorant.[1]
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IV, lines 194–196

Cornishmen.— By Tre, Pol, and Pen[2] ye may know Cornishmen.
R. S. HAWKER, *Gate Song of Stowe*, st. 4

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[1] Myself sate like a cormorant once
Upon the Tree of Knowledge. SOUTHEY, *The Devil's Walk*, st. 14

[2] What! will they scorn Tre, Pol, and Pen,
And shall Trelawney die? R. S. HAWKER, *Song of the Western Men*

A good sword and a trusty hand,
A merry heart and true,
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.
And have they fixed the where and when,
And shall Trelawney die?
Then twenty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why!
R. S. HAWKER, *Song of the Western Men*, st. 1

Corporations.— Corporations cannot commit treason, nor be outlawed, nor excommunicated, for they have no souls.
SIR EDWARD COKE, 10 *King's Bench Reports*, 32

Corruption. Most base is he who, 'neath the shade
Of Freedom's ensign plies Corruption's trade.[1]
T. MOORE, *Corruption*

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, iii, 2

Corsair.— He left a corsair's name to other times,
Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.
BYRON, *The Corsair*, Canto iii, st. 24

Coughs.— Coughs are ungrateful things. You find one out in the cold, take it up and nurse it and make everything of it, dress it up warm, give it all sorts of balsams and other food it likes, and carry it round in your bosom as if it were a miniature lapdog. And by-and-by its little bark grows sharp and savage, and — confound the thing! — you find it is a wolf's whelp that you have got there, and he is gnawing in the breast where he has been nestling so long.
HOLMES, *Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, vi

Counsel. I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, v, 1

Country.— To be suspected, thwarted, and withstood,
E'en when he labours for his country's good.
COWPER, *Table Talk*, lines 141, 142

God made the country, and man made the town.[2]
COWPER, *The Task: The Sofa*, line 749

'Twas for the good of my country that I should be abroad.[3]
GEORGE FARQUHAR, *The Beaux Stratagem*, iii, 2

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[1] That party-coloured mass which nought can warm
But rank Corruption's heat — whose quickened swarm
Spread their light wings in Bribery's golden sky,
Buzz for a period, lay their eggs, and die;
That greedy vampire which from Freedom's tomb
Comes forth with all the mimicry of bloom
Upon its lifeless cheek and sucks and drains
A people's blood to feed its putrid veins!
T. MOORE, *Corruption*

[2] God the first garden made, and the first city Cain.
COWLEY, *Essay V: The Garden*

[3] True patriots all; for, be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good.
G. BARRINGTON, *Prologue to a Play Performed by Convicts in New South Wales*

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;[1]
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain-side
Let freedom ring. S. F. SMITH, *America*, st. 1

Courage. 'Tis true that we are in great danger;
The greater therefore should our courage be.[2]
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, iv, 1

Court.— A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, v, 1

Courtesies.— Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay and yet pay still. SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, i, 4 [5]

Courtesy.— I am the very pink of courtesy.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 4

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[1] Our country! in her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong.
S. DECATUR, Toast at Norfolk, April, 1816

There is a land of every land the pride,
Beloved by Heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth.
JAMES MONTGOMERY, *The West Indies*, iii, st. 1

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.*
SCOTT, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto vi, st. 6

Who is here so vile that will not love his country?
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 2

[2] Courage, then! what cannot be avoided
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part III*, v, 4

Courage mounteth with occasion. SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, ii, 1

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* Unwept, unnoted, and for ever dead. POPE, *Odyssey*, V, line 402

Courtier.— Sir, I have lived a courtier all my days,
And studied men, their manners, and their ways;
And have observed this useful maxim still,
To let my betters always have their will.
Nay, if my lord affirmed that black was white,
My word was this, Your honour 's in the right.
POPE, *January and May*, lines 156–161

Coward.— When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.
DR. GEORGE SEWELL, *The Suicide*, from Martial, XI, Epistle 56

The man that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch
Whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward.
JOHN TOBIN, *The Honeymoon*, ii, 1

Cowards.— Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, ii, 2

A plague of all cowards!
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, ii, 4

Craft.— Built for freight, and yet for speed,
A beautiful and gallant craft.
LONGFELLOW, *Building of the Ship*, st. 4

Crazed.— Crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.
GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, st. 28

Creed.— Sapping a solemn creed with solemn sneer.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iii, st. 107

Cricket.— The cricket on the hearth.[1]
MILTON, *Il Penseroso*, line 82

Crime. Many a crime deemed innocent on earth
Is registered in heaven. COWPER, *The Task: Winter Walk at Noon*, lines 439, 440

A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!
HOOD, *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, st. 26

Crispian.— This day is called the feast of Crispian:
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a-tiptoe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, iv, 3

[1] Crickets sing at the oven's mouth.— SHAKESPEARE, *Pericles*, iii, Prologue

Critic.— Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a lucky hit;
Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit;
Care not for feeling — pass your proper jest,
And stand a critic, hated yet caressed.[1] BYRON,
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, lines 71–74

Critical.— I am nothing, if not critical.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, ii, 1

Cross.— Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied him with unholy tongue,
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at his cross, and earliest at his grave.
E. S. BARRETT, *Woman*, i

The cross that our own hands fashion is the heaviest cross of all. K. E. CONWAY,
The Heaviest Cross of All, st. 1

No cross,— no crown.
HON. MRS. CHARLES HOBART,
The Changed Cross, st. 14

Those holy fields
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, i, 1

Crow.— You and I must pull a crow.[2]
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, II, ii, line 500

Crowd.— We met,— 'twas in a crowd.[3]
T. H. BAYLY, *We Met*

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[1] As soon
Seek roses in December, ice in June;
Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
Believe a woman, or an epitaph,
Or any other thing that's false, before
You trust in critics who themselves are sore.
BYRON, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, lines 75–80

Nature fits all her children with something to do,
He who would write and can't write, can surely review,
Can set up a small booth as critic and sell us his
Petty conceit and his pettier jealousies.
LOWELL, *Fable for Critics*, lines 1785–1788

Did some more sober critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smiled; if right, I kissed the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
POPE, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, lines 157–162

[2] We'll pluck a crow together.—SHAKESPEARE, *Comedy of Errors*, iii, 1

[3] We met,—'t was in a mob.—*Parody by Hood.*

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,[1]
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;[2]
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, st. 20

Crown.— Upon the summit of my crown
I have a trifling patch;
A little white amidst the brown,
An opening in the thatch.
H. S. LEIGH, *The Sword of Damocles*, st. 5

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving a croun he had naething else beside:
To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea;
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.
LADY ANNE LINDSAY, *Auld Robin Gray*, st. 2

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, iii, 1

Cruel.— I must be cruel, only to be kind.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 4

Crutch.— The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*, st. 10

Cry.— Oh! would I were dead now,
Or up in my bed now,
To cover my head now,
And have a good cry!
HOOD, *A Table of Errata*, st. 15

I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat.—SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, ii, 4

Cup.— Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to me;
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid be;
And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the sin,
That dooms one to those dreadful words,— "My dear, where *have* you been?"
HOLMES, *On Lending a Punch-Bowl*, st. 13

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[1] Far from gay cities and the ways of men.
POPE, *The Odyssey*, XIV, line 410

[2] Their wants but few, their wishes all confined.
GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller*, st. 17

The cup of water in His name.
LONGFELLOW, *Inscription on the Shanklin Fountain*

Fill the cup and fill the can,
Have a rouse before the morn;
Every moment dies a man,
Every moment one is born.
TENNYSON, *The Vision of Sin*, lines 95–98

Cupid.— Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind;
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, i, 1

Curfew.— The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me
GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, st. 1

Current. We must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.—SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 3

Curs.— You common cry of curs! whose breath I hate
As reek o' the rotten fens, whose loves I prize
As the dead carcasses of unburied men
That do corrupt my air, I banish you!
SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, iii, 3

Curse.— Why, be this juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a snare?
A blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a curse — why, then, who set it there?
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 61

Thou shalt seek Death to release thee in vain;
Thou shalt live in thy pain, while Kehama shall reign,
With a fire in thy heart, and a fire in thy brain;
And Sleep shall obey me, and visit thee never,
And the curse shall be on thee for ever and ever.
SOUTHEY, *Curse of Kehama*, II

Cursed.— "A jolly place," said he, "in times of old!
But something ails it now: the spot is cursed."[1]
WORDSWORTH, *Hart-Leap Well*, ii, st. 7

Curtain.— Draw this curtain, and let 's see your picture.[2]
SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 2

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[1] O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is haunted. HOOD, *The Haunted House*, i, st. 8

[2] We will draw the curtain and show you the picture.
SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, i, 5

The play is done; the curtain drops,
Slow falling to the prompter's bell:
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
THACKERAY, *The End of the Play*, st. 1

Custom. Though I am native here
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honoured in the breach than in the observance.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 4

A thing of custom.[1] SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iii, 4

Customs. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are followed.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, i, 3

Cut.— This was the most unkindest cut of all.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 2

Cynic.— The cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game. H. W. BEECHER, *Lectures to Young Men*, The Portrait Gallery, The Cynic

Cynosure.— The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
MILTON, *L'Allegro*, line 80

Dagger.— Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, ii, 1

This is the air-drawn dagger. *Ibid.*, iii, 4

Daggers. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, ii, 2

Dalliance.— Look thou be true: do not give dalliance
Too much the rein; the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good-night your vow!
SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, iv, 1

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[1] *Hamlet.* Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?
Horatio. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.
Hamlet. 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, v, 1

Dame. When my old wife lived, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcomed all, served all;
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip.
SHAKESPEARE, *Winter's Tale*, iv, 4 [3]

Damn.— Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike.
POPE, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, lines 201–204

Damnation.— Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy foe.
POPE, *The Universal Prayer*, st. 7

The deep damnation of his taking-off.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, i, 7

Damnations.— There's a great text in Galatians,
Once you trip on it, entails
Twenty-nine distinct damnations,
One sure, if another fails.
R. BROWNING, *Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister*, st. 7

Dance.— On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet,
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iii, st. 22

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasure.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, v, 2

Dancing.— A very merry, dancing, drinking,
Laughing, quaffing, and unthinking time.
DRYDEN, *The Secular Masque*, lines 44, 45

Many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequered shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holy-day.—MILTON, *L'Allegro*, lines 95–98

You and I are past our dancing days.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, i, 5

Dangerous. Though I am not splenitive and rash,
Yet have I something in me [in me something] dangerous,
Which let thy wiseness [wisdom] fear.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, v, 1

Daniel.—*Shylock.* A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

. . . . . .

Gratiano. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.

. . . . . .

A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel!
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

Danube. Never
Can I forget that night in June,
Adown the Danube river.
H. AÏDÉ, *The Danube River*, st. 1

Dare.—I dare do all that may become a man;[1]
Who dares do more is none.—SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, i, 7

Daring. The fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iii, st. 26

Dark.— It was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand. SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, ii, 4

Darkness.— Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 64

Yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, I, lines 62, 63

Ring out the darkness of the land.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, cvi, st. 8

Darling.— 'T is no spell of enchantment, no magical art,
But the way he says "Darling" that goes to my heart!
PHŒBE CARY, *The Old Man's Darling*, st. 2

Darlings.— The wealthy curled darlings of our nation.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, i, 2

Dash.— Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.
COWPER, *John Gilpin*, st. 10

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[1] What man dare, I dare:
Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger;
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
Shall never tremble. SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iii, 4

Dashest.— And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth: — there let him lay.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iv, st. 180

Daughter.— There came to port last Sunday night
The queerest little craft,
Without an inch of rigging on;
I looked and looked — and laughed!
It seemed so curious that she
Should cross the Unknown water,
And moor herself within my room —
My daughter! O, my daughter![1]
GEORGE W. CABLE, *The New Arrival*, st. 1

With a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart. TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, line 94

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God.
WORDSWORTH, *Ode to Duty*, st. 1

Day.— Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.
GEORGE HERBERT, *Virtue*, st. 1

The gilded car of day. MILTON, *Comus*, line 95

Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Or ever I had seen that day!—SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 2

The livelong day. SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, i, 1

"I 've lost a day!"[2] — the prince who nobly cried,
Had been an emperor without his crown.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, II, lines 99, 100

Daylight.— Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes when the night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun.
C. F. ALEXANDER, *Burial of Moses*, st. 2

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[1] My daughter! O, my daughter!
CAMPBELL, *Lord Ullin's Daughter*, st. 13; SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, i, 3

[2] Lost! lost! lost!
A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graved in Paradise;
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds, clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light. L. H. SIGOURNEY, *Advertisement of a Lost Day*, st. 1

Days.— Of all the days that 's in the week
I dearly love but one day —
And that 's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I 'm dressed all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
HENRY CAREY, *Sally in Our Alley*, st. 4

The best of all ways
To lengthen our days,
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear!
T. MOORE, *The Young May Moon*, st. 1

Come hither lads and hearken, for a tale there is to tell,
Of the wonderful days a-coming, when all shall be better than well. W. MORRIS, *The Day Is Coming*, st. 1

We have seen better days. [SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, ii, 7; *Timon of Athens*, iv, 2

Jesus, [Oh,] the days that we have seen![1]
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, iii, 2

Deacon.— The Deacon swore, as deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell yeou."
HOLMES, *The Deacon's Masterpiece*, st. 4

Dead.— Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head,
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this,—
"*I* am not the thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It *was* mine, it is not *I*."
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *After Death in Arabia*, st. 2

All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound

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[1] Eyah! those days, those days!—KIPLING, *The Courting of Dinah Shadd*
That time,— O times! SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii, 5
We'll talk of sunshine and of song,
And summer days, when we were young,
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now. WORDSWORTH, *To a Butterfly*, st. 2

Save his own dashings,— yet the dead are there!
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep,— the dead reign there alone!
BRYANT, *Thanatopsis*, lines 48–57

The light has come upon the dark benighted way. Dead, your Majesty! Dead, my Lords and gentlemen! Dead, Right Reverends and Wrong Reverends of every order! Dead, men and women, born with heavenly compassion in your hearts! And dying thus around us every day! DICKENS, *Bleak House*, xlvii

When once the Fates have cut the mortal thread,
The man as much to all intents is dead,
Who dies to-day, and will as long be so,
As he who died a thousand years ago. DRYDEN,
Translation of Lucretius, III, lines 318–321

Twelve hundred million men are spread
About this earth, and I and You
Wonder, when You and I are dead,
What will those luckless millions do?
KIPLING, *The Last Department*

Dead he lay among his books!
The peace of God was in his looks.
LONGFELLOW, *Bayard Taylor*, st. 1

Some
Have long been dead who think themselves alive,
Because not buried.
LONGFELLOW, *Michael Angelo*, III, i

Nothing in Nature's aspect intimated
That a great man was dead.
LONGFELLOW, *Warden of the Cinque Ports*, st. 12

"Odious! in woollen! 't would a saint provoke!"
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke),
"No, let a charming chintz, and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead —
And — Betty — give this cheek a little red."
POPE, *Moral Essays*, Epistle i, lines 246–251

Dead, for a ducat, dead! SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 4

He is dead and gone, lady,
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf,
At his heels a stone. *Ibid.*, iv, 5

Come not, when I am dead,
To drop thy foolish tears upon my grave,
To trample round my fallen head,
And vex the unhappy dust thou wouldst not save.
TENNYSON, *Fragment*, st. 1

Home they brought her warrior dead;
She nor swooned nor uttered cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."
TENNYSON, *The Princess*, v

Nothing is dead, but that which wished to die;
Nothing is dead, but wretchedness and pain;
Nothing is dead, but what encumbered, galled,
Blocked up the pass, and barred from real life.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, VI, lines 41–44

Dead Sea. The apples on the Dead Sea's shore,
All ashes to the taste.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iii, 34

Death.— Weep awhile, if ye are fain,—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death,— for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.[1]
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *After Death in Arabia*, st. 6

I would tell *you*, darling, if I were dead,
And 'twere your hot tears upon *my* brow shed.
. . . . . .
You should not ask, vainly, with streaming eyes,
Which in Death's touch was the chiefest surprise.
. . . . . .
What a strange delicious amazement is Death,
To be without body and breathe without breath.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *She and He*, st. 27, 29, 35

There was another heavy sound,
A hush and then a groan;
And darkness swept across the sky —
The work of death was done!
W. E. AYTOUN, *The Execution of Montrose*, st. 18

[1] There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call death.
LONGFELLOW, *Resignation*, st. 5

Revenge triumphs over death; love slights it; honour aspireth to it; grief flieth to it; fear preoccupateth it.
BACON, *Essay II: On Death*

Men fear death as children fear to go into the dark.
Ibid.

Like the hand which ends a dream,
Death, with the might of his sunbeam,
Touches the flesh, and the soul awakes.
R. BROWNING, *The Flight of the Duchess*, xv

What is death but parting breath?
BURNS, *Macpherson's Farewell*, st. 2

For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still.
BYRON, *Destruction of Sennacherib*, st. 3

Ere Sin could blight or Sorrow fade,
Death came with friendly care;
The opening bud to Heaven conveyed,
And bade it blossom there.
S. T. COLERIDGE, *Epitaph on an Infant*

The child who enters life comes not with knowledge or intent,
So those who enter death must go as little children sent.
Nothing is known. But I believe that God is overhead;
And as life is to the living, so death is to the dead.
MARY MAPES DODGE, *The Two Mysteries*, st. 5

The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.[1]
DRYDEN, *Palamon and Arcite*, line 2164

He trumped Death's ace for me that day,
And I'm not goin' back on him!
JOHN HAY, *Banty Tim*, st. 7

Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower.—R. HEBER, *At a Funeral*, st. 3

Death saw two players playing at cards,
But the game wasn't worth a dump,
For he quickly laid them flat with a spade,
To wait for the final trump![2] HOOD, *Death's Ramble*

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[1] And, as the cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted —"Open then the door!
You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more."
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 3

[2] There card-players wait till the last trump be played.
LOWELL, *Fable for Critics*, line 1659

Death—*Continued*

But why do I talk of death?
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own —
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

HOOD, *The Song of the Shirt*, st. 5

Ah, well, friend Death, good friend thou art:
I shall be free when thou art through.
Take all there is — take hand and heart:
There must be somewhere work to do.

HELEN FISKE JACKSON, *Habeas Corpus*, ad finem

Death stands above me, whispering low
I know not what into my ear:
Of his strange language all I know
Is, there is not a word of fear.[1]

W. S. LANDOR, *Last Fruit off an Old Tree*, xcv

Death, thou 'rt a cordial old and rare:
Look how compounded, with what care!
Time got his wrinkles reaping thee
Sweet herbs from all antiquity.

. . . . . .

Then, Time, let not a drop be spilt:
Hand me the cup whene'er thou wilt;
'Tis thy rich stirrup-cup to me;
I 'll drink it down right smilingly.

LANIER, *The Stirrup-Cup*, st. 1–3

[1] Fear death?— to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place

. . . . . .

Where he stands, the Arch Fear, in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle 's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute 's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light.

R. BROWNING, *Prospice*, lines 1–26

Death takes us by surprise,
And stays our hurrying feet;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete.
LONGFELLOW, *Charles Sumner*, st. 5

Our years are fleet,
And, to the weary, death is sweet.
LONGFELLOW, *Kéramos*, st. 15

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death.
LONGFELLOW, *The Reaper and the Flowers*, st. 1

Death the Ploughman wanders in all lands,
And to the last of earth his furrow stands.
EDWIN MARKHAM, *The Last Furrow*, st. 1

Death hath a thousand doors to let out life,
I shall find one. MASSINGER, *A Very Woman*, v, 4

Death's but one more to-morrow. S. W. MITCHELL,
Of One Who Seemed to Have Failed, line 1

It is curious how forgetful we are of death, how little we think that we are dying daily, and that what we call life is really death, and death the beginning of a higher life. MAX MÜLLER, *Letter to Miss Mary Müller*, April 18, 1883, *Life*, by His Wife, II, xxvi

Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
POPE, *Dying Christian to His Soul*, st. 2

Now, men of death, work forth your will,
For I can suffer and be still;
And come he slow, or come he fast,
It is but death who comes at last.
SCOTT, *Marmion*, ii, st. 30

Is it sin
To rush into the secret house of death,
Ere death dare come to us?
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 15 [13]

The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,
Which hurts, and is desired. *Ibid.*

Who would [Who'd] fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourne
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?[1]
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 1

[1] A secret prepossession
To plunge with all your fears — but where?
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto xiv, st. 6

Death—*Continued*

This fell sergeant, Death,
Is strict in his arrest. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, v, 2

It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, ii, 2

Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, i, 1

Warwick. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
King. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.[1]
Close up his eyes and draw the curtains close;
And let us all to meditation.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part II*, iii, 3

Nothing can we call our own but death
And that small model of the barren earth
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, iii, 2

The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, iii, 1

Thy best of rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. *Ibid.*

Holy men at their death have good inspirations.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 2

I would fain die a dry death.
SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, i, 1

Out of the jaws of death.[2]
SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, iii, 4

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[1] Fools and blind!
This Czar, this emperor, this disthroned corpse,
Lying so straightly in an icy calm
Grander than sovereignty, was but as ye —
No better and no worse: Heaven mend us all!
DINAH M. MULOCK CRAIK, *The Dead Czar*, st. 6

[2] Stormed at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came through the jaws of death,
Back from the mouth of hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.—TENNYSON, *Charge of the Light Brigade*, st. 5

I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care
Which I have borne, and yet must bear
Till death like sleep might steal on me. SHELLEY,
Stanzas Written in Dejection near Naples, st. 4

How wonderful is Death,
Death and his brother Sleep![1]
SHELLEY, *Queen Mab*, i, st. 1

You, proud monarchs, must obey
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.
J. SHIRLEY, *The Last Conqueror*, st. 1

Virtue alone has majesty in death.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, II, line 656

Death is the crown of life:
Was death denied, poor man would live in vain;
Was death denied, to live would not be life;
Was death denied, even fools would wish to die.
Ibid., III, lines 527–530

Man makes a death which Nature never made.
Ibid., IV, line 15

While man is growing, life is in decrease,
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun,
As tapers waste that instant they take fire.
Ibid., V, lines 717–720

Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow;
A blow, which, while it executes, alarms;
And startles thousands with a single fall.
Ibid., V, lines 1011–1013

Death-bed.— A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
Here tired Dissimulation drops her mask,
Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, II, lines 645–647

Death-fires.— About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green and blue and white.
COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*, lines 127–130

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[1] Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death. S. DANIEL, *Sonnet* liv

Death it seemed, and not his cousin Sleep. HOOD, *Hero and Leander*, st. 61

Sleep, Death's twin-brother. TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, lxviii, st. 1

Debating.— The ancient Goths . . . had . . . a wise custom of debating everything of importance . . . twice, — once drunk and once sober,— drunk,— that their councils might not want vigour; and sober,— that they might not want discretion.

STERNE, *Tristram Shandy*, VI, xvii

Debt.— What! from his helpless creature be repaid
Pure gold for what he lent him dross-allayed —
Sue for a debt he never did contract,
And cannot answer — Oh, the sorry trade!

OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 79

Poor is the man in debt.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, VI, line 532

Debts.— He that dies pays all debts.[1]

SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, iii, 2

Decay.— A general flavour of mild decay.

HOLMES, *The Deacon's Masterpiece*, st. 9

Deceit. That is good deceit
Which mates him first that first intends deceit.[2]

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part II*, iii, 1

Deceits.— The tongues of men are full of deceits.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, v, 2

Deceive.— Kiss me, though you make believe;
Kiss me, though I almost know
You are kissing to deceive:
Let the tide one moment flow
Backward ere it rise and break,
Only for poor pity's sake.

ALICE CARY, *Make Believe*, st. 1

Oh, what a tangled web we weave[3]
When first we practise to deceive![4]

SCOTT, *Marmion*, vi, 17

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[1] The end of life cancels all bonds.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, iii, 2

Since . . . it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I.

SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 2

[2] Do unto the other feller the way he'd like to do unto you — an' do it fust.

E. N. WESTCOTT, *David Harum*, Preface

[3] When one fib becomes due, as it were, you must forge another to take up the old acceptance; and so the stock of your lies in circulation inevitably multiplies, and the danger of detection increases every day.

THACKERAY, *Vanity Fair*, lxvi

[4] I will not practise to deceive.

SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, i

Deceived.— To be deceived in your true heart's desire
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!
JOHN HAY, *A Woman's Love*, st. 11

Deceiver.— Where shall the traitor rest,
He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
Ruin and leave her?
In the lost battle,
Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
With groans of the dying.—SCOTT, *Marmion*, iii, st. 11

Deceivers.— Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever,[1]
One foot in sea and one on shore,
To one thing constant never.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, ii, 3

Decency.— Immodest words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of sense.
EARL OF ROSCOMMON, *Essay on Translated Verse*

Decide.— Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side. LOWELL, *The Present Crisis*, st. 5

Deed.—*Macbeth.* I have done the deed![2] Didst thou not hear a noise?
Lady Macbeth. I heard the owl scream and the crickets cry. SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, ii, 2

One good deed dying tongueless
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
SHAKESPEARE, *Winter's Tale*, i, 2

Deeds.— Foul deeds will rise. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 2

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Make deeds ill done [ill deeds done]!
SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, iv, 2

My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

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[1] Trust not a man: we are by nature false,
Dissembling, subtle, cruel and inconstant. T. OTWAY, *The Orphan*, ii, 1

[2] A deed of dreadful note. SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iii, 2
A deed without a name. *Ibid.*, iv, 1

Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue;
Not soon provoked, nor, being provoked, soon calmed;
His heart and hand both open and both free;
For what he has he gives, what thinks he shows;
Yet gives he not till judgment guide his bounty.
SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida*, iv, 5

Deep.— The very deep did rot.
COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*, line 123

Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull;
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
SIR J. DENHAM, *Cooper's Hill*

Rocked in the cradle of the deep
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For thou, O Lord! hast power to save.
I know thou wilt not slight my call,
For thou dost mark the sparrow's fall;
And calm and peaceful shall I sleep,
Rocked in the cradle of the deep.
E. H. WILLARD, *Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep*, st. 1

Deer.— Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep,
So [Thus] runs the world away.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 2

Defence.— What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe?
MILTON, *Samson Agonistes*, lines 560, 561

In cases of defence 't is best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, ii, 4

Defer.— Defer not till to-morrow to be wise,
To-morrow's sun to thee may never rise.[1]
WILLIAM CONGREVE, *Letter to Lord Cobham*, 1729, lines 61, 62

Defiance.— A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo for evermore.
LONGFELLOW, *Paul Revere's Ride*, st. 14

Degenerate.— Not two strong men th' enormous weight could raise,
Such men as live in these degenerate days.
POPE, *Iliad*, V, lines 371, 372

[1] Be wise to-day; 't is madness to defer.
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, I, lines 393–392

Deliberates.— When love once pleads admission to our hearts
(In spite of all the virtue we can boast),
The woman that deliberates is lost.—ADDISON, *Cato*, iv, 1

Deliberation. With grave
Aspect he rose, and in his rising seemed
A pillar of state. Deep on his front engraven
Deliberation sat, and public care;
And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
Majestic, though in ruin.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, II, lines 300–305

Demeanour.— You will find it serviceable, in the formation of a demeanour, if you sometimes say to yourself in company — on entering a room, for instance — Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes, and prism.
DICKENS, *Little Dorrit*, II, v

Den. And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall? SCOTT, *Marmion*, vi, 14

Depolarize.— Depolarize every fixed religious idea in the mind by changing the word which stands for it.
HOLMES, *Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, i

Depths.— He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iv, st. 179

Descent.— And made a preachment of your high descent.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part III*, i, 4

Desert.— Oh! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,[1]
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her!
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iv, st. 177

In dark Cimmerian desert. MILTON, *L'Allegro*, line 10

Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But oh! the choice what heart can doubt,
Of tents with love or thrones without?
T. MOORE, *Lalla Rookh: The Light of the Harem*

I never will desert Mr. Micawber.
DICKENS, *David Copperfield*, I, xii

[1] A book of verses underneath the bough,
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread — and Thou
Beside me singing in the wilderness —
Oh, wilderness were paradise enow!
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 12

Deserted.— Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast*, lines 80–83

Desire.— From the desert I come to thee
On a stallion shod with fire;
And the winds are left behind
In the speed of my desire.
BAYARD TAYLOR, *Bedouin Song*, st. 1

Desires.— Your heart's desires be with you!
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, i, 2

Despairing. The daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity. HOOD, *The Bridge of Sighs*, st. 16

Desperate.— Beware of desperate steps. The darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, will have passed away.
COWPER, *The Needless Alarm: Moral*

Diseases desperate grown
By desperate appliance are relieved,[1]
Or not at all. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iv, 3

Despised.— Ay, do despise me, I'm the prouder for it; I like to be despised.—ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, *The Hypocrite*, v, 1

Destiny. What if thou withdraw
In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny.
BRYANT, *Thanatopsis*, lines 58–61

Destiny never swerves,
Nor yields to men the helm;
He shoots his thought, by hidden nerves,
Throughout the solid realm.
EMERSON, *The World-Soul*, st. 10

Think you I bear the shears of destiny?
Have I commandment on the pulse of life?
SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, iv, 2

Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.[2]
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, ii, 9

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[1] 'Tis not amiss, ere ye're given o'er,
To try one desperate medicine more:
For where your case can be no worse,
The desp'rat'st is the wisest course.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, Epistle to Sidrophel, lines 5–8

[2] Love is not in our choice, but in our fate.
DRYDEN, *Palamon and Arcite*, line 328

Your marriage comes by destiny.
SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well*, i, 3

Destroyer.— For in the night, unseen, a single warrior,
In sombre harness mailed,
Dreaded of man, and surnamed the Destroyer,
The rampart wall had scaled.

. . . . .

He did not pause to parley or dissemble,
But smote the Warden hoar;
Ah! what a blow! that made all England tremble,
And groan from shore to shore.

LONGFELLOW, *Warden of the Cinque Ports*, st. 9, 11

Devil.— Bid the devil take the hindmost.[1]

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, Canto ii, line 633

Here Francis C—— lies. Be civil;
The rest God knows — perhaps the Devil.

POPE, *Epitaph*

The devil was sick, the devil a monk would be;
The devil was well, the devil a monk was he.

RABELAIS, IV, xxiv

How then was the Devil dressed?
Oh! he was in his Sunday's best;
His coat was red, and his breeches were blue,
And there was a hole where his tail came through.

SOUTHEY, *The Devil's Walk*, st. 3

And in he came with eyes of flame,
The Devil, to fetch the dead;
And all the church with his presence glowed
Like a fiery furnace red.

SOUTHEY, *The Old Woman of Berkeley*, st. 40

He must needs go, that the devil drives.

SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well*, i, 3

He must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

SHAKESPEARE, *Comedy of Errors*, iv, 3

Give the devil his due.[2]

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, iii, 7

Lest the devil cross my prayer.[3]

SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 1

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[1] This expression has become proverbial, and is used by Prior, Pope, Burns and others.

[2] And so give his due to the devil.

ALEXANDER BROME, *The Holy Pedlar*, st. 5

He will give the devil his due.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, i, 2

[3] Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The Devil always builds a chapel there;
And 't will be found upon examination,
The latter has the largest congregation.

DANIEL DEFOE, *The True-born Englishman*, I, lines 1-4

No man means evil but the devil, and we shall know him by his horns.

SHAKESPEARE, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, v, 2

One of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy. SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, iv, 2

Devotion. With devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 1

Dewlapped.— Who would believe that there were mountaineers
Dewlapped like bulls,[1] whose throats had hanging at them
Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men
Whose heads stood in their breasts.[2]

SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, iii, 3

Dial.— True as the dial to the sun,[3]
Although it be not shined upon.

BUTLER, *Hudibras*, III, ii, lines 175, 176

Diamond. Spots quadrangular of diamond form,
Ensanguined hearts, clubs typical of strife,
And spades, the emblem of untimely graves.

COWPER, *The Task: The Winter Evening*, lines 217–219

Diamonds.— Diamonds cut diamonds; they who will prove
To thrive in cunning, must cure love with love.

JOHN FORD, *The Lover's Melancholy*, i, 3 [1]

Die.— It is as natural to die as to be born.

BACON, *Essay II: On Death*

A voice within us speaks the startling word,
"Man, thou shalt never die!" R. H. DANA,
The Husband and Wife's Grave, lines 56, 57

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulse to a wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth;
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes —
These things can never die.

SARAH DOUDNEY, *Things That Never Die*, st. 1

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[1] Dewlapped like Thessalian bulls.

SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, iv, 1

[2] Men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, i, 3

[3] True as the needle to the pole
Or as the dial to the sun. BARTON BOOTH, *Song*

And could we choose the time, and choose aright,
'T is best to die, our honour at the height,
When we have done our ancestors no shame,
But served our friends, and well secured our fame;
Then should we wish our happy life to close,
And leave no more for fortune to dispose:
So should we make our death a glad relief
From future shame, from sickness, and from grief.
DRYDEN, *Palamon and Arcite*, lines 2364–2371

To die is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar;
E'er well we feel the friendly stroke 'tis o'er.
S. GARTH, *The Dispensary*, Canto iii, lines 225–227

To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods,

And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast?
MACAULAY, *Horatius*, st. 27, 28

Whether I ought to die or not
My doctors cannot quite determine;
It 's only clear that I shall rot,
And be, like Priam, food for vermin.
My debts are paid; — but Nature's debt
Almost escaped my recollection!
Tom! we shall meet again; and yet
I cannot leave you my direction!
PRAED, *Quince*, st. 13

All that lives [live] must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 2

A man can die but once: we owe God a death.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, iii, 2

What is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part III*, v, 2

As good to die and go, as die and stay.
SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, iv, 3

Die—*Continued*

The times have been,
That, when the brains were out, the man would die,
And there an end; but now they rise again,
With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,
And push us from our stools.

SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iii, 4

Blow, wind! come, wrack!
At least we'll die with harness on our back.[1]— *Ibid.*, v, 5

If I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, iii, 1

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprisoned in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world.[2] *Ibid.*, iii, 1

Not though the soldier knew
Some one had blundered:
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do and die,[3]
Into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.

TENNYSON, *Charge of the Light Brigade*, st. 2

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[1] Fallen from his fellow's side,
The steed beneath is lying;
In harness here he died,
His only fault was dying.

Epitaph on a Coach Horse, near the Foot of Helvellyn

The Englishman is proud when it can be said, "He died in harness."
MAX MÜLLER, *Letter to Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm*, ——— —, 1888, *Life*, by his Wife, II, xxix

[2] Who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated Night,
Devoid of sense and motion? MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, II, lines 146–151

[3] They went where duty seemed to call,
They scarcely asked the reason why;
They only knew they could but die,
And death was not the worst of all! WHITTIER, *Lexington*, st. 5

'T was there of just and good he reasoned strong,
Cleared some great truth, or raised some serious song:
There patient showed us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live, and (Oh, too high
The price for knowledge!) taught us how to die.
T. TICKELL, *To the Earl of Warwick, on the Death of Addison*, lines 77–82

The good die first,
And they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket. WORDSWORTH,
The Excursion, The Wanderer, lines 504–506

Died.— Most persons have died before they expire,— died to all earthly longings, so that the last breath is only, as it were, the locking of the door of the already deserted mansion. HOLMES, *Professor at the Breakfast Table*, xi

"I give and I devise (old Euclio said,
And sighed) my lands and tenements to Ned."—
"Your money, sir?"—"My money, sir, what, all?
Why,— if I must — (then wept) I give it Paul."—
"The manor, sir?"—"The manor! hold," he cried,
"Not that,— I cannot part with that,"— and died.
POPE, *Moral Essays*, Epistle i, lines 256–261

Dies.— Stand, stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize:
One cup to the dead already —
Hurrah for the next that dies!
BARTHOLOMEW DOWLING, *Revel of the Dying*, st. 8

He that dies this year is quit for the next.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, iii, 2

He dies, and makes no sign.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part II*, iii, 3

Digestion.— Now, good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both! SHAKESPEARE. *Macbeth*, iii, 4

Diminished.— Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays.
POPE, *Moral Essays*, Epistle iii, line 282

Dimple.— Cheek or chin, or knuckle or knee,
Where shall the baby's dimple be?
Where shall the angel's finger rest
When he comes down to the baby's nest?
Where shall the angel's touch remain
When he awakens my babe again? J. G. HOLLAND,
Where Shall the Baby's Dimple Be, st. 2

Dine.— The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine.[1]
POPE, *Rape of the Lock*, iii, lines 21, 22

Dinner.— A dinner lubricates business.
LORD STOWELL, quoted in Boswell,
Life of Johnson, April 15, 1781

Dinner-bell.— That all-softening, o'erpowering knell,
The tocsin of the soul — the dinner-bell.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto v, st. 49

Direct.— Think it more honour to direct in chief than to be busy in all. BACON, *Essay XI: Of Great Place*

Directors.— However, as is usual in our city,
They had a sort of Managing Committee,
A board of grave, responsible Directors —
A Secretary, good at pen and ink —
A Treasurer, of course, to keep the chink,
And quite an army of Collectors!
. . . . .
With many of those persevering ones,
Who mite by mite would beg a cheese!
HOOD, *A Black Job*, st. 8

Dirt. Dirt?— Jacob, what is dirt?
If matter,— why, the delicate dish that tempts
An o'ergorged epicure, to the last morsel
That stuffs him to the throat-gates, is no more.
SOUTHEY, *The Pig*, lines 57–60

Dirty. The last charge,— he lived
A dirty life. Here I could shelter him
With noble and right-reverend precedents,
And show by sanction of authority
That 'tis a very honourable thing
To thrive by dirty ways.[2]
Ibid., lines 49–54

Disappointed.— What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child. COWPER,
On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture, lines 38–41

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[1] A good, contented, well-breakfasted juryman is a capital thing to get hold of. Discontented or hungry jurymen . . . always find for the plaintiff. . . . If it's near dinner-time, the foreman takes out his watch when the jury has retired, and says, "Dear me, gentlemen, ten minutes to five, I declare! I dine at five." . . . "So do I," says everybody else, except two men who ought to have dined at three, and seem more than half-disposed to stand out in consequence. The foreman smiles and puts up his watch: "Well, gentlemen, what do we say,— plaintiff or defendant? . . . I *rather* think the plaintiff's the man. DICKENS, *Pickwick Papers*, xxxiv

[2] The public path of life
Is dirty. YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, VIII, lines 373, 374

Disasters.— Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he.
GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*, st. 14

Discontent.— Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often stilled my brawling discontent.
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, iv, 1

Discontent,— the nobleman's consumption.
CYRIL TOURNEUR, *The Revenger's Tragedy*, i, 1

Discord.— From hence, let fierce contending nations know
What dire effects from civil discord flow.
ADDISON, *Cato*, v, 4

Discourse.— Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear.
SHAKESPEARE, *Venus and Adonis*, line 145

Discretion.— Let your own discretion be your tutor.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 2

Disease.— Ring out old shapes of foul disease.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, cvi, st. 7

Disobedience.— Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, I, lines 1–3

Disobey.— God bade me act for him: I dared not disobey!
R. BROWNING, *Ivan Ivanovitch*, line 300

Dissemble.— Perhaps it was right to dissemble your love,
But why did you kick me downstairs?
J. P. KEMBLE, *The Panel*

Distance.— 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view.
CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope*, i, st. 1

Distinguish.— He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and southwest side.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, i, lines 67, 68

Ditch.— I will die in the last ditch.
WILLIAM, PRINCE OF ORANGE, cited by Hume,
History of England

Diver. Are there not, dear Michal,
Two points in the adventure of the diver,
One — when, a beggar, he prepares to plunge,
One — when, a prince, he rises with his pearl?
R. BROWNING, *Paracelsus*, I

Divine.— It is a good divine that follows his own instructions.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 2

Divinely.— A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,[1]
And most divinely fair.[2]
TENNYSON, *Dream of Fair Women*, lines 87, 88

Divinity.— There 's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, v, 2

Dixie.— Southrons, hear your country call you!
Up, lest worse than death befall you!
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
. . . . .
Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie! A. PIKE, *Dixie*, st. 1

Do.— So much to do, so little done!
But when it 's o'er,— the victory won,—
Oh! then, my soul, this strife and sorrow
Will end in that great, glad To-morrow.
J. R. GILMORE, *Three Days*, st. 3

And all may do what has by man been done.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, VI, line 606

Doctor.— Joy and Temperance and Repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose. LONGFELLOW,
The Best Medicines, from the German of F. von Logau

Doctors.— So lived our sires, ere doctors learned to kill,
And multiplied with theirs the weekly bill.
DRYDEN, *Epistle to John Dryden*, lines 71, 72

Talk of your science! after all is said
There 's nothing like a bare and shiny head;
Age lends the graces that are sure to please;
Folks want their doctors mouldy, like their cheese.
HOLMES, *Rip Van Winkle, M.D.*, II, st. 4

Who shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
POPE, *Moral Essays*, Epistle iii, lines 1, 2

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[1] Her stature tall — I hate a dumpy woman. BYRON, *Don Juan*, st. 61

[2] Divinely fair. MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IX, line 489

Doctrine.— What makes all doctrine plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was proved true before
Proved false again?— Two hundred more.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, III, i, lines 1277–1280

Dog.— My dog howls at the gate.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto i, st. 13 (2)

The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.
. . . . . .
The man recovered of the bite,
The dog it was that died!
GOLDSMITH, *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog*, st. 8

I am his Highness' dog at Kew;
Pray tell me, sir, whose dog are you?
POPE, *Epigram Engraved on the Collar of a Dog Given to His Royal Highness*

Celia. Why, Rosalind! . . . not a word?
Rosalind. Not one to throw at a dog.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, i, 3

Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire. SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, iv, 7

Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 3

Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs. *Ibid.*, iii, 3

An he had been a dog that should have howled thus, they would have hanged him.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, ii, 3

Dogrose.— A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.
LOWELL, *The Courtin'*, st. 7

Dogs.— The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they bark at me!
SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, iii, 6

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 't is their nature to. ISAAC WATTS, *Song*, xvi

Doing.— What is worth doing is worth doing well; and with a little more trouble at first, much trouble afterwards may be avoided.— MAX MÜLLER, *Letter to John Bellows*, July 18, 1866, *Life*, by His Wife, I, xv

Doll.— I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
. . . . . .
Yet for old sakes' sake she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.
KINGSLEY, *Songs from the Water Babies*, IV, st. 1, 2

Dollar.— The Almighty Dollar.
WASHINGTON IRVING, *The Creole Village*

A short-weight dollar is not an honest dollar to pay full-weight-dollar debts with.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, cited by Jacob Riis in *Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen*, xii

Done.— What men have done can still be done,
And shall be done to-day!
G. BARLOW, *The Song of Abou Klea*, st. 2

That 's what I always say; if you wish a thing to be well done,
You must do it yourself, you must not leave it to others!
LONGFELLOW, *Courtship of Miles Standish*, ii, lines 28, 29

If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly. SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, i, 7

What 's done cannot be undone. *Ibid.*, v, 1

Door.— Open the door with shame, if ye have sinned;
If ye be sorry, open it with sighs.
Albeit the place be bare for poverty,
And comfortless for lack of plenishing,
Be not abashed for that, but open it,
And take Him in that comes to sup with thee;
"Behold!" He saith, "I stand at the door and knock!"
JEAN INGELOW, *Brothers, and a Sermon*

The door is open, sir; there lies your way;
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green.
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, iii, 2

Dormouse.— But a child — that bids the world good-night,
In downright earnest and cuts it quite —
A cherub no art can copy,—
'Tis a perfect picture to see him lie
As if he had supped on dormouse pie
(An ancient classical dish by the by),
With a sauce of syrup of poppy.
HOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg*, Her Dream

Doubt.— Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.— SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, ii, 2

To be once in doubt
Is once to be resolved. SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, iii, 3

Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, xcvi, st. 3

Doubts. Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win
By fearing to attempt.
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, i, 4 [5]

Douglas.— Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.
JOHN HOME, *Douglas*, v, 1

Could ye come back to me, Douglas, Douglas,
In the old likeness that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.
D. M. MULOCK CRAIK, *Too Late*, st. 1

The hand of Douglas is his own
And never shall in friendly grasp
The hand of such as Marmion clasp.
SCOTT, *Marmion*, vi, 13

Dove. The tender fierceness of the dove,
Pecking the hand that hovers o'er her mate.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto i, st. 57

Oh, had I the wings of a dove!
COWPER, *Alexander Selkirk*, st. 3

Coo, dove, to thy married mate —
She has two warm eggs in her nest:
Tell her the hours are few to wait
Ere life shall dawn on their rest;
And thy young shall peck at the shells, elate
With a dream of her brooding breast.
JEAN INGELOW, *Brothers, and a Sermon*

Down.— He that is down need fear no fall,[1]
He that is low, no pride.
BUNYAN, *Pilgrim's Progress*, II, Stage v

[1] I am not now in Fortune's power,
He that is down can fall no lower.— BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, iii, lines 857, 858

Dragon.— Come not between the dragon and his wrath.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, i, 1

Dream.— I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
BYRON, *Darkness*, line 1

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
BYRON, *The Dream*

The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream![1]
DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel*, I, lines 238, 239

To die, to sleep;
To sleep; perchance to dream:[2] ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil, must give us pause.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 1

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environed me [about], and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling waked, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the [my] dream.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III*, i, 4

There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, ii, 5

Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep.
SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, iv, 1

Dreaming. Sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.[3]
CAMPBELL, *The Soldier's Dream*, st. 6

Dreams.— My dreams were always beautiful, my thoughts were high and fine;
No life was ever lived on earth to match those dreams of mine.
HENRY VAN DYKE, *Another Chance*, st. 3

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[1] Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions.
Joel, ii, 28

[2] How happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, I, lines 7, 8

[3] But oh, as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.
MILTON, *On His Deceased Wife*

As vessels starting from ports thousands of miles apart pass close to each other in the naked breadth of the ocean nay, sometimes even touch, in the dark, with a crack of timbers, a gurgling of water, a cry of startled sleepers,— a cry mysteriously echoed in warning dreams, as the wife of some Gloucester fisherman, some coasting skipper, wakes with a shriek, calls the name of her husband, and sinks back to uneasy slumbers upon her lonely pillow,— a widow. HOLMES, *Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, iii

Unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!
HOOD, *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, st. 11

Dhrames always go by conthrairies, my dear.
SAMUEL LOVER, *Rory O'More*, st. 2

You laugh when boys or women tell their dreams.
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, v, 2

Oh! I have passed a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,[1]
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,—
So full of dismal terror was the time!
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III*, i, 4

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls.
Ibid., v, 3

Dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, i, 4

Dressed.— Still to be neat, still to be dressed,
As you were going to a feast.
BEN JONSON, *The Silent Woman*, i, 1

Drink.— Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
. . . .

I sent thee late a rosie wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me:

[1] "So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights," according to other versions.

Drink—*Continued*

Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.[1]

BEN JONSON, *The Forest: To Celia*

Drink of this cup; you'll find there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality;
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen!
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

T. MOORE, *Drink of This Cup*, st. 1

While you live,
Drink! — for, once dead, you never shall return.

OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 35

Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why:
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

Ibid., st. 74

The more you drink, the more you crave. POPE,
Imitations of Horace, II, Epistle ii, line 212

I never drink but at my hours. RABELAIS, I, v

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 2

I can drink with any tinker in his own language.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, ii, 4

And let me the cannikin clink, clink;
And let me the cannikin clink:
A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span;
Why, then, let a soldier drink.

SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, ii, 3

'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Ibid.

Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

SHAKESPEARE, *Timon of Athens*, i, 2

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[1] The utmost share
Of my desire shall be
Only to kiss that air
That lately kissed thee.

HERRICK, *To Electra, I Dare not Ask a Kiss*, st. 2

I took the wreath, whose inmost twine
Breathed of him and blushed with wine.— T. MOORE, *Odes of Anacreon*, i

If thou art inclined to gratify thy lover, send him back the remains of the garland, no longer breathing of roses only, but also of thee!

PHILOSTRATUS, *Erotica*, cited by Moore, note to *Odes of Anacreon*, i

He has a sin that often
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:
If there were no foes, that were enough
To overcome him: in that beastly fury
He has been known to commit outrages,
And cherish factions: 'tis inferred to us,
His days are foul and his drink dangerous.— *Ibid.*, iii, 5

We keep the day. With festal cheer,
With books and music, surely we
Will drink to him whate'er he be,
And sing the songs he loved to hear.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, cvii, st. 6

Drink, pretty creature, drink!
WORDSWORTH, *The Pet Lamb*, st. 1

Drinking.— The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,[1]
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair;
The sea itself (which one would think
Should have but little need of drink)
Drinks twice ten thousand rivers up,
So filled that they o'erflow the cup
. . . . . .

Nothing in nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there; for why
Should every creature drink but I;
Why, man of morals, tell me why?
COWLEY, *Anacreontiques: Drinking*

Drinking all night and dozing all the day.
DRYDEN, *Essay upon Satire*, line 189

There is no drinking after death.[2]
JOHN FLETCHER, *Drink To-Day*, st. 1

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[1] Observe when mother earth is dry,
She drinks the droppings of the sky;
And then the dewy cordial gives
To every thirsty plant that lives.
The vapours, which at evening weep,
Are beverage to the swelling deep;
And when the rosy sun appears,
He drinks the ocean's misty tears.
The moon too quaffs her paly stream
Of lustre, from the solar beam.
Then, hence with all your sober thinking!
Since Nature's holy law is drinking;
I'll make the laws of nature mine,
And pledge the universe in wine.
T. MOORE, *Odes of Anacreon*, xxi

[2] I know in the tombs
There's no carousing. HERRICK, *Anacreontic, Born Was I to Be Old*

The habit of drinking is often a vice, no doubt,— sometimes a misfortune,— as when an almost irresistible hereditary propensity exists to indulge in it,— but oftenest of all a punishment.

HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, viii

They call drinking deep, dyeing scarlet.[1]

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, ii, 4

The dry divan
Close in firm circle; and set, ardent, in
For serious drinking.

THOMSON, *The Seasons:* Autumn, lines 531–533

Dross.— What men call treasure, and the gods call dross.

LOWELL, *Commemoration Ode*, st. 4

Drown.— Lord, Lord! [O Lord!] methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water[s] in mine ears!
What ugly sights of [sights of ugly] death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
Ten [A] thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III*, i, 4

Drudgery.— A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
Makes that and the action fine.

G. HERBERT, *The Elixir*, st. 5

Drum.— Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried.

CHARLES WOLFE, *Burial of Sir John Moore*, st. 1

Drunk.— Then hasten to be drunk, the business of the day.[2]

DRYDEN, *Cymon and Iphigenia*, line 408

All loud alike,
All learned, and all drunk! COWPER, *The Task: The Winter Evening*, lines 477, 478

Drunkenness.— Whenever the wandering Demon of Drunkenness finds a ship adrift,— no steady wind in its sails, no thoughtful pilot directing its course,— he steps on board, takes the helm, and steers straight for the maelstrom. HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, viii

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[1] *Cf.* the modern phrase, "Paint the town red."

[2] Let other hours be set apart for business.
To-day it is our pleasure to be drunk. FIELDING, *Tom Thumb*, i, 2

Ducats.— You 'll ask me, why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats: I 'll not answer that:
But say it is my humour.

. . . . .

If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts, and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

Dupes.— The history of human-kind to trace
Since Eve — the first of dupes — our doom unriddled,
A certain portion of the human race
Has certainly a taste for being diddled.[1]
HOOD, *A Black Job*, st. 1

Durance.— In durance vile here must I wake and weep.
BURNS, *Epistle from Esopus to Maria*, st. 3

Dust.— Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the dust descend;
Dust into dust, and under dust to lie,
Sans wine, sans song, sans singer, and — sans end!
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 24

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

. . . . .

The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.[2]
SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, iv, 2

And give to dust that is a little gilt
More laud than gilt [gold] o'er-dusted.
SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 3

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[1] Those good and easy innocents in fact,
Who, willingly receiving chaff for corn,

. . . . . .

Still find a secret pleasure in the act
Of being plucked and shorn. HOOD, *A Black Job*, st. 16

[2] Death is master of lord and clown;
Shovel the clay in, tread it down.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Songs from "Prince Lucifer,"* st. 3

Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
J. SHIRLEY, *Dirge: Death the Leveller*, st. 1

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why;
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, Introduction, st. 3

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame?
Earth's highest station ends in, "Here he lies;"
And "Dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, IV, lines 98–101

Duty.— So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."—EMERSON, *Voluntary III*

He seen his duty, a dead-sure thing,—
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.
JOHN HAY, *Jim Bludso of the Prairie Belle*, st. 7

I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty:
I woke and found that life was Duty.
E. S. HOOPER, *Duty*

England expects every man to do his duty.
HORATIO, VISCOUNT NELSON, quoted by Southey, *Life of Nelson*, ix

I will turn
To the straight path of Duty.
. . . . . .
Labour shall be my lot:
My kindred shall be joyful in my praise;
And Fame shall twine for me in after-days
A wreath I covet not:

And, if I cannot make,
Dearest, thy hope my hope, thy trust my trust,
Yet will I study to be good and just
And blameless, for thy sake.
PRAED, *A Retrospect*, st. 10–12

My duty then shall pay me for my pains.
SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well*, ii, 1

I do perceive here a divided duty.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, i, 3

And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure;
Till in all lands and through all human story
The path of duty be the way to glory.—TENNYSON,
Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, st. 8

I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man
and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do.
TENNYSON, *The Revenge*, st. 13

Dying.— Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied —
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

For when the morn came dim and sad,
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed — she had
Another morn than ours.[1]
HOOD, *The Death-Bed*, st. 3, 4

Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
POPE, *Dying Christian to His Soul*, st. 1

I am dying, Egypt, dying.
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv, 15 [13]

Oh! but they say the tongues of dying men
Enforce attention like deep harmony:
Where words are scarce, they are seldom spent in vain,
For they breathe truth that breathe their words in pain.
He that no more must say is listened more
Than they whom youth and ease have taught to glose;
More are men's ends marked than their lives before.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, ii, 1

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[1] Her suffering ended with the day,
Yet lived she at its close,
And breathed the long, long night away
In statue-like repose.

But when the sun in all his state
Illumed the eastern skies,
She passed through glory's morning gate,
And walked in Paradise. JAMES ALDRICH, *A Death-Bed*

She thought our good-night kiss was given,
And like a lily her life did close;
Angels uncurtained that repose,
And the next waking dawned in heaven.
GERALD MASSEY, *Ballad of Babe Christabel*

She's from a world of woe relieved,
And blooms, a rose, in heaven. BURNS, *On the Poet's Daughter*, st. 2

So softly death succeeded life in her:
She did but dream of heaven, and she was there.
DRYDEN, *Eleonora*, lines 315, 316

Gently!
She is sleeping,
She has breathed her last!
Gently!
While you're weeping
She to heaven has past! C. G. EASTMAN, *Dirge*, st. 3

Eagle.— Like an eagle in a dove-cote.
SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, v, 6 [5]

Men that in a narrower day —
Unprophetic rulers they —
Drove from out the mother's nest
That young eagle of the West
To forage for herself alone. TENNYSON,
Opening of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, st. 3

The eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.[1]
EDMUND WALLER, *To a Lady, Singing a Song of His Own Composing*

Eagles.— Wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III*, i, 3

Ear.— Her small and shell-like ear.
HOOD, *Bianca's Dream*, st. 31

Where more is meant than meets the ear.
MILTON, *Il Penseroso*, line 120

Ear-kissing.— Ear-kissing arguments.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, ii, 1

Ears.— Pitchers have ears.
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, iv, 4

Earth.— This is the last of earth.
J. Q. ADAMS, Last Words, *Life*, by Josiah Quincy, xiv

The earth goes on the earth glittering in gold,
The earth goes to the earth sooner than it wold;
The earth builds on the earth castles and towers,
The earth says to the earth — All this is ours.
ANONYMOUS, *Inscription on Melrose Abbey*

He saw with his own eyes the moon was round,
Was also certain that the earth was square,
Because he had journeyed fifty miles, and found
No sign that it was circular anywhere.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto v, st. 150

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[1] 'T was thine own genius gave the final blow,
And helped to plant the wound that laid thee low:
So the struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again,
Viewed his own feather on the fatal dart,
And winged the shaft that quivered in his heart.
BYRON, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, lines 824–829

The duped people, hourly doomed to pay
The sums that bribe their liberties away,—
Like a young eagle who has lent his plume
To fledge the shaft by which he meets his doom,—
See their own feathers plucked, to wing the dart
Which rank corruption destines for their heart! — T. MOORE, *Corruption*

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot,
Which men call Earth. MILTON, *Comus*, lines 5, 6

Said one among them — "Surely not in vain
My substance of the common earth was ta'en
And to this figure moulded, to be broke,
Or trampled back to shapeless earth again."
Then said a second — "Ne'er a peevish boy
Would break the bowl from which he drank in joy;
And He that with his hand the vessel made
Will surely not in after-wrath destroy."[1]
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 84, 85

Ease.— Born to write, converse, and live with ease.
POPE, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, line 196

East.— If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never 'eed naught else. KIPLING, *Mandalay*

High on a throne of royal state, which far
Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous East, with richest hand,
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,[2]
Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
To that bad eminence.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, II, lines 1–6

Eaten.— He hath eaten me out of house and home.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, ii, 1

Eaves.— The martin-haunted eaves.
TENNYSON, *Aylmer's Field*, line 163

Echo.— Hark! to the hurried question of despair:
"Where is my child?" an echo answers — "Where?"
BYRON, *Bride of Abydos*, Canto ii, st. 27

Education.— 'T is education forms the common mind,
Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.
POPE, *Moral Essays*, Epistle i, lines 149, 150

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[1] If we are only as the potter's clay
Made to be fashioned as the artist wills,
And broken into shards if we offend
The eye of Him who made us, it is well.
. . . . .
Or is it only clay,
Bleeding and aching in the potter's hand,
Yet all his own to treat it as he will,
And when he will to cast it at his feet,
Shattered, dishonoured, lost for evermore?
HOLMES, *Rights*, lines 26–29, 52–56

[2] The exhaustless East
Poured in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iv, st. 2

Though her[1] mien carries much more invitation than command, to behold her is an immediate check on loose behaviour; to love her was a liberal education.

STEELE, *The Tatler*, No. 49

Egg.— We shall sooner have the fowl by hatching the egg than by smashing it.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *Last Public Address*, April 11, 1865

One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg. POPE, *Imitations of Horace*, II, Epistle ii, lines 84, 85

Eggs. They say we are
Almost as like as eggs.—SHAKESPEARE, *Winter's Tale*, i, 2

Egotist. You, foul-tongued
Fanatic or ambitious egotist,
Who thinks God stoops from His high majesty
To lay his finger on your puny head,
And crown it — that you henceforth may parade
Your maggotship throughout the wondering world —
"I am the Lord's anointed!"

D. M. MULOCK CRAIK, *The Dead Czar*, st. 5

Elder.— How much more elder art thou than thy looks!

SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

Elms.— Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, st. 5

Eloquent.— That old man eloquent.[2]

MILTON, *Sonnet: To the Lady Margaret Ley*

Embers.— Thou hast but taken thy lamp and gone to bed;
I stay a little longer, as one stays
To cover up the embers that still burn.

LONGFELLOW, *Three Friends of Mine*, iv

Embrace.— Better thou and I were lying, hidden from the heart's disgrace,
Rolled in one another's arms, and silent in a last embrace.[3]

TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, lines 57, 58

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[1] Lady Elizabeth Hastings.

[2] The Earl of Marlborough, Lord-President of the Council to King James I.

[3] Would that we two were lying
Beneath the churchyard sod,
With our limbs at rest in the green earth's breast,
And our souls at home with God.

C. KINGSLEY, *The Saint's Tragedy*, ii, 9

Emetics.— I [cannot] believe that a man could contract so strong an appetite for emetics during temporary illness as to persist in feeding upon them during the remainder of his healthful life.— ABRAHAM LINCOLN, *Letter to Erastus Corning*, June 12, 1863

Emigrated.— Oh, write of me, not "Died in bitter pains,"
But "Emigrated to another star!"
HELEN FISKE JACKSON, *Emigravit*, lines 12, 13

Empire.— Westward the course of empire takes its way;[1]
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.
GEORGE BERKELEY, *The Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America*, st. 6

Stop!—for thy tread is on an empire's dust!
An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iii, st. 17

Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.
GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, st. 13

End.— The end must justify the means.
MATTHEW PRIOR, *Hans Carvel*, line 67

The true beginning of our end.
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, v, 1

The end crowns all,
And that old common arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.
SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida*, iv, 5

Ended.— All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,[2]
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!"
LONGFELLOW, *Evangeline*, II, v, lines 125–129

Ending.— Great is the art of beginning, but greater the art is of ending;
Many a poem is marred by a superfluous verse.
LONGFELLOW, *Elegiac Verse*, st. 14

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[1] The star of empire glitters in the west.
CHARLES MACKAY, *Cheer, Boys! Cheer!* st. 2

[2] A vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast.— WHITTIER, *Maud Muller*, st. 5

Endure.— O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 3

Enemies.— Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.[1]
COWPER, *The Task: The Time-Piece*, lines 16–19

Enemy.— A weak invention of the enemy.
COLLEY CIBBER, *Richard III*, v, 6

We have met the enemy and they are ours.
OLIVER H. PERRY, *Report of the Battle of Lake Erie*

Engineer.— For 't is the sport to have the engine[e]r
Hoist with his own petar: and 't [it] shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 4

England.— Ye Mariners of England,
That guard our native seas!
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze.
CAMPBELL, *Ye Mariners of England*, st. 1

The meteor flag of England. *Ibid.*, st. 4

The foeman will find neither coward nor slave
'Neath the Red Cross of England — the flag of the Brave.
ELIZA COOK, *The Red Cross of England*, st. 1

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still —
My country![2] and, while yet a nook is left
Where English minds and manners may be found,
Shall be constrained to love thee.
COWPER, *The Task: The Time-Piece*, lines 206–209

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[1] Once we thought it right to foster
Local jealousies and pride;
Right to hate another nation
Parted from us by a tide;
Right to go to war for glory,
Or extension of domain;
Right, through fear of foreign rivals,
To refuse the needful grain;
Right to bar it out till Famine
Drew the bolt with fingers wan.
Old opinions! rags and tatters!
Get you gone! get you gone!
CHARLES MACKAY, *Old Opinions*, st. 4

[2] "England! with all thy faults I love thee still" . . .
I like the freedom of the press and quill;* . . .
I like the taxes, when they 're not too many;
I like a sea-coal fire, when not too dear;
I like a beefsteak, too, as well as any;
Have no objection to a pot of beer,
I like the weather, when it is not rainy,
That is, I like two months of every year.— BYRON, *Beppo*, st. 47, 48

* Because bold Britons have a tongue and free quill,
At which all modern nations vainly aim.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto xiii, st. 20

[England] is the cradle and the refuge of free principles, though often persecuted; the school of religious liberty, the more precious for the struggles through which it has passed; the tombs of those who have reflected honour on all who speak the English tongue; it is the birthplace of our fathers, the home of the Pilgrims.

EDWARD EVERETT, *Oration Delivered at Plymouth, Mass., Dec.* 22, 1824

What should they know of England who only England know? KIPLING, *The English Flag*, st. 1

What is the flag of England? Winds of the world, declare! *Ibid.*, st. 2

She's [England's] all thet's honest, honnable, an' fair,
An' when the vartoos died they made her heir.

LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, II, ii, lines 136, 137

She [England] an' Columby's gut to be fas' friends:
For the world prospers by their privit ends:
'T would put the clock back all o' fifty years
Ef they should fall together by the ears.

. . . . .

We're boun' to be good friends, an' so we'd oughto,
In spite of all the fools both sides the water.

Ibid., lines 209–230

Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise:
I tell [sing] of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.

MACAULAY, *The Armada*, lines 1–4

The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold;
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold;
Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be. *Ibid.*, lines 31–34

Now all the youth of England are on fire,
And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, ii, Prologue

That island of England breeds very valiant creatures.

Ibid., iii, 7

England—*Continued*

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.[1]
Now these her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true.

SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, v, 7

This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happie[r] lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, ii, 1

England, where indeed, they are most potent in potting. SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, ii, 3

Shot through the staff or the halyard, but ever we raised thee anew,
And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew. TENNYSON, *Defence of Lucknow*, st. 1

A power, to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome in the height of her glory is not to be compared,— a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her possessions and military posts, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.[2]— DANIEL WEBSTER, *Speech in the Senate*, May 7, 1834

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[1] No foreign foe could quell
Thy soul, till from itself it fell. BYRON, *The Giaour*, lines 138, 139

[2] From India's morning-bugle
To the last sunset-gun.— G. BARLOW, *England, Ho! for England*, st. 1

The Briton may traverse the pole or the zone,
And boldly claim his right;
For he calls such a vast domain his own,
That the sun never sets on his might.

ELIZA COOK, *The Englishman*, st. 4

Take 'old o' the wings o' the mornin',
An' flop 'round the earth till you're dead;
But you won't get away from the tune that they play
To the bloomin' old Rag over'ead.— KIPLING, *The Widow at Windsor*

English.— 'T is the hard grey weather
Breeds hard English men.
C. KINGSLEY, *Ode to the Northeast Wind*, lines 51, 52

Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,
But over the scud and the palm-trees an English flag has flown. KIPLING, *The English Flag*, st. 7

Never the lotos closes, never the wild-fowl wake,
But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died for England's sake —
Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or maid —
Because on the bones of the English the English flag is stayed.[1] *Ibid.*, st. 12

An old abusing of God's patience and the king's English. SHAKESPEARE, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, i, 4

Handful of men as we were, we were English in heart and in limb,
Strong with the strength of the race to command, to obey, to endure,
Each of us fought as if hope for the garrison hung but on him. TENNYSON, *Defence of Lucknow*, st. 4

Englishman.— There's a land that bears a world-known name,
Though it is but a little spot;
. . . . . .
'T is the star of earth, deny it who can;
The island home of an Englishman.
ELIZA COOK, *The Englishman*, st. 1

Where'er I wander, boast of this I can,
Though banished, yet a trueborn Englishman.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, i, 3

Ennoble.— What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards!
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle iv, lines 215, 216

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[1] We have fed our sea for a thousand years,
And she calls us, still unfed,
Though there's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead:*
We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest,
To the shark and the sheering gull.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid in full!
KIPLING, *A Song of the English*, II, st. 1

* Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.
FELICIA HEMANS, *England's Dead*, st. 2

Ensign.— Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky.—HOLMES, *Old Ironsides*, st. 1

Envy. Can envy dwell
In heavenly breasts?
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IX, lines 729, 730

There is not a passion so strongly rooted in the human heart as envy. SHERIDAN, *The Critic*, i, 1

Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
THOMSON, *The Seasons*, Spring, lines 284, 285

Epitaph.— Let there be no inscription upon my tomb; let no man write my epitaph. . . . Let my character and my motives repose in obscurity and peace till other times and other men can do them justice. Then shall my character be vindicated; then may my epitaph be written.—ROBERT EMMET, *Speech from the dock on his conviction for high treason*, Sept. 19, 1803

Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy epitaph.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, v 4

Epithet.— A kind of maddened John the Baptist,
To whom the harshest word comes aptest,
Who, struck by stone or brick ill-starred,
Hurls back an epithet as hard,
Which, deadlier than stone or brick,
Has a propensity to stick.
LOWELL, *Letter from Boston*, lines 135–140

Epitome.— In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various that he seemed to be
Not one, but all mankind's epitome;
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong;
Was everything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.
DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel*, I, lines 544–550

Equalized.— One place there is — beneath the burial sod —
Where all mankind are equalized by death;
Another place there is — the Fane of God —
Where all are equal who draw living breath;
Juggle who will elsewhere with his own soul,
Playing the Judas with a temporal dole —

He who can come beneath that awful cope,
In the dread presence of a Maker just,
Who metes to ev'ry pinch of human dust
One even measure of immortal hope —
He who can stand within that holy door,
With soul unbowed by that pure spirit-level,
And frame unequal laws for rich and poor,—
Might sit for Hell and represent the Devil.
HOOD, *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire*, st. 14

Era.— At the birth of each new Era, with a recognizing start,
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with mute lips apart,
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps beneath the Future's heart.—LOWELL, *The Present Crisis*, st. 2

Erin.— Erin mavournin, Erin go bragh![1]
CAMPBELL, *The Exile of Erin*, st. 5

Euchred.— Just a pack o' rotten plates puttied up with tar,
In we came, an' time enough, 'cross Bilbao Bar.
Overloaded, undermanned, meant to founder, we
Euchred God Almighty's storm, bluffed the Eternal Sea.
KIPLING, *Ballad of the Bolivar*, st. 11

Evanescence.— Statue of flesh — immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
When the Great Trump shall thrill thee with its warning.
HORACE SMITH, *Address to a Mummy*, st. 12

Eve.— One of Eve's family. HOOD, *The Bridge of Sighs*

But if the first Eve
Hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had she,
What a punishment new
Shall be found out for you,
Who, tasting, have robbed the whole tree?
POPE, *To Lady Mary Wortley Montagu*, st. 5

Even.— Even is come; and from the dark Park, hark,
The signal of the setting sun — one gun!
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain,—
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out,
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch.
HOOD, *A Nocturnal Sketch*, lines 1–7

[1] Ireland my darling! Ireland for ever!

Evening.— Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
COWPER, *The Task: The Winter Evening*, lines 36–41

Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
Had in her sober livery all things clad.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IV, lines 598, 599

And still on that evening, when pleasure fills up
To the highest top sparkle each heart and each cup,
Where'er my path lies, be it gloomy or bright,
My soul, happy friends, shall be with you that night;
Shall join in your revels, your sports, and your wiles,
And return to me, beaming all o'er with your smiles —
Too blest, if it tells me that, 'mid the gay cheer
Some kind voice had murmured, "I wish he were here!"
T. MOORE, *Farewell!— But Whenever You Welcome the Hour*, st. 2

Ever.— It may be for years, and it may be for ever!
L. M. CRAWFORD, *Kathleen Mavourneen*

For ever and a day.—SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, iv, 1

Men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever. TENNYSON, *The Brook*

Evil.— The wounds I might have healed!
The human sorrow and smart!
And yet it never was in my soul
To play so ill a part:
But evil is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart!
HOOD, *The Lady's Dream*, st. 16

And out of good still to find means of evil.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, I, line 165

Though fallen on evil days,
On evil days though fallen, and evil tongues.
Ibid., VII, lines 25, 26

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 2

Evils.— Of two evils the less is alway to be chosen.
THOMAS À KEMPIS, *Imitation of Christ*, III, xii, 2

Executors.— Let 's choose executors and talk of wills.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, iii, 2

Expectation.— 'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;
Heaven were not Heaven, if we knew what it were.
SIR JOHN SUCKLING, *Against Fruition*, st. 4

Expediency.— No man is justified in doing evil on the ground of expediency.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, *The Strenuous Life: Latitude and Longitude Among Reformers*

Experience.— Experience is bitter, but its teachings we retain;
It has taught me this,— who once has loved, loves never on earth again!

. . . . .

Experience is bitter indeed,— I have learned at a heavy cost
The secret of love's persistency: I, too, have loved and lost.
G. ARNOLD, *Introspection*, vi

Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other, and scarse in that.
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, *Poor Richard's Almanac*

Unless experience be a jewel that I have purchased at an infinite rate.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii, 2

Explanation.— I wish he would explain his explanation.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Dedication, st. 2

Extenuate.— Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, v, 2

Extremes.— Extremes in nature equal good produce,
Extremes in man concur to gen'ral use.
POPE, *Moral Essays*, Epistle iii, lines 161–162

Eye.— The love-light in her eye.
HARTLEY COLERIDGE, *She Is Not Fair to Outward View*

He holds him with his glittering eye.
S. T. COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*, line 13

The bright black eye, the melting blue,—
I cannot choose between the two.
HOLMES, *The Dilemma*, st. 1

I trowe that countenance cannot lie,
Whose thoughts are legible in the eie.
MATTHEW ROYDEN, *Elegy on a Friend's Passion for His Astrophill* (Sir Philip Sidney)

Faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, iii, 5

Where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty [learning] as a woman's eye?
SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv, 3

Stabbed with a white wench's black eye; shot through the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 4

Eyes.— Her eyes are sapphires set in snow.
T. LODGE, *Rosaline*, st. 1

From women's eyes[1] this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire;
They are the books,[2] the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world.
SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv, 3

Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, v, 3

Those perplexed and patient eyes were dim.
TOM TAYLOR, *Abraham Lincoln*, st. 15

Face.— Human face divine.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, III, line 44

The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes.
SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, v, 4

I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has [hath] given you one face, and you make yourselves another.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 1

Are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?
Ibid., iv, 7

Wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part III*, iii, 2

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[1] The light that lies
In woman's eyes.
MOORE, *The Time I've Lost in Wooing*

[2] My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly's all they've taught me.
Ibid.

I think there's never a man in Christendom
That can less[er] hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III*, iii, 4

What's the matter,
That you have such a February face,
So full of frost, of storm and cloudiness?
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, v, 4

Her angels face,
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place.
SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, I, iii, st. 4

There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.[1]
TENNYSON, *Death of the Old Year*

Faces.— Sea of upturned faces.[2]
SCOTT, *Rob Roy*, xx, DANIEL WEBSTER, *Speech in Boston*, Sept. 30, 1842

Menas. All men's faces are true, whatso[m]e'er their hands are.
Enobarbus. But there is never a fair woman has a true face. SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii, 6

Though men can cover crimes with bold, stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults' books.
SHAKESPEARE, *Rape of Lucrece*, lines 1252, 1253

Facts. Facts are chiels that winna ding [*cannot be overthrown*]
An' downa [*will not*] be disputed.—BURNS, *A Dream*, st. 4

Fail.— In the lexicon of youth, which fate reserves
For a bright manhood, there is no such word
As — fail. E. G. BULWER-LYTTON, *Richelieu*, ii, 2

Macbeth. If we should fail?
Lady Macbeth. We fail!
But screw your courage to the sticking place,
And we'll not fail. SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, i, 7

Failings. E'en his failings leaned to virtue's side.
GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*, line 164

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[1] I heard a sick man's dying sigh,
And an infant's idle laughter.
The Old Year went mourning by—
The New came dancing after!
PRAED, *Twenty-Eight and Twenty-Nine*, st. 1

[2] An avalanche of men,
. . . . . .
A sea, a sea of men! EBENEZER ELLIOTT, *The Corn-Law Hymn*, st. 2

Faint.— Faint heart ne'er won fair lady.
Proverbial, and quoted in various forms by many authors.[1]

Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?
SHAKESPEARE, *Venus and Adonis*, lines 401, 402

Fair.— Is she not passing fair?
SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iv, 4

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die, because a woman's fair?
G. WITHER, *The Author's Resolution*, st. 1

Fairer.— Fairer than Rachel by the palmy well,
Fairer than Ruth among the fields of corn.
TENNYSON, *Aylmer's Field*, lines 679, 680

Faith.— Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high,
Bravely, as for life and death,
With a loyal gravity.
E. B. BROWNING, *The Lady's Yes*, st. 5

His faith, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his life, I'm sure, was in the right.[2]
COWLEY, *On the Death of Crashaw*, lines 55, 56

I consider faith and prayers
Amongst the privatest of men's affairs.
HOOD, *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire*, st. 6

They only the victory win
Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within;
Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high;
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight, — if need be, to die. W. W. STORY, *Io Victis*, st. 2

A bending staff I would not break,
A feeble faith I would not shake,
Nor even rashly pluck away
The error which some truth may stay,
Whose loss might leave the soul without
A shield against the shafts of doubt.
WHITTIER, *Questions of Life*, lines 1–6

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[1] Faint heart ne'er wan [*won*]
A lady fair. BURNS, *Epistle to Dr. Blacklock*, st. 8

[2] For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle iii, lines 305, 306

One in whom persuasion and belief
Had ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition. WORDSWORTH,
The Excursion: Despondency Corrected, lines 1302–1304

Faithful.— But the noblest thing which perished there
Was that young faithful heart!
FELICIA HEMANS, *Casabianca*, st. 10

Among the faithless, faithful only he.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, V, line 897

Falcon.— A falcon, towering in her pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawked at and killed.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, ii, 4

Fall.— Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 2

Fallen.— Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate.
DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast*, lines 77, 78

So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!
The glory from his grey hairs gone
For evermore!

. . . . .

Then, pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame! WHITTIER, *Ichabod*, st. 1, 9

Falling.— Press not a falling man too far!
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, iii, 2

'T is a cruelty
To load a falling man. *Ibid.*, v, 3 [2]

Falling-off.— O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 5

Falls.— Some falls are means the happier to arise.
SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, iv, 2

When he falls, he falls like Lucifer,[1]
Never to hope again.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, iii, 2

False.—One false step is ne'er retrieved.
GRAY, *On a Favourite Cat*, st. 7

All was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, II, lines 112–114

False face must hide what the false heart doth know.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, i, 7

Framed to make women false.—SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, i, 3

Thou art false as hell. *Ibid.*, iv, 2

Ring out the false, ring in the true.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, cvi, st. 2

Falsehood. Falsehood
Is worse in kings than beggars.
SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, iii, 6

Oh, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 3

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you. SHERIDAN, *The Duenna*, i, 5

Falsehoods.— There are some falsehoods . . . on which men mount, as on bright wings, towards heaven. There are some truths, cold, bitter, taunting truths, wherein your worldly scholars are very apt and punctual, which bind men down to earth with leaden chains.
DICKENS, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, xiii

Fame. Fate that then denied him,
And envy that decried him,
And malice that belied him,
Have cenotaphed his fame
J. H. BONER, *Poe's Cottage at Fordham*, st. 7

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[1] Thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn
To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A summer's day; and with the setting sun
Dropped from the zenith like a falling star.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, I, lines 741–745

I have touched the highest point of all my greatness;
And, from that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening,
And no man see me more. SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, iii, 2

Men the most infamous are fond of fame,
And those who fear not guilt yet start at shame.
CHURCHILL, *The Author*, lines 233, 234

The aspiring youth that fired the Ephesian dome,
Outlives in fame the pious fool that raised it.
COLLEY CIBBER, *Richard III, Adapted*, iii, 2

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life.—MILTON, *Lycidas*, lines 70–76

Air and fame, as poets sing,
Are both the same, the self-same thing;
Yet bards are not chameleons quite,
And heavenly food is very light;
Who ever dined or supped on fame,
And went to bed upon a name? J. MONTGOMERY,
The Pleasures of Imprisonment, Epistle i, st. 4

Life is a lightning-flash of breath,
Fame but a thunder-clap at death.
J. MONTGOMERY, *Winter-Lightning*, st. 2

Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
POPE, *Epilogue to the Satires*, I, line 136

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame![1]
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle iv, lines 281–284

What is fame? the meanest have their day,
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.[2] POPE,
Imitations of Horace, I, Epistle vi, lines 46, 47

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[1] All crowd, who foremost shall be damned to fame.
POPE, *The Dunciad*, iii, line 158

What rage for fame attends both great and small!
Better be damned than mentioned not at all.
J. WOLCOTT ("PETER PINDAR"), *Ode ix*

[2] What is the end of fame? 'T is but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper;
Some liken it to climbing up a hill,
Whose summit, like all hills, is lost in vapour;
For this men write, speak, preach, and heroes kill;
And bards burn what they call their "midnight taper,"
To have, when the original is dust,
A name, a wretched picture, and worse bust.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto i, st. 218

Unblemished let me live, or die unknown;
Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant me none.
POPE, *Temple of Fame*, lines 523, 524

Man dreams of Fame while woman wakes to love.
TENNYSON, *Merlin and Vivien*, line 458

Fame is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, VII, lines 365, 366

Familiar.— Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 3

Family.— I go for the man with the gallery of family portraits against the one with the twenty-five-cent daguerreotype, unless I find out that the last is the better of the two.— HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, i

Famous.— I awoke one morning and found myself famous.
BYRON, *Life*, by T. Moore, xiv

If thou wilt be constant then,
And faithful of thy word,
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
And famous by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways
Was never heard before;
I'll crown and deck thee with all bays,
And love thee evermore.
JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE,
My Dear and Only Love, st. 5

Fancy. Gloomy as usual, . . .
Brooding on fancy's eggs.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Within and Without*, i, 1

Chewing the food [cud] of sweet and bitter fancy.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, iv, 3

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, Reply.
It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it,— Ding, dong, bell.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 2

Farewell.— But still her lips refused to send — "Farewell!"
For in that word — that fatal word — howe'er
We promise — hope — believe — there breathes despair.
BYRON, *The Corsair*, Canto i, st. 15

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For other's weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
BYRON, *Farewell*, st. 1

I only know we loved in vain —
I only feel — Farewell! — Farewell! *Ibid.*, st. 2

Fare thee well; and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well;
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.
BYRON, *Fare Thee Well*, st. 1

Farewell! — but whenever you welcome the hour,
That awakens the night-song of mirth in your bower,
Then think of the friend who once welcomed it too,
And forgot his own griefs to be happy with you.
T. MOORE, *Farewell!— But Whenever*, etc., st. 1

Farewell, my best beloved; beloved, fare thee well!
I may not mourn where thou dost weep, nor be where
thou dost dwell;
But when the friend I trusted all coldly turns away,
When the warmest feelings wither, and the dearest hopes
decay,
To thee — to thee — thou knowest, whate'er my lot may
be,
For comfort and for happiness, my spirit turns to thee.
PRAED, *To* ———, st. 6

Whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, v, 1

Oh, now, for ever
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! oh, farewell!
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,
The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, iii, 3

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing.
SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet* lxxxvii

Fashion.— The fashion wears out more apparel than the man.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, iii, 3

Fashions.— In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastic if too new or old:
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, lines 333–336

Old fashions please me best.
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, iii, 1

Fast.— Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, ii, 5

Fat.— Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat.
SAMUEL JOHNSON, *Life*, by Boswell, 1784

Let me have men about me that are fat:
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
. . . . . .
Would he were fatter! But I fear him not:
Yet, if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, i, 2

As fat as butter.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, ii, 4

If to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved.
Ibid.

Fate.— He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch,
To win or lose it all.
JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE, *My Dear and Only Love*, st. 2

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul.[1]
W. E. HENLEY, *Out of the Night That Covers Me*, st. 4

[1] Arise, O soul, and gird thee up anew,
Though the black camel Death kneel at thy gate;
No beggar thou that thou for alms shouldst sue;
Be the proud captain still of thine own fate!
J. B. KENYON, *A Challenge*

Cf. FORTUNE.

O God! that one might read the book of fate![1]
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, iii, 1

Before I trust my fate to thee,
Or place my hand in thine,
Before I let thy future give
Colour and form to mine,
Before I peril all for thee, question thy soul to-night for me. A. A. PROCTER, *A Woman's Question*, st. 1

There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hand on kings.
J. SHIRLEY, *Dirge: Death the Leveller*, st. 1

This net [of fate] was twisted by the sisters three;
Which, when once cast o'er hardened wretch, too late
Repentance comes: replevy cannot be
From the strong iron grasp of vengeful destiny.
THOMSON, *Castle of Indolence*, ii, 32

The farthest from the fear
Are often nearest to the stroke of fate.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, V, lines 790, 791

Fates.— Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.[2]
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, i, 2

Father.— Father of all, in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!
POPE, *The Universal Prayer*, st. 1

God help thee, poor monkey! But how wilt thou do for a father? SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iv, 2

It is a wise father that knows his own child.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, ii, 2

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[1] Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle i, lines 77, 78

[2] Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man
Commands all light, all influence, all fate.
Nothing to him falls early, or too late.
J. FLETCHER, *Upon an Honest Man's Fortune*

It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions.—SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, iv, 3

'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus.—SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, i, 3

Fathers.— Thy free, proud fathers slumber at thy side;
Live as they lived, or perish as they died!
HOLMES, *A Rhymed Lesson*, st. 71

Fault. Oftentimes excusing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse,
As patches set upon a little breach
Discredit more in hiding of the fault
Than did the fault before it was so patched.
SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, iv, 2

Every man has his fault, and honesty is his.
SHAKESPEARE, *Timon of Athens*, iii, 1

Faultless.— Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.[1]
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, lines 253, 254

Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
Dead perfection, no more. TENNYSON, *Maud*, ii

Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you 'll forget 'em all.
POPE, *Rape of the Lock*, ii, lines 15–18

A friendly eye could never see such faults.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 3

Oh, what a world of vile ill-favoured faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii, 4

Fear.— Early and provident fear is the mother of safety.
BURKE, *On the Unitarian Petition*, May 11, 1792

Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.
COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*, lines 446–451

In the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, v, 1

Feared. Wheresoever he appeared,
Full twenty times was Peter feared
For once that Peter was respected.
WORDSWORTH, *Peter Bell*, i, st. 3

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[1] 'T is true, perfection none must hope to find
In all this world, much less in womankind.
POPE, *January and May*, lines 190, 191

Feast.— Meanwhile, welcome joy and feast,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity.—MILTON, *Comus*, lines 102–104

The feast is sold . . .
'Tis given with welcome: to feed were best at home;
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony;
Meeting were bare without it.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iii, 4

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by;
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
But no man can help you die.
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, *Solitude*, st. 3

Feeble.— 'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.
SHAKESPEARE, *Timon of Athens*, i, 1

Feeling.— The warm, champagny, old-particular, brandy-punchy feeling. HOLMES, *Nux Postcœnatica*, st. 17

Feelings.— Every person's feelings have a front-door and a side-door by which they may be entered. The front-door is on the street . . . The side-door opens at once into the secret chambers. There is almost always at least one key to this side-door. This is carried for years hidden in a mother's bosom. Fathers, brothers, sisters, and friends, often, but by no means so universally, have duplicates of it. The wedding-ring conveys a right to one; alas, if none is given with it!
HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, vi

Some feelings are to mortals given,
With less of earth in them than heaven.
SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake*, Canto ii, st. 22

Feet.— Muse of the many-twinkling feet!—BYRON, *Waltz*, line 1

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light:[1]
But oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight.[2]
SIR JOHN SUCKLING, *Ballad upon a Wedding*, st. 8

[1] Her feet fell patter, cheep, like little mice.
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *The Widow Mysie*, st. 7

Her pretty feet
Like snails did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they started at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again.
HERRICK, *Upon Her Feet*

[2] And then she danced — oh, heaven! her dancing!
PRAED, *Belle of the Ball-Room*, st. 2

Fell.— He fought, he conquered, and he fell.[1]
SOUTHEY, *Inscription xxii: Epitaph*

Fellows.— If he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows.[2]
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, v, 2

Felony.— There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer: all the realm shall be in common.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part II*, iv, 2

Ferryman.— That grim [sour] ferryman which poets write of.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III*, i, 4

Feud.— Ring out the feud of rich and poor.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, cvi, st. 3

Feuds.— In their faces stern defiance,
In their hearts the feuds of ages,
The hereditary hatred,
The ancestral thirst of vengeance.— LONGFELLOW,
Song of Hiawatha: The Peace-Pipe, lines 75–78

Field.— Their dearest action in the tented field.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, i, 3

Fight. When the fight begins within himself,
A man's worth something.— R. BROWNING, *Bishop Blougram's Apology*, lines 699, 700

For those that fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain.[3]
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, III, iii, lines 243, 244

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[1] General Sir John Moore, killed in the battle of Coruña, Jan. 16, 1809.

[2] The king o' guid fellows and wale of auld men.
BURNS, *Auld Rob Morris*, st. 1

[3] That same man, that runnith awaie,
Maie again fight an other daie. ERASMUS, *Apothegms*, (trans. Udall)

For he who fights and runs away
May live to fight another day;
But he who is in battle slain
Can never rise and fight again.—GOLDSMITH, *Art of Poetry on a New Plan*

He that fights and runs away
May turn and fight another day;
But he that is in battle slain
Will never rise to fight again.
RAY, *History of the Rebellion*

We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow.
TENNYSON, *The Revenge*, st. 12

Sometimes we fight and we conquer,
And sometimes we fight and we run.
THACKERAY, *The Chronicle of the Drum*, i, st. 6

If you do fight, fight it out;[1] and don't give in while you can stand and see.
T. Hughes, *Tom Brown's School Days*, II, vii

'Twun't du to think thet killin' ain't perlite,—
You 've gut to be in airnest, ef you fight.
Lowell, *Biglow Papers*, II, ii, lines 281, 282

Fifty-four-forty or fight!
Political (*Democratic*) *slogan in the United States Presidential Campaign of* 1844[2].

Fighting.— He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.—Byron, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iii, st. 23

His bellyful [belly full] of fighting.
Shakespeare, *Cymbeline*, ii, 1

Fig-tree.— Train up a fig-tree in the way it should go, and when you are old sit under the shade on it.
Dickens, *Dombey and Son*, xix

Fine.— Fine by degrees, and beautifully less.
Prior, *Henry and Emma*, line 430

Fire.— Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws.
Shakespeare, *Julius Cæsar*, i, 3

A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench.
Shakespeare, *King Henry VI, Part III*, iv, 8

Ye blew the fire that burns ye.
Shakespeare, *King Henry VIII*, v, 3 [2]

One fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is lessened by another's anguish.
Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, i, 2

Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.
Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i, 2

Thus have I shunned the fire, for fear of burning,
And drenched me in the sea, where I am drowned.
Ibid., i, 3

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[1] Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.
Macaulay, *The Battle of Naseby*, st. 7

I have fought a good fight. 2 *Tim.* iv, 7

[2] Referring to the dispute with Great Britain over the Oregon boundary.

Any captain not under fire is not at his post, and a signal to recall him would be a disgrace.[1]

VILLENEUVE, cited by W. M. Sloane in *Napoleon Bonaparte*, II, xxxii

Fires. Where two raging fires meet together,
They do consume the thing that feeds their fury:
Though little fire grows great with little wind,
Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all.

SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, ii

Poor men, when yule is cold,
Must be content to sit by little fires.

TENNYSON, *The Holy Grail*, lines 612, 613

Firmament.— The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

ADDISON, *Ode*

First.— To the memory of the man, first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

HENRY LEE, *Eulogy on Washington*

Fish.—Neither fish, nor flesh, nor good red herring.

DRYDEN, *Epilogue to the Duke of Guise*

Fishers.— Three fishers went sailing away to the west,—
Away to the west as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there 's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

. . . . .

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come back to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it 's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

KINGSLEY, *The Three Fishers*, st. 1, 3

Fishes.— O blest south wind that toots his horn
Through every hole and crack!
I 'm off at eight to-morrow morn,
To bring *such* fishes back.

KINGSLEY, *The Southwest Wind*, st. 3

[1] The signal made by the French admiral at the opening of the battle of Trafalgar.

Fishes that tipple in the deep.
LOVELACE, *To Althea from Prison*, st. 2

Third Fisherman. I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

First Fisherman. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallowed the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

. . . . . .

Third Fisherman. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind, . . . we would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.
SHAKESPEARE, *Pericles*, ii, 1

Fish-hook.— It's a good sight easier to git a fish-hook in 'n 'tis to git it out. E. N. WESTCOTT, *David Harum*, i

Fit.— The fit is momentary; upon a thought
He will again be well. SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iii, 4

Fits.— 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.
WILLIAM COLLINS, *The Passions*

Flag.— Many a one on our decks knew then for the first time how tame a sight his country's flag is at home compared to what it is in a foreign land. To see it is to have a vision of home itself and all its idols, and feel a thrill that would stir a very river of sluggish blood.
S. L. CLEMENS ("MARK TWAIN"), *The Innocents Abroad*, vii

There's a flag that waves o'er every sea,
No matter when or where;
And to treat that flag as aught but the free
Is more than the strongest dare.
For the lion-spirits that tread the deck
Have carried the palm of the brave;
And that flag may sink with a shot-torn wreck,
But never float over a slave.
ELIZA COOK, *The Englishman*, st. 2

Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!
HOLMES, *Old Ironsides*, st. 3

One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne!
TENNYSON, *Opening of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition*, st. 4

Flags.— Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars.
WHITTIER, *Barbara Frietchie*, st. 7

Flatteries. He does me double wrong
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, iii, 2

Flattery.— Flattery is the bellows blows up sin.
SHAKESPEARE, *Pericles*, i, 2

Flattery's the food for fools.
SWIFT, *Cadenus and Vanessa*

Flea.— That's a valiant flea that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion. SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, iii, 7

So, naturalists observe, a flea
Has smaller fleas that on him prey;
And these have smaller still to bite 'em;
And so proceed *ad infinitum*.—SWIFT, *Poetry, a Rhapsody*

Fleas.— A reasonable amount o' fleas is good fer a dog — keeps him from broodin' over bein' a dog.
E. N. WESTCOTT, *David Harum*, xxxii

Flesh. Flesh of my flesh,
Bone of my bone thou art,[1] and from thy state
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IX, lines 914–916[2]

Oh, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 2

A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

. . . . .

Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting of it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 4

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[1] Thou art a collop of my flesh.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part I*, v, 4

[2] See also *Paradise Lost*, IV, line 483; VIII, line 495; IX, lines 958, 959

Flibbertigibbet.— This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet; he begins at curfew, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth. SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, iii, 4

Flint. The fire i' the flint
Shows not till it be struck.
SHAKESPEARE, *Timon of Athens*, i, 1

Flog.— O ye! who teach the ingenious youth of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions,
It mends their morals, never mind the pain.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto ii, st. 1

Flogging.— There is now less flogging in our great schools than formerly, but then less is learned there; so that what the boys get at one end they lose at the other.
SAMUEL JOHNSON, *Life*, by Boswell, 1775

Flood.— You may as well go stand upon the beach
And bid the main flood bate his usual height.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

Flower.— 'Tis but a little faded flower,
But oh, how fondly dear!
ELLEN C. HOWARTH, *'Tis but a Little Faded Flower*, st. 1

One thing is certain, and the rest is Lies;
The flower that once has blown for ever dies.
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 63

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower — but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.
TENNYSON, *Flower in the Crannied Wall*

Flowers.— He who hunts for flowers will find flowers; and he who loves weeds may find weeds.— H. W. BEECHER, *Lectures to Young Men*, Portrait Gallery, The Cynic

Flunked.— A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row;
But he never flunked, and he never lied,—
I reckon he never knowed how.
JOHN HAY, *Jim Bludso of the Prairie Belle*, st. 2

Fly.— His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:—
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I."
SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake*, Canto v, st. 10

Foam.— The cruel crawling foam.
KINGSLEY, *The Sands of Dee*, st. 4

Foe.— Whispering with white lips — "The foe! They come! they come!"[1]
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iii, st. 25

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
That it do singe yourself.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, i, 1

Folly.— When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,—
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?
The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover
And wring his bosom, is — to die.
GOLDSMITH, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, II, 5

Shoot folly as it flies.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle i, line 13

Where lives a man that has not tried,
How mirth can into folly glide,
And folly into sin!
SCOTT, *Bridal of Triermain*, Canto i, st. 21

Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
As foolery in the wise,[2] when wit doth dote.
SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, v, 2

Fool.— A fool must now and then be right by chance.
COWPER, *Conversation*, line 96

A fool there was and he made his prayer
(Even as you and I)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care),
But the fool he called her his lady fair
(Even as you and I!).
KIPLING, *The Vampire*, st. 1

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[1] And the neigh of the steed and the multitude's hum,
And the clash and the shout, "They come! they come!"
BYRON, *The Siege of Corinth*, st. 22

[2] So doth a little folly him that is in reputation for wisdom and honor.
Ecclesiastes, x, 1

No creature smarts so little as a fool.
POPE, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, line 84

A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,
A motley fool.

. . . . . .

"Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir," quoth he,
"Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune."

. . . . . .

O noble fool!
A worthy fool! Motley's the only wear.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, ii, 7

Jaques. I was seeking for a fool when I found you.
Orlando. He is drowned in the brook: look but in, and you shall see him. *Ibid.*, iii, 2

The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool. *Ibid.*, v, 1

They fool me to the top of my bent.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 2

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, v, 5

A fool's bolt is soon shot.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, iii, 7

Lear. Dost thou call me fool, boy?
Fool. All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, i, 4

Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.
SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, i, 5

There's no fool like the old one.
TENNYSON, *The Grandmother*, st. 11

Be wise with speed,
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.
YOUNG, *Love of Fame*, Satire ii, lines 281, 282

Foolery.— Thou little thinkest what a little foolery governs the world. JOHN SELDEN, *Table Talk: Pope*

Fools.— Fools for arguments use wagers.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, II, i, line 298

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow,
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, lines 438, 439

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.—*Ibid.*, line 625

What fools these mortals be!
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, iii, 2

She was a wight, if ever such wight were,— . . .
To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, ii, 1

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, IV, line 843

Foot.— Now as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-Second Foot!"
HOOD, *Faithless Nelly Gray*

His very foot has music in 't
As he comes up the stair.
W. J. MICKLE, *The Sailor's Wife*, st. 5

My foot is on my native heath, and my name is MacGregor.
SCOTT, *Rob Roy*, xxxiv

Footprints.— Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;[1]

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.[2]
LONGFELLOW, *Psalm of Life*, st. 7, 8

Forbear.— The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something every day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive.
COWPER, *Mutual Forbearance*, lines 37–40

Forbearance.— There is, however, a limit at which forbearance ceases to be a virtue.
BURKE

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[1] So from the bosom of darkness our days come roaring and gleaming,
Chafe and break into foam, sink into darkness again.
But on the shores of Time each leaves some trace of its passage,
Though the succeeding wave washes it out from the sand.
LONGFELLOW, *A Fragment*, August 4, 1856

[2] So when a great man dies,
For years beyond our ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.
LONGFELLOW, *Charles Sumner*, st. 9

Force. Who overcomes
By force hath overcome but half his foe.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, I, lines 648, 649

Do we must what force will have us do.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, iii, 3

Foreign.— By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned.
POPE, *Elegy to an Unfortunate Lady*, lines 51–54

Forest.— This is the forest primeval.
LONGFELLOW, *Evangeline*, Introduction, line 1

Forever.— Forever! 'T is a single word!
And yet our fathers deemed it two:
Nor am I confident they erred;
Are you? C. S. CALVERLY, *Forever*, st. 9

Forget.— The tumult and the shouting dies,—
The Captains and the Kings depart,—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away,—
On dune and headland sinks the fire,
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!
KIPLING, *Recessional*, st. 2, 3

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
'T is sure the hardest science to forget!
POPE, *Eloïsa to Abélard*, lines 189, 190

Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 3

Pray you now, forget and forgive.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, iv, 7

Forgetfulness.— For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?
GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, st. 23

Forgetting.— How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!
The world forgetting, by the world forgot.
POPE, *Eloïsa to Abélard*, lines 207, 208

Forgive.— To err is human, to forgive, divine.[1]
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, line 525

Forgiven. I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back, and be forgiven.
E. R. BULWER-LYTTON ("OWEN MEREDITH"),
Aux Italiens, st. 27

Forgiveness.— Forgiveness to the injured does belong;
But they ne'er pardon who have done the wrong.[2]
DRYDEN, *Conquest of Granada*, Part II, i, 2

Stretch out your hand to me, Douglas, Douglas,
Drop forgiveness from heaven like dew;
As I lay my heart on your dead heart, Douglas,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.
D. M. MULOCK CRAIK, *Too Late*, st. 5

Forgiving.— Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
And did not wicked custom so contrive,
We'd be the best good-natured things alive.
POPE, *Epilogue to Rowe's Jane Shore*, lines 12–14

Forgotten. When I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master missed it.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, iii, 2

Form. Who would keep an ancient form
Through which the spirit breathes no more?
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, cv, st. 5

Fortress.— A mighty fortress is our God.
MARTIN LUTHER, *Hymn* (trans. F. H. Hedge), st. 1

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[1] Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. *Luke* xxiii, 34

Yet, Lorde, I thee desire,
For that they doe to me,
Let them not taste the hire
Of their iniquitie.
ANNE ASKEWE, *The Fight of Faith*, st. 14

[2] The offender never pardons. GEORGE HERBERT, *Jacula Prudentum*

Fortune.— Too poor for a bribe, and too proud to importune;
He had not the method of making a fortune.[1]
THOMAS GRAY, *Of Himself*

Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many,
But yet she never gave enough to any.
SIR J. HARRISON, *Epigram*

Nor was it hard to move the lady's mind;
When Fortune favours, still the Fair are kind.
POPE, *January and May*, lines 303, 304

Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.
SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, iv, 3

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel, and lower the proud;
Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm, and cloud;
. . . . . .

Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man and master of his fate.[2]
TENNYSON, *The Marriage of Geraint*, lines 347–355

Fortunes. We are ready to try our fortunes
To the last man.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, iv, 2

All the unsettled humours of the land,
. . . . . .

Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, ii, 1

All my fortunes are at sea.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 1

Fossils. The way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.
BRET HARTE, *The Society upon the Stanislaus*, st. 8

Foul. As foul
As Vulcan's stithy. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 2

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[1] Though equal to all things, for all things unfit,
Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit;
For a patriot too cool; for a drudge disobedient;
And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.
GOLDSMITH, *Retaliation*, st. 3

[2] *Cf.* FATE.

Fowls.— When fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.
SHAKESPEARE, *Comedy of Errors*, iii, 1

Fox. When the fox hath once got in his nose,
He 'll soon find means to make the body follow.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part III*, iv, 7

Frailty.— Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Tied up in godly laces,
Before ye gi'e poor Frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear-loved lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination —
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye 're aiblins nae temptation.
BURNS, *Address to the Unco Guid*, st. 6

Frailty, thy name is woman!
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 2

France.— They order . . . this matter better in France.
STERNE, *A Sentimental Journey*, Introduction

Free.— Free soil, free speech, free labour, and free men.[1]
Slogan of the Free Soil Party, adopted August, 1848

Freedom. Freedom's battle once begun,
Bequeathed by bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.
BYRON, *The Giaour*, lines 123–125

Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career —
Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell[2]
And Freedom shrieked — as Kosciusko fell.
CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope*, i, st. 36

What is freedom, but the unfettered use
Of all the powers which God for use had given?
S. T. COLERIDGE, *The Destiny of Nations*, st. 3

The sun that rose on freedom rose in blood. *Ibid.*

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[1] Free speech, free press, free soil, free men, Frémont, and victory.
Slogan of the Republican Party in the Campaign of 1856

[2] Hope withering fled — and Mercy sighed farewell!*
BYRON, *The Corsair*, Canto i, st. 9

Cf. HOPE.

Up with our standard, wide and high, when glory leads
the fight,
And let the nations fear our cry of "Freedom and the
right."
ELIZA COOK, *Freedom and the Right*, lines 15, 16

Freedom has a thousand charms to show,
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.
COWPER, *Table Talk*, lines 260, 261

They that fight for freedom undertake
The noblest cause mankind can have at stake.
Ibid., lines 284, 285

What avail the plough or sail,
Or land or life, if freedom fail? EMERSON, *Boston*

Freedom ain't a gift
Thet tarries long in han's o' cowards!
LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, II, x, st. 21

When a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad
earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east
to west,
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within
him climb
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem
of Time. LOWELL, *The Present Crisis*, st. 1

Once we thought that holy Freedom
Was a cursed and tainted thing;
Foe of Peace, and Law, and Virtue;
Foe of Magistrate and King;
That all vile degraded passion
Ever followed in her path;
Lust and Plunder, War and Rapine,
Tears and Anarchy and Wrath;
That the angel was a cruel,
Haughty, blood-stained Amazon.
Old opinions! rags and tatters!
Get you gone! get you gone!
CHARLES MACKAY, *Old Opinions*, st. 3

Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes.
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.— T. MOORE, *The Harp
That Once Through Tara's Halls*, st. 2

Of old sat Freedom on the heights.
TENNYSON, *Of Old Sat Freedom*, st. 1

A land of settled government,
A land of just and old renown,
Where Freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent.
TENNYSON, *You Ask Me Why*, st. 3

Wherever outraged Nature
Asks word or action brave,
Wherever struggles labour,
Wherever groans a slave,—

Wherever rise the peoples,
Wherever sinks a throne,
The throbbing heart of Freedom finds
An answer in his own.
WHITTIER, *The Hero*, st. 24, 25

Freeman.— He is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside.— COWPER, *The Task: The Winter Morning Walk*, lines 733, 734

When your youngest, the mealy-mouthed rector,
Lets your soul rot asleep to the grave,
You will find in your God the protector
Of the freeman you fancied your slave.
KINGSLEY, *The Bad Squire*,[1] st. 19

A weapon that comes down as still
As snow-flakes fall upon the sod;
But executes a freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God.[2]
JOHN PIERPONT, *A Word from a Petitioner*, st. 14

Showed their fierce zeal a worthier cause,
And brought the freeman's arm to aid the freeman's laws.
SCOTT, *Marmion*, Introd. to Canto i

Frenchman.— The Frenchman's darling [mignonette].
COWPER, *The Task: The Winter Evening*, line 765

Fret.— Fret till your proud heart breaks.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 3

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[1] Also known as "A Rough Rhyme on a Rough Matter."

[2] Not lightly fall
Beyond recall
The written scrolls a breath can float;
The crowning fact,
The kingliest act
Of Freedom is the freeman's vote!—WHITTIER, *The Eve of Election*, st. 8

Friar.— It was a friar of orders grey[1]
Walked forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.
THOMAS PERCY, *The Friar of Orders Grey* (Adapted from old ballads), st. 1

Friend.— To mark a friend's remains these stones arise —
I never knew but one, and here he lies.
BYRON, *Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog*, lines 25, 26

Give me the avowed, the erect, the manly foe,
Bold I can meet — perhaps may turn his blow;
But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
Save, save, oh! save me from the candid friend!
G. CANNING, *New Morality*

A cheer, then, for the noble breast that fears not danger's post;
And, like the lifeboat, proves a friend when friends are wanted most.
ELIZA COOK, *The Lifeboat Is a Gallant Bark*, st. 2

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 3

The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies, and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 2

He makes no friend who never made a foe.
TENNYSON, *Lancelot and Elaine*, line 1082

Friends.— None wrote his epitaph, nor saw the beauty
Of the pure love that reached into the grave,
Nor how in unobtrusive ways of duty
He kept, despite the dark; but men less brave
Have left great names, while not a willow bends
Above his dust,— poor Jo, he had no friends!
ALICE CARY, *Uncle Jo*, st. 10

He[2] cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them back.
GOLDSMITH, *Retaliation*, st. 8

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[1] It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way.
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, iv, 1

[2] David Garrick.

Yes, we must ever be friends; and of all who offer you friendship
Let me be ever the first, the truest, the nearest and dearest!

LONGFELLOW, *Courtship of Miles Standish*, vi, lines 72, 73

We have been friends together —
Shall a light word part us now?—LADY CAROLINE NORTON, *We Have Been Friends Together*

Where are my friends? — I am alone,
No playmate shares my beaker —
Some lie beneath the churchyard stone,
And some before the Speaker;
And some compose a tragedy,
And some compose a rondo;
And some draw sword for liberty,
And some draw pleas for John Doe.

PRAED, *School and School-Fellows*, st. 5

Old friends are best. King James used to call for his old shoes; they were easiest for his feet.

JOHN SELDEN, *Table Talk: Friends*

Those [The] friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade.

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 3

You knot of mouth-friends!

SHAKESPEARE, *Timon of Athens*, iii, 6

Friendship.— Friendship's the wine of life; but friendship new
(Not such was his) is neither strong nor pure.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, II, lines 588, 589

Friendships.— So vanish friendships only made in wine.

TENNYSON, *Geraint and Enid*, line 479

Front.— To front a lie in arms and not to yield.

LOWELL, *Commemoration Ode*, st. 5

Frown.— Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke.

SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, iv, 2

Fruit.— The ripest fruit first falls.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, ii, 1

The weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground.

SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

The tree that bears no fruit deserves no name.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, V, line 774

Fuel.— Adding fuel to the flame.
MILTON, *Samson Agonistes*, line 1351

Fun.— There's fun in everything we meet,—
The greatest, worst, and best;
Existence is a merry treat,
And every speech a jest.
J. R. DRAKE, *The Man Who Frets at Strife*, st. 2

Funeral. The funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 2

Future.— Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
LONGFELLOW, *Psalm of Life*, st. 6

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings
With those who shaped him to the thing he is —
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,
After the silence of the centuries?
EDWIN MARKHAM, *The Man with the Hoe*, st. 6

I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.
WHITTIER, *The Eternal Goodness*, st. 16

Fuzzy-Wuzzy.— So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
You're a pore benighted 'eathen, but a first-class fightin' man;
An ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air —
You big black boundin' beggar — for you broke a British square!
KIPLING, *Fuzzy-Wuzzy*

Gaberdine.— You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 3

Gale. The gale was high,
The sea was all a boiling seething froth,
And God Almighty's guns were going off,
And the land trembled.
JEAN INGELOW, *Brothers, and a Sermon*

Gall.— Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen. SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, iii, 2

Game.— There's blood on your new foreign shrubs, squire,
There's blood on your pointer's feet;
There's blood on the game you sell, squire,
And there's blood on the game you eat.
KINGSLEY, *The Bad Squire*,[1] st. 8

The game is up. SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, iii, 3

Gangrened. Gangrened members must be lopped away,
Before the nobler parts are tainted to decay.
DRYDEN, *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, I, lines 248, 249

Garden.— Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone.
TENNYSON, *Maud*, xxii, st. 1

Gardener.— Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent.
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'T is only noble to be good.[2]
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.
TENNYSON, *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*, st. 7

Garret.— Born in the garret, in the kitchen bred.
BYRON, *Sketch from Private Life*, st. 1

Gate.— Claps the gate behind thee.
COWPER, *On a Mischievous Bull*, st. 6

Gay.— Lady, when first your mirth
Flung magic o'er my way,
Mine was the gayest soul on earth
When all the earth was gay;
My songs were full of joy,—
You might have let them flow;
My heart was every woman's toy,—
You might have left it so! PRAED, *The Parting*, st. 5

Gazelle.— I never nursed a dear gazelle
To glad me with its soft black eye,
But when it came to know me well
And love me it was sure to die!
T. MOORE, *Lalla Rookh: The Fire-Worshippers*

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[1] Also known as "A Rough Rhyme on a Rough Matter."

[2] We'll shine in more substantial honours,
And to be noble we'll be good. ANONYMOUS, *Winifreda*, st. 2

Gem.— Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, st. 15

If thou hast crushed a flower,
The root may not be blighted;
If thou hast quenched a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted:
. . . . . .
But if upon the troubled sea
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,
Hope not that wind or wave will bring
The treasure back when needed.
FELICIA HEMANS, *If Thou Hast Crushed a Flower*, st. 1, 2

Gems.— Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems, or snow-white wand.
T. MOORE, *Rich and Rare, etc.*, st. 1

Generalities.— The glittering and sounding generalities of natural right which make up the Declaration of Independence.—RUFUS CHOATE, *Letter to Maine Whig Committee*, Aug. 9, 1856

Genteelly.— Heaven grant him now some noble nook,
For, rest his soul! he'd rather be
Genteelly damned beside a Duke,
Than saved in vulgar company.
T. MOORE, *Epitaph on a Tuft-Hunter*, st. 5

Gentleman.— I'll sing you a good old song,
Made by a good old pate,
Of a fine old English gentleman
Who had an old estate,
And who kept up his old mansion
At a bountiful old rate;
With a good old porter to relieve
The old poor at his gate,
Like a fine old English gentleman
All of the olden time.
ANONYMOUS, *The Fine Old English Gentleman*, st. 1

When Adam dolve, and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?
Of uncertain origin; alleged to be cited by JOHN BALL during Wat Tyler's Rebellion

That gentilman Jhesus.
JULIANA BERNERS, *Heraldic Blazonry*

Loke who that is most vertuous alway,
Privee and apert, and most entendeth ay
To do the gentil dedes that he can,[1]
And tak him for the grettest gentilman.
CHAUCER, *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, lines 257–260

First Clown. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers: they hold up Adam's profession.
Second Clown. Was he a gentleman?
First Clown. He was the first that ever bore arms.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, v, 1

A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, ii, 8

And thus he bore without abuse
The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soiled with all ignoble use.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, cxi, st. 6

O selfless man and stainless gentleman,
Who would'st against thine own eye-witness fain
Have all men true and leal, all women pure.
TENNYSON, *Merlin and Vivien*, lines 790–792

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart,
Who misses or who wins the prize.
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.
THACKERAY, *The End of the Play*, st. 9

Gentlemen.— The would-be wits and can't-be gentlemen.
BYRON, *Beppo*, st. 76

Like two single gentlemen rolled into one.
G. COLMAN THE YOUNGER, *Lodgings for Single Gentlemen*

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[1] He is gentil that doth gentil dedis.
CHAUCER, *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, line 314

The gentle minde by gentle deeds is knowne,
For a man by nothing is so well betrayd
As by his manners.
SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, VI, Canto iii, st. 1

German.— A graceless, worthless wight thou must be;
No German maid desires thee,
No German song inspires thee,
No German Rhine-wine fires thee.
Forth in the van,
Man by man,
Swing the battle-sword who can.
KARL T. KÖRNER, *Men and Boys* (trans. C. T. Brooks), st. 1

Getting-up.— Let Taylor preach upon a morning breezy,
How well to rise while nights and larks are flying —
For my part getting up seems not so easy
By half as *lying*.

. . . . .

Talk not to me of bees and such like hums,[1]
The smell of sweet herbs at the morning prime —
Only lie long enough, and bed becomes
A bed of *time*.

. . . . .

An early riser Mr. Gray has drawn,
Who used to haste the dewy grass among,
"To meet the sun upon the upland lawn"—
Well — he died young.
HOOD, *Morning Meditations*, st. 1, 3, 8

Ghosts.— Mysterious one, and proud!
In the land where shadows reign,
Hast thou met the flocking ghosts of those
Who at thy nod were slain?
Oh, when the cry of that spectral host
Like a rushing blast shall be,
What will thine answer be to them?
And what thy God's to thee?— L. H. SIGOURNEY, *The Return of Napoleon from St. Helena*, st. 14

Giant. Oh! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, ii, 2

Giddy.— He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, v, 2

Gift-horse. Loth
To look a gift-horse in the mouth.[2]
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, i, lines 489, 490

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[1] A colloquial abbreviation of "humbugs."

[2] He always looked a gift-horse in the mouth. RABELAIS, I, xi

Gild.— To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.[1]
SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, iv, 2

Girdle.— I 'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.[2]
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, ii, 1

Glad.— Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all;
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, *Solitude*, st. 2

Gladiator.— I see before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand — his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iv, st. 140

Glass.— And when like her, oh Sáki, you shall pass
Among the guests star-scattered on the grass,
And in your joyous [blissful] errand reach the spot
Where I made one — turn down an empty glass.
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 101

The generous glass . . . inspired to wake
The life-refining soul of decent wit.
THOMSON, *The Seasons*, Autumn, lines 88, 89

Glisten.— God made sech nights, all white and still
Fur 'z you can look or listen,
Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
All silence an' all glisten.—LOWELL, *The Courtin'*, st. 1

Glory.— The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave![3]
CAMPBELL, *Hohenlinden*, st. 7

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[1] True coral needs no painter's brush,
Nor need be daubed with red.
G. W. THORNBURY, *The Jester's Sermon*, st. 14

[2] Away! away! through the sightless air
Stretch forth your iron thread!
For I would not dim my sandals fair
With the dust ye tamely tread!
Ay, rear it up on its million piers,
Let it circle the world around,
And the journey ye make in a hundred years
I'll clear at a single bound!
G. W. CUTTER, *Song of the Lightning*, st. 1

[3] Who track the steps of glory to the grave.
BYRON, *Death of Sheridan*, line 74

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.—JULIA WARD HOWE, *Battle-Hymn of the Republic*, st. 1

Go where glory waits thee. T. MOORE, *Irish Melodies*

I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, iii, 2

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone —
But we left him alone with his glory.
CHARLES WOLFE, *Burial of Sir John Moore*, st. 8

Gloves.— Wear seemly gloves; not black, nor yet too light,
And least of all the pair that once was white;
. . . . .
Shave like the goat, if so your fancy bids,
But be a parent,— don't neglect your kids.
HOLMES, *A Rhymed Lesson*, st. 49

Glow-worm.— The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual fire.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 5

Goblet.— Alas for the loved one! too spotless and fair
The joys of his banquet to chasten and share;
Her eye lost its light that his goblet might shine,
And the rose of her cheek was dissolved in his wine.
HOLMES, *Song for a Temperance Dinner*, st. 3

Goblins.— The Gobble-uns 'll git you ef you don't watch out!
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY, *Little Orphant Annie*

God.— It were better to have no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy of Him.
BACON, *Essay XVII: Of Superstition*

Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God.
E. B. BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh*, VII, lines 850, 851

God—*Continued*

I smiled to think God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness,—
Round our restlessness, His rest.— ELIZABETH B. BROWNING, *Rhyme of the Duchess May, ad finem*

God's in his heaven —
All's right with the world![1]
R. BROWNING, *Pippa Passes*, i

The Muezza's call doth shake the minaret,
"There is no god but God! — to prayer — lo! God is great!"
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto ii, st. 59

We hailed it in God's name.
COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*, line 66

So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be. *Ibid.*, lines 599, 600

Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.
S. T. COLERIDGE, *Hymn Before Sunrise*, line 85

God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.[2]
COWPER, *Light Shining out of Darkness*, st. 1

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[1]God reigneth. All is well! HOLMES, *Hymn*, 3

When the wind blows, the blossoms fall,
But a good God reigns over all!
CHARLES MACKAY, *The Child and the Mourners*

Before me, even as behind,
God is, and all is well! WHITTIER, *My Birthday*, st. 2

[2]God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the secret sleep
Of him he loved so well. C. F. ALEXANDER, *Burial of Moses*, st. 10

God is a spirit,* veiled from human sight,
In secret darkness of eternal light;
Through all the glory of his works we trace
The hidings of his council and his face;
Nature, and time, and change, and fate fulfil,
Unknown, unknowing, his mysterious will;
Mercies and judgments mark him, every hour,
Supreme in grace, and infinite in power.
JAMES MONTGOMERY, *The West Indies*, iii, st. 15

*God is a spirit. *John* iv, 24

God is his own interpreter[1]
And he will make it plain. *Ibid.*, st. 6

Oh! for a closer walk with God!
COWPER, *Walking with God*, st. 1

With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.
DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast*, lines 37–41

To thee I turn, to thee I make my prayer,
God of the open air.
. . . . .
For men have dulled their eyes with sin,
And dimmed the light of heaven with doubt,
And built their temple walls to shut thee in,
And framed their iron creeds to shut thee out.
HENRY VAN DYKE, *God of the Open Air*, st. 1, 3

"Come to thy God in time!"
Rang out Tintagel chime.
"Youth, manhood, old age, past,
Come to thy God at last!"
R. S. HAWKER, *Silent Tower of Bottreaux*, st. 3

One unquestioned text we read,
All doubt beyond, all fear above,
Nor crackling pile nor cursing creed
Can burn or blot it: God is Love![2]
HOLMES, *What We All Think*, st. 10

Man proposes, but God disposes.
THOMAS À KEMPIS, *Imitation of Christ*, I, xix, 2

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[1] Do not tell me the Almighty Master
Would work a miracle to save the one,
And yield the other up to dire disaster,*
By merely human justice thus outdone!

Vainly we weep and wrestle with our sorrow—
We cannot see his roads, they lie so broad:
But his eternal day knows no to-morrow,
And life and death are all the same with God.
CELIA THAXTER, *Wherefore*, st. 10, 11

[2] God! Thou art love! I build my faith on that.
R. BROWNING, *Paracelsus*, v

* Alluding to the narrow escape of one ship from wreck on an iceberg, and the destruction of another without warning.

God—*Continued*

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:
. . . . . .
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God.
LANIER, *The Marshes of Glynn*, st. 8

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe, that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened;
Listen to this simple story,
To this song of Hiawatha!—LONGFELLOW, *Song of Hiawatha*, Introduction, lines 88–100

Ef you take a sword an' dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment ain't to answer for it,
God 'll send the bill to you.
LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, I, i, 6

I ha'n't no patience with sech swellin' fellers ez
Think God can't forge 'thout them to blow the bellerses.
Ibid., II, ii, lines 169, 170

O God! thy arm was here;
And not to us, but to thy arm alone,
Ascribe we all.
. . . . . .
And be it death proclaimed through our host
To boast of this or take that praise from God
Which is his only.
. . . . . .
Let there be sung "Non nobis" and "Te Deum."
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, iv, 8

You are one of those that will not serve God, if the devil bid you. SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, *i*, 1

God b' wi' you, with all my heart.
SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 3

By the splendour of God![1]
Cited in STERNE, *Tristram Shandy*, III, xii

[1] The favourite oath of William the Conqueror.

A God all mercy is a God unjust.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, IV, line 234

Goddess.— Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,
Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love.
SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv, 3

Godlike.— The seeds of Godlike power are in us still.
MATTHEW ARNOLD, *Written in Emerson's Essays*, st. 4

Gods. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, ii, 2

God's-Acre.— I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.
LONGFELLOW, *God's-Acre*, st. 1

Going. Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all. SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, v, 2

Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once. SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iii, 4

Gold.— Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled:
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled:
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold:
Good or bad a thousandfold!
How widely its agencies vary —
To save — to ruin — to curse — to bless —
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamped with the image of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary![1]
HOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg*, Her Moral

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[1] Gold hath the hue of hell flames.— BAILEY, *Festus*, Scene — Anywhere.

That gold, for which unpitied Indians fell,
That gold, at once the snare and scourge of hell,
Thenceforth by righteous Heaven was doomed to shed
Unmingled curses on the spoiler's head;
For gold the Spaniard cast his soul away,—
His gold and he were every nation's prey.
JAMES MONTGOMERY, *The West Indies*, i, st. 12

He buys, he sells, he steals, he kills for gold. *Ibid.*, iii, st. 9

Gold provokes the world to arms.
T. MOORE, *Odes of Anacreon*, xxix

Judges and senates have been bought for gold,[1]
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle iv, lines 187, 188

Gold must be tried by fire,
As a heart must be tried by pain!
A. A. PROCTER, *Cleansing Fires*, st. 1

All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!
And [As] 't is no better reckoned, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.—SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, iii, 6

All, as they say, that glitters, is not gold.[2]
DRYDEN, *The Hind and the Panther*, line 787

There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, v, 1

Though authority be a stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado.
SHAKESPEARE, *Winter's Tale*, iv, 4 [3]

Ring out the narrowing lust of gold.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, cvi, st. 7

Gone.— Not dead but gone before.[3] ROGERS, *Human Life*

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[1] Saint-seducing gold. SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, i, 1

[2] Al thing, which that shyneth as the gold
Nis nat gold, as that I have herd it told.
CHAUCER, *The Chanouns Yemannes Tale*, lines 409, 410

Nor all that glisters gold. GRAY, *On a Favourite Cat*, st. 7

All is not gold that glisters. HERBERT, *Jacula Prudentum*

All is not golde that outward sheweth bright.
LYDGATE, *On Human Affairs*

All is not gold that glisteneth. MIDDLETON, *A Fair Quarrel*, v, 1

All that glisters is not gold. SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, ii, 7

Yet gold al is not that doth golden seeme.
SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, II, 8, st. 14

[3] Gone before
To that unknown and silent shore.
LAMB, *Hester*

Good.— It 's wiser being good than bad;[1]
It 's safer being meek than fierce:
It 's fitter being sane than mad.
My own hope is, a sun will pierce
The thickest cloud earth ever stretched;
That, after Last, returns the First,
Though a wide compass 'round be fetched;
That what began best, can't end worst,
Nor what God blessed once, prove accursed.
R. BROWNING, *Apparent Failure*, st. 7

Too high for common selfishness, he could
At times resign his own for others' good,
But not in pity, not because he ought,
But in some strange perversity of thought,
That swayed him onward with a secret pride
To do what few or none would do beside.
BYRON, *Lara*, Canto i, st. 18

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven;
But thou, meek lover of the good!
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.
EMERSON, *Brahma*, st. 4

Learn the luxury of doing good.
GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller*, st. 2

There 's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming:
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon-balls may aid the truth,
But thought 's a weapon stronger;
We 'll win our battle by its aid;
Wait a little longer.
CHARLES MACKAY, *The Good Time Coming*, st. 1

When the good man yields his breath
(For the good man never dies),
Bright beyond the gulf of death,
Lo! the land of promise lies.—JAMES MONTGOMERY,
The Wanderer of Switzerland, v, st. 1

Can one desire too much of a good thing?
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, iv, 1

It is not nor it cannot come to good.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 2

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[1] Better, though difficult, the right way to go,
Than wrong,— though easy, where the end is woe.
BUNYAN, *Pilgrim's Progress*, I, stage iii

It was alway[s] yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, i, 2

What care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'er-green my bad, my good allow?
SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet* cxii

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, liv, st. 1–3

Ring in the common love of good. *Ibid.*, cvi, st. 6

From seeming evil still educing good.
JAMES THOMSON, *Hymn on the Seasons*, line 114

Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
Tears of pity are cooling dew,
And dear to the heart of our Lord are all
Who suffer like Him in the good they do!
WHITTIER, *The Robin*, st. 7

Goodness.— There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, iv, 1

A most incomparable man, breathed, as it were,
To an untirable and continuate goodness.
SHAKESPEARE, *Timon of Athens*, i, 1

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above:
I know not of His hate,— I know
His goodness and His love.
WHITTIER, *The Eternal Goodness*, st. 13

Good-night.— My native land — good-night!
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto i, st. 13 (1)

Gordian.— Turn him to any cause of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,
Familiar as his garter.—SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, i, 1

Gorgons.— Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, II, line 628

Gospel.— The gospel's sound, diffused from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, and where waves can roll.
DRYDEN, *The Hind and the Panther*, lines 1124, 1125

Gossips.— By this the lazy gossips of the port,
Abhorrent of a calculation crossed,
Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
TENNYSON, *Enoch Arden*, lines 469–471

Govern.— The right divine of kings to govern wrong.
POPE, *The Dunciad*, IV, line 188

Government.— Th' older a guv'ment is, the better 't suits;
New ones hunt folks's corns out like new boots.
LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, II, ii, lines 311 312

For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administered is best;
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle iii, lines 303, 304

Governments.— To secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed.
THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Declaration of Independence*

Gown.— I never saw a better-fashioned gown,
More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, iv, 3

I passed beside the reverend walls
In which of old I wore the gown.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, lxxxvii, st. 1

Grace.— Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, VIII, lines 488, 489

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.
TENNYSON, *Break, Break*, st. 4

Gracious. He is gracious, if he be observed:
He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity:
Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint,
As humourous as winter, and as sudden
As flaws congealed in the spring of day.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, iv, 4

Graduates.— With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden hair.
TENNYSON, *The Princess*, Prologue, lines 141, 142

Granary.— The exhaustless granary of a world.
THOMSON, *The Seasons*, Spring, line 77

Grandam. Go to it grandam, child;
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will
Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig:
There 's a good grandam.
SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, ii, 1

Grant.— "I was with Grant" — the stranger said;
Said the farmer, "Say no more,
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,
For thy feet are weary and sore."

. . . . .

Said the aged man,
"[I] should have remarked before,
That I was with Grant,— in Illinois,—
Some three years before the war."
BRET HARTE, *The Aged Stranger*, st. 1, 7

Grape.— The Grape that can with logic absolute
The two-and-seventy jarring sects confute;[1]
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into gold transmute.
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 59

Grass.— He gave it for his opinion, that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service to his country, than the whole race of politicians put together. SWIFT, *Voyage to Brobdingnag*, vii

Grave. The grave, dread thing!
Men shiver when thou 'rt named; Nature, appalled,
Shakes off her wonted firmness.
R. BLAIR, *The Grave*, lines 9–11

Happy who in his verse can gently steer,
From grave to light; from pleasant to severe.[2]
DRYDEN, *Art of Poetry*, lines 75, 76

[1] These principles your jarring sects unite,
When differing doctors and disciples fight.
DRYDEN, *The Hind and the Panther*, lines 686, 687

[2] Formed by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle iv, lines 379, 380

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour;
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, st. 10

Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb.
R. HEBER, *At a Funeral*, ii

Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him. LONGFELLOW, *Evangeline*, II, i, lines 32, 33

Where are the others? Voices from the deep
Caverns of darkness answer me: "They sleep!"
I name no names; instinctively I feel
Each at some well-remembered grave will kneel,
And from the inscription wipe the weeds and moss,
For every heart best knoweth its own loss.
LONGFELLOW, *Morituri Salutamus*, st. 13

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.
LONGFELLOW, *Psalm of Life*, st. 4

Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?
POPE, *Dying Christian to His Soul*, st. 3

Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!
SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, iv, 2

Taking the measure of an unmade grave.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, iii, 3

The earth can yield me but a common grave.
SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet* lxxxi

Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie.
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.
R. L. STEVENSON, *Requiem*

Who knows the inscrutable design?
Blessed be He who took and gave!
Why should your mother, Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave?
THACKERAY, *The End of the Play*, st. 6

With one foot in the grave.
WORDSWORTH, *Michael*, line 90

Grave-maker.— What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter? . . . When you are asked this question next, say "a grave-maker": the houses that he makes last till domes-day.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, v, 1

Graves.— Let 's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, iii, 2

Grease.— Melted him in his own grease.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii, 1

Great.— Great on the bench, great in the saddle.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, i, line 23

The great man never falls.
W. W. LORD, *On the Defeat of a Great Man*, st. 1

Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honour 's at the stake.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iv, 4

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em [them].
SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, ii, 5

Greater.— Four things greater than all things are,
Women and horses and power and war.
KIPLING, *Ballad of the King's Jest*, st. 4

Greatness.— Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, iii, 2

Greed.— Down all the stretch of hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this —
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed —
More filled with signs and portents for the soul —
More fraught with menace to the universe.
EDWIN MARKHAM, *The Man With the Hoe*, st. 2

Greek.— Beside, 't is known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile
Than to a blackbird 't is to whistle.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, i, lines 51–54

It was Greek to me. SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, i, 2

Greeks.— When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war. NATHANIEL LEE, *Alexander the Great*, iv, 2

Green.— Green grow the rashes, oh!
Green grow the rashes, oh!
The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,
Were spent amang the lasses, oh!
BURNS, *Green Grow the Rashes*

On the dry smooth-shaven green.
MILTON, *Il Penseroso*, line 66

Greenwood.— Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, ii, 5

Grief.— Inward grief was writhing o'er its task,
As heart-sick jesters weep behind the mask.
HOOD, *Hero and Leander*, st. 29

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:
Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, iii, 4

Grief makes one hour ten.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, i, 3

Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iv, 3

Every one can master a grief but he that has it.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, iii, 2

Patch grief with proverbs. *Ibid.*, v, 1

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, iv, 5

What 's gone and what 's past help
Should be past grief.—SHAKESPEARE, *Winter's Tale*, iii, 2

Great griefe will not be tould,
And can more easily be thought than said.
SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, I, Canto vii, st. 41

Ring out the grief that saps the mind.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, cvi, st. 3

Griefs.— Some griefs are med'cinable.
SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, iii, 2

Grieving.— Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iii, st. 27

Grind.— My life is one dem'd horrid grind.
DICKENS, *Nicholas Nickleby*, lxiv

Ground.— A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man.
GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*, st. 4

When she took the ground,
She went to pieces like a lock of hay
Tossed from a pitchfork.
JEAN INGELOW, *Brothers, and a Sermon*

Growed.— I 'spect I growed. Don't think nobody never made me. H. B. STOWE, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, xx

Grudge.— If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 3

Grundy.— What will Mrs. Grundy say?
T. MORTON, *Speed the Plough*, i, 1

Guard.— The Guard dies, but never surrenders!
Attributed to GEN. CAMBRONNE, at Waterloo[1]

Guards.— Up, Guards, make ready![2]
DUKE OF WELLINGTON, at Waterloo;
cited by W. M. SLOANE, *Napoleon Bonaparte*, IV, 202

[1]The tradition is denied by W. M. SLOANE, *Napoleon Bonaparte*, IV, 202.

[2]Commonly quoted as "Up, Guards, and at 'em!" Its authenticity has been frequently denied.

Guest.— Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.[1]
POPE, *Imitations of Horace*, II, Satire ii, line 160

Guests.— The guests are met, the feast is set.
COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*, line 7

Guide.— Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend![2]
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle iv, line 390

Guilt.— And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain
That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!
HOOD, *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, st. 24

Guinea.— I 've a guinea I can spend,
I 've a wife, and I 've a friend,
And a troop of little children at my knee, John Brown.
CHARLES MACKAY, *John Brown*, st. 1

Gun.— For this is England's greatest son,
He that gained a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun.
TENNYSON, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, st. 6

H.— 'T was whispered in heaven,[3]
'T was muttered in hell.
C. M. FANSHAWE, *Enigma: The Letter H*

Habit.— How use doth breed a habit in a man!
SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, v, 4

Habits.— Small habits, well pursued betimes,
May reach the dignity of crimes.
HANNAH MORE, *Florio*, I

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.
DRYDEN, *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, XV

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[1] Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.
POPE, *Odyssey*, XV, line 84

Time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretched, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer. SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 3

[2] Is this my guide, philosopher, and friend?
POPE, *Imitations of Horace*, I, Epistle i, line 177

[3] Another version reads: "'T was in heaven pronounced, and 't was," etc.

Hack.— Here lies poor Ned Purdon, from misery freed,
Who long was a bookseller's hack;
He led such a damnable life in this world,—
I don't think he 'll wish to come back.[1]
GOLDSMITH, *Epitaph on Edward Purdon*

Haggard. If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I 'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, iii, 3

Hair.— My hair is grey, but not with years.
BYRON, *Prisoner of Chillon*, st. 1

With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.[2]
POPE, *Rape of the Lock*, ii, lines 25–28

There 's many a man hath more hair than wit.[3]
SHAKESPEARE, *Comedy of Errors*, ii, 2

Halcyon.— Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part I*, i, 2

Half.— My dear, my better half.[4]
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, *Arcadia*, III

Hampden.— Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.
GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, st. 16

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[1] Well, then, poor G—— lies under ground!
So there's an end of honest Jack.
So little justice here he found,
'T is ten to one he 'll ne'er come back. POPE, *Epitaph*

[2] And though it be a two-foot trout,
'T is with a single hair pulled out.—BUTLER, *Hudibras*, II, iii, lines 13, 14

Can draw you to her with a single hair.
DRYDEN, *Persius*, Satire v, line 247

Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs. SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 2

[3] She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs.
SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iii, 1

[4] He is the half part of a blessed man,
Left to be finished by such as she;
And she a fair divided excellence,
Whose fulness of perfection lies in him.
SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, ii, 1 [2]

Hand. My red right hand[1] grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.
HOOD, *The Dream of Eugene Aram*

If the veriest cur would lick my hand,
I could love it like a child! HOOD, *The Last Man*

I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, ii, 1

Ferdinand. Here's my hand.
Miranda. And mine, with my heart in't.
SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, iii, 1

I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.[2]
SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, iii, 4

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.
TENNYSON, *Break, Break*, st. 3

Hands.— Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast! HOOD, *The Bridge of Sighs*, st. 17

Will these hands ne'er be clean?

. . . . .

All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.[3] SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, v, 1

Hanged.— I'll see thee hanged first.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, ii, 1

He that drinks all night, and is hanged betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, iv, 3

Born to be hanged. SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, i, 1

Hanging.— They're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.
KIPLING, *Danny Deever*

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[1] His red right hand. MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, II, line 174

[2] I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ. SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, ii, 4

[3] What if this cursed hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 3

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red. SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, ii, 2

Hanover.— The illustrious House of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear,—
While they can keep possession.
ANONYMOUS, *The Vicar of Bray*, st. 6

Happened.— I put myself in the way of things happening, and they happened.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, quoted by JACOB RIIS in *Theodore Roosevelt, The Citizen*, ii

Happier.— And feel that I am happier than I know.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, VIII, line 282

Happiness.— How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, v, 2

One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.
SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, v, 4

Happy. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
And what thou hast, forget'st.
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, iii, 1

Hark.— Hark! they whisper; Angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away.
POPE, *Dying Christian to His Soul*, st. 2

Harmony.— The hidden soul of harmony.
MILTON, *L'Allegro*, line 144

Harp.— The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled. T. MOORE, *The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls*, st. 1

I hold it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.[1]
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, i, st. 1

A harp of thousand strings.
ISAAC WATTS, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, ii, 19

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[1] Saint Augustine! well hast thou said,
That of our vices we can frame
A ladder, if we will but tread
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!
. . . . . .
Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.
LONGFELLOW, *The Ladder of Saint Augustine*, st. 1, 12

Harping.— Still harping on my daughter.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, ii, 2

Haste. Make haste; the better foot before.
. . . . .
Be Mercury, set feathers to thy heels,
And fly like thought. SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, iv, 2

Hat.— A hat not much the worse for wear.
COWPER, *John Gilpin*, st. 46

Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,
But man and nature scorn the shocking hat.[1]
HOLMES, *A Rhymed Lesson*, st. 50

Hate.— The lust of booty, and the thirst of hate.
BYRON, *Lara*, Canto ii, st. 11

Folks never understand the folks they hate.
LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, II, ii, line 176

Hater.— A good hater.
SAMUEL JOHNSON, *Johnsoniana*, Piozzi, 39

Head.— All you've got to do is to lay your head well to the wind, and we'll fight through it!
DICKENS, *Dombey and Son*, ix

But first I would remark, that it is not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man,
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.
BRET HARTE, *The Society upon the Stanislaus*, st. 2

Head of the army! NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, last words, *Life*, by Sloane, IV, 219

Off with his head![2]
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III*, iii, 4

I never knew so young a body with so old a head.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

O good grey head which all men knew.[3]
TENNYSON, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, st. 4

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[1] Shabby gentility has nothing so characteristic as its hat. There is always an unnatural calmness about its nap, and an unwholesome gloss, suggestive of a wet brush. The last effort of decayed fortune is expended in smoothing its dilapidated castor. The hat is the *ultimum moriens* of "respectability."
HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, viii

[2] Off with his head — so much for Buckingham.
COLLEY CIBBER, *Richard III, Adapted*, iv, 4

[3] O honest face, which all men knew!
R. H. STODDARD, *Abraham Lincoln*, st. 35

Heads.— Their heads sometimes so little, that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long, that there is no wit for so much room. T. FULLER, *Of Natural Fools*

At whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IV, lines 34, 35

Health.— From labour health, from health contentment springs.[1] JAMES BEATTIE, *The Minstrel*

And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.
DYER, *Down Among the Dead Men*

Love and health to all; . . .
I drink to the general joy of the whole table.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iii, 4

The wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.
WHITTIER, *Maud Muller*, st. 2

Hear.— He cannot choose but hear.
COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*, line 18

Heart.— Not all the lip can speak is worth
The silence of the heart.
J. Q. ADAMS, *The Lip and the Heart*, st. 4

The agonies we suffer, when the heart is left alone,
For every sin of humanity should fully and well atone!
GEORGE ARNOLD, *Introspection*, v

Who made the heart, 't is He alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord — its various tone,
Each spring — its various bias:
Then at the balance let 's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What 's done we partly may compute,
But know not what 's resisted.
BURNS, *Address to the Unco Guid*, st. 8

The heart will break, yet brokenly live on.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iii, st. 32

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[1]Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend;
God never made his work for man to mend.
DRYDEN, *Epistle to John Dryden*, lines 92–95

There's a heart that leaps with burning glow,
  The wronged and the weak to defend;
And strikes as soon for a trampled foe,
  As it does for a soul-bound friend.
It nurtures a deep and honest love;
  It glows with faith and pride;
And yearns with the fondness of a dove,
  To the light of its own fireside.
ELIZA COOK, *The Englishman*, st. 3

I learned how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.
ELIZA COOK, *The Old Arm-chair*, st. 4

A heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand to execute.[1]
GIBBON, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, xlviii

My heart 's wound up just like a watch,
  As far as springs will take,—
It wants but one more evil turn,
  And then the cords will break! HOOD, *Epigram vii*

A woman's heart, and its whole wealth of love,
Are all embarked upon that little boat.
HOOD, *Hero and Leander*, st. 24

The full heart 's a Psalter,
Rich in deep hymns of gratitude and love!
HOOD, *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire*, st. 40

The beating of my own heart
Was all the sound I heard.
LORD HOUGHTON, *The Brook-Side*

There are moments in life, when the heart is so full of emotion,
That if by chance it be shaken, or into its depths like a pebble
Drops some careless word, it overflows, and its secret,
Spilt on the ground like water, can never be gathered together. LONGFELLOW, *Courtship of Miles Standish*, vi, lines 12–15

Snows may o'er his head be flung,
But his heart — his heart is young.
T. MOORE, *Odes of Anacreon*, xxxix

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[1] A hand to do, a head to plan,
A heart to feel and dare.— EBENEZER ELLIOTT, *A Poet's Epitaph*

Heart to conceive, the understanding to direct, or the hand to execute.
JUNIUS, *Letter* xxxvii

For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb.
KATE P. OSGOOD, *Driving Home the Cows*, st. 12

Taught by time, my heart has learned to glow
For others' good, and melt at others' woe.
POPE, *The Odyssey*, XVIII, lines 269, 270

More, much more, the heart may feel
Than the pen may write or the lip reveal.
PRAED, *To* ———, st. 5

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 2

My heart
Is true as steel.
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, ii, 1

One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.[1]
Ibid., ii, 2

He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, iii, 2

I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be buried in thy eyes.
Ibid., v, 2

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.
SHAKESPEARE, *Winter's Tale*, iv, 3 [2]

A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled.
HORACE SMITH, *Address to a Mummy*, st. 11

Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.
TENNYSON, *Enoch Arden*, line 79

The larger heart, the kindlier hand.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, cvi, st. 8

You thought to break a country heart
For pastime, ere you went to town.
TENNYSON, *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*, st. 1

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[1] I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth.
SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, iii, 1

It is not art, but heart, which wins the wide world over.
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, *Art and Heart*, st. 8

Hearth.— Little inmate, full of mirth,
Chirping on my kitchen hearth.
COWPER, *The Cricket*, st. 1

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.
GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, st. 7

Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me.[1]
TENNYSON, *Enoch Arden*, line 192

Hearts.— Hearts, like apples, are hard and sour,
Till crushed by pain's resistless power;
And yield their juices rich and bland
To none but sorrow's heavy hand.
J. G. HOLLAND, *Bitter Sweet:* First Movement—First Episode

There are inscriptions on our hearts, which, like that on Dighton Rock, are never to be seen except at dead-low-tide. HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, x

Can your lady patch hearts that are breaking
With handfuls of coals and rice,
Or by dealing out flannel and sheeting
A little below cost price?
KINGSLEY, *The Bad Squire*,[2] st. 15

When hearts have once mingled
Love first leaves the well-built nest.
SHELLEY, *When the Lamp Is Shattered*, st. 3

The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old. R. L. STEVENSON, *Wandering Willie*, st. 2

Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.[3]
TENNYSON, *The Marriage of Geraint*, line 374

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[1] A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigour of the game.
CHARLES LAMB, *Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist*

[2] Also known as "A Rough Rhyme on a Rough Matter."

[3] Large of heart, though of very small estate.
CHARLES MACKAY, *John Brown*, st. 1

Heaven.— What kind of dwelling-place was heaven above?
And was it full of flowers? and were there schools
And dominies there? and was it far away?
Then, with a look that made your eyes grow dim,
Clasping his wee white hands 'round Donald's neck,
"Do doggies gang to heaven?"[1] he would ask.
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *Willie Baird*, lines 192–197

To appreciate heaven well,
'T is good for a man to have some fifteen minutes of hell.
W. CARLETON, *Gone With a Handsomer Man*, st. 20

Whispers breathing less of earth than heaven.[2]
FELICIA HEMANS, *To the Memory of a Sister-in-Law*, st. 5

One of those faces that small children loathe without knowing why, and which give them that inward disgust for heaven so many of the little wretches betray, when they hear that these are "good men," and that heaven is full of such.
HOLMES, *Professor at the Breakfast Table*, viii

It [*my soul*] will not own a notion so unholy,
As thinking that the rich by easy trips
May go to heaven, whereas the poor and lowly
Must work their passage, as they do in ships.
HOOD, *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire*, st. 13

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;
The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,
The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,
We bargain for the graves we lie in;

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[1] But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonoured falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he had on earth:
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven. BYRON, *Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog*, lines 7–14

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind: . . .
To be contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle i, lines 99—112

[2] A form so fair, that, like the air
'T is less of earth than heaven.
EDWARD COATE PINKNEY, *A Health*, st. 1

At the devil's booth are all things sold,
Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;
For a cap and bells our lives we pay,
Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:
'T is heaven alone that is given away,
'T is only God may be had for the asking;
No price is set on the lavish summer;
June may be had by the poorest comer.
LOWELL, *Vision of Sir Launfal*, Prelude to Part I, st. 4

Heaven's last, best gift.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, V, lines 18, 19

Heaven is not always angry when he strikes,
But most chastises those whom most he likes.
JOHN POMFRET, *To a Friend under Affliction*, lines 89, 90

Heaviness.— Let us not burthen our remembrance with
A heaviness that 's gone.
SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, V, 1

Heedless.— Alas! I have walked through life
Too heedless where I trod;
Nay, helping to trample my fellow worm,
And fill the burial sod —
Forgetting that even the sparrow falls
Not unmarked of God!
HOOD, *The Lady's Dream*, st. 13

Heights.— The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.
LONGFELLOW, *Ladder of Saint Augustine*, st. 10

Helen.— Like another Helen, fired another Troy.
DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast*, line 150

Hell.— Deep in yon cave Honorius long did dwell,
In hope to merit heaven by making earth a hell.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto i, st. 20

Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?

Hell—*Continued*

Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;[1]
And in the lowest deep a lower deep[2]
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IV, lines 73–78

All hell broke loose.[3]
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IV, line 918

All hell shall stir for this.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, v, 1

Some there are who tell
Of one who threatens he will toss to hell
The luckless pots he marred in making[4] — Pish!
He 's a good fellow, and 't will all be well.
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 88

To rest, the cushion and soft Dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.
POPE, *Moral Essays*, Epistle iv, lines 149, 150

Go thou, and fill another room in hell.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, v, 5

The cunning livery of hell.
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, iii, 1

That deep torture may be called a hell
When more is felt than one hath power to tell.
SHAKESPEARE, *Rape of Lucrece*, lines 1287, 1288

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[1] Horror and doubt distract
His troubled thoughts, and from the bottom stir
The hell within him; for within him hell
He brings, and round about him, nor from hell
One step, no more than from himself, can fly
By change of place. MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IV, lines 18–23

I myself am Heaven and Hell.
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 66

[2] The Devil's Cellar,— underneath the bottomless pit.
Proverbial Expression

Still there lies
An outer distance when the first is hailed,
And still for ever yawns before our eyes
An utmost — that is veiled.
JEAN INGELOW, *Honours*, II, st. 40

See ever so far, there is limitless space outside of that,
Count ever so much, there is limitless time around that.
WALT WHITMAN, *Song of Myself*, 45

[3] Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here. SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, i, 2

[4] What! did the hand then of the Potter shake?
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 89

Hell-broth.— Eye of newt and toe of frog,
Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
Adder's fork and blind-worm's sting,
Lizard's leg and owlet's wing,
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iv, 1

Helmet.— Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies,— upon them with the lance,
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest:
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.
MACAULAY, *Ivry*, st. 4

Help.— God helps them that help themselves.
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, *Poor Richard's Almanac*

What I can help thee to thou shalt not miss.
SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well*, i, 3

Herb.— She was the sweet-marjoram of the salad, or, rather, the herb of grace.
SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well*, iv, 5

Hereafter.— How is it, I wonder, hereafter? Faith teaches us little, here,
Of the ones we have loved and lost on earth,— do you think they will still be dear?
Shall we live the lives we might have led? will those who are severed now
Remember the pledge of a lower sphere, and renew the broken vow?
GEORGE ARNOLD, *Introspection*, v

Hero.— Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!—LONGFELLOW, *Psalm of Life*, st. 5

Nature, they say, doth dote,
And cannot make a man
Save on some worn-out plan,
Repeating us by rote:
For him [*Lincoln*] her Old-World moulds aside she threw,
And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
Of the unexhausted West,
With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
LOWELL, *Commemoration Ode*, st. 6

There is no trade or employment but the young man following it may become a hero.
WALT WHITMAN, *Song of Myself*, 48

Heroes. It 's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, 'ow 's yer soul?"
But it 's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll.
KIPLING, *Tommy*

Herod.— It out-herods Herod.—SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 2

Herse.— Underneath this sable herse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learned and fair, and good as she,
W. BROWNE,[1] *Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke*

Hills. The hills,
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun.
BRYANT, *Thanatopsis*, lines 37, 38

Over the hills and far away.
GAY, *The Beggar's Opera*, i, 1

Himself.— Richard 's himself again!
COLLEY CIBBER, *Richard III, Adapted*, v, 5

Hindrance.— Something between a hindrance and a help.
WORDSWORTH, *Michael*, line 189

Hisses.— And then he heard the hisses change to cheers.
TOM TAYLOR, *Abraham Lincoln*, st. 13

History.— History . . . is, indeed, little more than the register of the crimes, follies, and misfortunes of mankind.
GIBBON, *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, iii

Hit.— A hit, a very palpable hit.—SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, v, 2

Hobby-horse.— A man's hobby-horse is as tender a part as he has about him. STERNE, *Tristram Shandy*, II, xii

Hoe.— Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
EDWIN MARKHAM, *The Man With the Hoe*, st. 1

[1] This poem has been sometimes ascribed to others. Whalley assigns it to Ben Jonson, but a concourse of opinion seems to attribute its authorship to Browne.

Hog.— The fattest hog in Epicurus' sty.
WILLIAM MASON, *Heroic Epistle*

Holiday.— There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother — he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iv, st. 141

Hollands.— He poured the fiery Hollands in,— the man that never feared,—
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his yellow beard;
And one by one the musketeers — the men that fought and prayed —
All drank as 'twere their mother's milk, and not a man afraid.

That night, affrighted from his nest, the screaming eagle flew,
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's wild halloo;
And there the sachem learned the rule he taught to kith and kin,
"Run from the white man when you find he smells of Hollands gin!"
HOLMES, *On Lending a Punch-Bowl*, st. 7, 8

Holly.— To-night ungathered let us leave
This laurel, let this holly stand:[1]
We live within the stranger's land,
And strangely falls our Christmas-eve.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, cv, st. 1

Holy.— Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto ii, st. 88

Holy Supper.— The Holy Supper is kept, indeed,
In whatso we share with another's need;
Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbour, and Me.[2]
LOWELL, *Vision of Sir Launfal*, ii, st. 8

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[1] An earlier reading is:
This holly by the cottage eave
To-night, ungathered shall it stand.

[2] He serveth his Maker who aideth the poor. ELIZA COOK, *Winter*, st. 8

Home.—Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam,
His first, best country ever is at home.[1]
GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller*, st. 7

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there 's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There 's no place like home! there 's no place like home![2]
JOHN HOWARD PAYNE, *Home, Sweet Home*, st. 1

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces.
R. L. STEVENSON, *Wandering Willie*, st. 2

Homeless. Homeless near a thousand homes I stood,[3]
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food.
WORDSWORTH, *Guilt and Sorrow*, st. 41

Homely.— Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i, 1

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[1] Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man? — a patriot? — look around;
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home.
JAMES MONTGOMERY, *The West Indies*, iii, st. 1

[2] Cling to thy home! if there the meanest shed
Yield thee a hearth and shelter for thy head,
And some poor plot, with vegetables stored,
Be all that Heaven allots thee for thy board,—
Unsavoury bread, and herbs that scattered grow
Wild on the river brink or mountain brow,
Yet e'en this cheerless mansion shall provide
More heart's repose than all the world beside.
ROBERT BLAND, *Home*, From the Greek of Leonidas

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut — our home.
N. COTTON, *The Fireside*, st. 3

[3] Alas! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
Oh! it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none!
HOOD, *The Bridge of Sighs*, st. 9

The poor white man sat down beneath our tree,
Weary and faint, and far from home was he:
For him no mother fills with milk the bowl,
No wife prepares the bread to cheer his soul.
JAMES MONTGOMERY, *The West Indies*, iii, st. 4

Home,— what home? had he a home?
TENNYSON, *Enoch Arden*, line 664

Homer.— Seven cities warred for Homer being dead;
Who living had no roofe to shrowd his head.[1]
T. HEYWOOD, *The Hierarchie of the Blessed Angells*

Honest.— An honest man, close-buttoned to the chin,
Broadcloth without, and a warm heart within.
COWPER, *Epistle to Joseph Hill*, lines 62, 63

A wit 's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man 's the noblest work of God.[2]
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle iv, lines 247, 248

To be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.—SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, ii, 2

I am myself indifferent honest.[3]
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 1

A free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, i, 3

To be direct and honest is not safe. *Ibid.*, iii, 3

Honesty.— Honesty is the best policy.
BYROM, *The Nimmers*, line 18; FRANKLIN, *Poor Richard's Almanac*

No legacy is so rich as honesty.
SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well*, iii, 5

Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, v, 4

Honesty 's a fool
And loses that it works for.[4] SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, iii,

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[1] Seven wealthy towns contend for Homer dead,
Through which the living Homer begged his bread. ANONYMOUS

[2] Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God."
BURNS, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, st. 19

[3] I am as honest as any man living that is an old man and no honester than I. SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, iii, 4

[4] But conscience was tough: it was not enough;*
And their honesty never swerved;
And they bade him go, with Mister Joe,
To the Devil, as he deserved.

. . . . .

But they wavered not long, for conscience was strong,
And they thought they might get more;
And they refused the gold, but not
So rudely as before.

. . . . .

And they could not stand the sound in his hand,
For he made the guineas chink.
SOUTHEY, *The Surgeon's Warning*, st. 25, 30, 34

* A proffered bribe of one guinea, increased in the following stanzas to two and three guineas.

Honey. When was ever honey made
With one bee in a hive? HOOD, *The Last Man*

Where'er ye shed the honey, the buzzing flies will crowd;
Where'er ye fling the carrion, the raven's croak is loud;[1]
Where'er down Tiber garbage floats, the speedy pike ye see;
And wheresoe'er such lord is found, such client still will be. MACAULAY, *Virginia*, st. 2

Honour.— And had he not high honour?
The hillside for a pall;
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall;
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand, in that lonely land,
To lay him in his grave!
CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, *Burial of Moses*, st. 8

The fear o' hell's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your honour grip,
Let that aye be your border.
BURNS, *Epistle to a Young Friend*, st. 8

If he that in the field is slain,
Be in the bed of honour lain,
He that is beaten may be said
To lie in honour's truckle-bed.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, iii, lines 1047–1050

Seek no friend save Honour,
Dread no foe but Debt.
D. M. MULOCK CRAIK, *An Honest Valentine*, st. 5

I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honour more. RICHARD LOVELACE,
To Lucasta, On Going to the Warres, st. 3

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle iv, lines 193, 194

Honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? — how then? Can honour set to a leg? — no: or an arm? — no: or take away the grief of a wound? — no. Honour hath no skill in surgery, then? — no. What is honour? — a word. What

[1] Wheresoever the carcass is, there will the eagles be gathered together. *Matt.* xxiv, 28

is in that word honour? — what is that honour? — air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? — he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? — no. Doth he hear it? — no. 'T is insensible, then. Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? — no. Why? — detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I 'll none of it. Honour is a mere scutcheon: and so ends my catechism.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, v, 1

If we are marked to die, we are enough
To do our country loss; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
. . . . .
But if it be a sin to covet honour
I am the most offending soul alive.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, iv, 3

The jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that honour feels. TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, line 105

We crave
The austere virtues strong to save,
The honour proof to place or gold,
The manhood never bought nor sold!

WHITTIER, *Centennial Hymn*, st. 5

Honours.— He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, iv, 2

Hope.— All hope abandon, ye who enter here.

DANTE, *Inferno*, Canto iii, line 9

While there is life, there 's hope.[1]

GAY, *The Sick Man and the Angel*, line 49

A hope beyond the shadow of a dream.

KEATS, *Endymion*, i, line 857

None without hope e'er loved the brightest fair,
But love can hope[2] where reason would despair.

LORD LYTTELTON, *Epigram*

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[1] The wretch condemned with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies;
And every pang that rends the heart,
Bids expectation rise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

GOLDSMITH, *The Captivity*, ii

[2] Hope! thou nurse of young desire.

I. BICKERSTAFF *Love in a Village*, st. 1

Twining subtle fears with hope.
A. Marvell, *Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland*, st. 13

Hope on, hope ever! though to-day be dark,
The sweet sunburst may smile on thee to-morrow.
Gerald Massey, *Hope On, Hope Ever*

So farewell hope,[1] and, with hope, farewell fear,
Farewell remorse! All good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good.
Milton, *Paradise Lost*, IV, lines 108–110

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blessed:
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Pope, *Essay on Man*, Epistle i, lines 95–98

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.
Shakespeare, *King Richard III*, v, 2

Hope is a lover's staff.
Shakespeare, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iii, 1

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!
Whittier, *Maud Muller*, st. 54, 55

Hornet.— 'Tis dangerous to disturb a hornet's nest.
Dryden, *The Cock and the Fox*, line 566

Horror.— On horror's head horrors accumulate.
Shakespeare, *Othello*, iii, 3

Horse. At my door the Pale Horse stands
To carry me to unknown lands.
John Hay, *The Stirrup Cup*, st. 1

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gait — two, forty-five —
Suits me; I do not care;
Perhaps, for just a single spurt,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.
Holmes, *Contentment*, st. 7

[1] *Cf.* Freedom.

The ways of a man with a maid be strange, yet simple and tame
To the ways of a man with a horse, when selling or racing the same.[1] KIPLING, *Certain Maxims of Hafiz*, st. 13

They sell the pasture now to buy the horse.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, ii, Prologue

Give me another horse! bind up my wounds!
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III*, v, 3

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! *Ibid.*, v, 4

He doth nothing but talk of his horse.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 2

Pity for a horse o'er-driven,
And love in which my hound has part.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, lxiii, st. 1

Horsemanship.— As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, iv, 1

Horses.— Orses and dorgs is some men's fancy. They're wittles and drink to me — lodging, wife, and children — reading, writing, and 'rithmetic — snuff, tobacker, and sleep. DICKENS, *David Copperfield*, I, xix

Hospitable.— On hospitable thoughts intent.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, V, line 332

Hot. Now,
While it is hot, I 'll put it to the issue
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, v, 1

Hour.— Some wee short hour ayont the twal.
BURNS, *Death and Doctor Hornbook*, st. 31

House.— The house with the narrow gate.
SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well*, iv, 5

Like a fair house built on another man's ground.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii, 2

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[1] When one that hath a horse on sale
Shall bring his merit to the proof,
Without a lie for every nail
That holds the iron on the hoof.—HOLMES, *Latter-Day Warnings*, st. 5

A feller may be straighter 'n a string in ev'ythin' else, an' never tell the truth — that is, the hull truth —about a hoss.
E. N. WESTCOTT, *David Harum*, xviii

Housewife.— I 'll play the housewife for this once.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, iv, 2

Hub.— Boston State-House is the hub of the solar system. You could n't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar.
HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, vi

Hum.— The busy hum of men.—MILTON, *L'Allegro*, line 118

Human.— Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Though they may gang a kennin wrang,
To step aside is human.
BURNS, *Address to the Unco Guid*, st. 7

Human nature in its shirt-sleeves.
HOLMES, *Professor at the Breakfast Table*, i

Humanity.— The traitor to humanity is the traitor most accursed.—LOWELL, *On the Capture of Fugitive Slaves near Washington*, st. 5

Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.
EDWIN MARKHAM, *The Man With the Hoe*, st. 4

The still, sad music of humanity.
WORDSWORTH, *Tintern Abbey*, line 93

Humidity.— O blessed breathing sun, draw from the earth
Rotten humidity!—SHAKESPEARE, *Timon of Athens*, iv, 2

Humility.—That very thing so many Christians want — Humility. HOOD, *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire*, st. 21

Hundred.— While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 2

Hurrahs.— One stormy gust of long-suspended Ahs!
One whirlwind chaos of insane hurrahs!
HOLMES, *A Modest Request: The Speech*, lines 49, 50

Hurricane.— One night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling.
WILLIAM PITT (of Malta), *The Sailor's Consolation*, st. 1

Hurt.— *Romeo.* Courage, man! the hurt cannot be much.
Mercutio. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 't is enough, 'twill serve.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, iii, 1

I 'll not hurt thee,[1] . . . go, poor devil, get thee gone, why should I hurt thee? This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.
STERNE, *Tristram Shandy*, II, xii

Husband.— And truant husband should return, and say,
"My dear, I was the first who came away."
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto i, st. 141

She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules.
POPE, *Moral Essays*, Epistle ii, line 261

Get thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee.
SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well*, i, 1

Here 's my husband,
And so much duty as my mother showed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord. SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, i, 3

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits his body
To painful labour both by sea and land,
To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,
While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe;
And craves no other tribute at thy hands
But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
Too little payment for so great a debt.[2]
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, v, 2

As the husband is, the wife is; thou are mated with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to drag thee down. TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, lines 47, 48

[1] A fly which "Uncle Toby" had caught after it had tormented him cruelly all dinner-time.

[2] *Galatea.* What is a man?
Pygmalion. A being strongly framed
To wait on woman, and protect her from
All ills that strength and courage can avert;
To work and toil for her, that she may rest;
To weep and mourn for her, that she may laugh;
To fight and die for her, that she may live!
Galatea. I'm glad I am a woman.
W. S. GILBERT, *Pygmalion and Galatea*, i, 1

Husbands.— Fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings. SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, iii, 1

Hypocrisy.— Oh for a forty-parson power to chaunt
Thy praise, hypocrisy!
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto x, st. x, 34

Ice.— Ice, mast-high, came floating by.
S. T. COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*, line 53

The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around:[1]
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound! *Ibid.*, lines 59–62

Icicles.— When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail.
SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, v, 2

Ideal.— The human ideal will be the desire to transform life into something better and grander than itself.
CHARLES WAGNER, *The Simple Life*, ii

Ideality.— Infinite Ideality!
Immeasurable Reality!
Infinite Personality!—TENNYSON, *The Human Cry*, st. 1

Ides.— Beware the ides of March.[2]
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, i, 2

Idle.— Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do. WATTS, *Divine Songs*, Song 20

Idler.— An idler is a watch that wants both hands;
As useless if it goes as if it stands.
COWPER, *Retirement*, lines 681, 682

Ignorance. Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.[3] THOMAS GRAY, *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, st. 10

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[1] 'T was ice around, behind, before —
My God! there is no sea.
G. H. BOKER, *Ballad of Sir John Franklin*, st. 15

[2] *Cæsar.* The ides of March are come.
Soothsayer. Ay, Cæsar, but not gone.—SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 1
Remember March, the ides of March remember! *Ibid.*, iv, 3

[3] From ignorance our comfort flows;
The only wretched are the wise.
PRIOR, *to Montague*

Ill.— The good are better made by ill,
As odours crushed are sweeter still.
S. Rogers, *Jacqueline*, st. 3

Ill wind never said well.
Shakespeare, *King Henry V*, iii, 7

Ills.— Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!
Burns, *Tam O' Shanter*, st. 6

Imagination.— We must temper the imagination . . . with judgment.—Keats, *Letter to G. and G. Keats*, April 28, 1819

Who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast?
Or wallow naked in December snow
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat?
Shakespeare, *King Richard II*, i, 3

Immortal.— The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years.
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.
Addison, *Cato*, v, 1

How can he be dead
Who lives immortal in the hearts of men?
Longfellow, *Michael Angelo*, II, iv

The man immortal, rationally brave,
Dares rush on death — because he cannot die.
Young, *Night Thoughts*, VII, lines 197, 198

Immortality.— The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion — Death! Oh, thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! Dickens, *Dombey and Son*, xvi

Impeachment.— I own the soft impeachment.
R. B. Sheridan, *The Rivals*, v, 3

Improve.— Men might be better if we better deemed
Of them.[1] The worst way to improve the world
Is to condemn it.
P. J. Bailey, *Festus*, Scene—A Mountain—Sunrise

[1] The surest plan to make a man
Is, think him so.—Lowell, *Biglow Papers*, II, ii, *Jonathan to John*, st. 9

Income.— Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty pounds ought and six, result misery.

DICKENS, *David Copperfield*, I, xii

Indebted.— And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore.

SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

Independence.— Independence now and independence for ever!—DANIEL WEBSTER, *Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson*, Boston, August 2, 1826

Index learning. Index-learning turns no student pale,
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail.

POPE, *The Dunciad*, I, lines 279, 280

Infant.— An infant crying in the night;
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, liv, st. 5

Infinity.— How can finite grasp infinity?

DRYDEN, *The Hind and the Panther*, line 105

Ingratitude.— Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart.

SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 2

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child
Than the sea-monster! SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, i, 4

Inhumanity.— Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

BURNS, *Man was Made to Mourn*, st. 7

Injury. His injury
The gaoler to his pity. SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, v, 1

Ink.— But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto iii, st. 88

Inn.— There is nothing which has yet been contrived by man, by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.[1]

SAMUEL JOHNSON, *Life*, by BOSWELL, March 21, 1776

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[1] Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his stages may have been,
May sigh to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an inn.

W. SHENSTONE, *Written on a Window of an Inn*

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked?
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, iii, 3

Innocents.— Some innocents 'scape not the thunderbolt.[1]
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii, 5

Insipid.— Insipid as the queen upon a card.
TENNYSON, *Aylmer's Field*, line 28

Instruction.— Pleasure with instruction should be joined;
So take the corn, and leave the chaff behind.
DRYDEN, *The Cock and the Fox*, lines 820, 821

Instrument.— He made an instrument to know
If the moon shine at full or no.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, II, iii, lines 261, 262

Intentions.— Hell is paved with good intentions.[2]
SAMUEL JOHNSON, *Life*, by Boswell, April 14, 1775

Interest.— His simple rule of interest being all comprised in the one golden sentence, "two pence for every halfpenny" . . . a familiar precept . . . strongly recommended to the notice of . . . money-brokers and bill discounters. DICKENS, *Nicholas Nickleby*, 1

I don't believe in princerple,
But oh, I du in interest.
LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, I, vi, st. 9

He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 3

Intoxication.— Man, being reasonable, must get drunk;
The best of life is but intoxication:
Glory, the grape, love, gold, in these are sunk
The hopes of all men, and of every nation.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto ii, st. 179

Ire.— Arise! ye Goths, and glut your ire.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iv, st. 141

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[1] Those eighteen, upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem?
Luke xiii, 4

[2] Hell is full of good meanings and wishings.— HERBERT, *Jacula Prudentum*

Ireland.— Heartsome Ireland, winsome Ireland,

. . . . . .

Tender, comely, valiant Ireland,
Songful, soulful, sorrowful Ireland.

LANIER, *Ireland*, st. 1–3

Irishman.— A wild, tremendous Irishman,
A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ranting, roaring Irishman.

. . . . . .

The whiskey-devouring Irishman,
The great he-rogue with his wonderful brogue — the fighting, rioting Irishman.

. . . . . .

The rattling, battling Irishman,
The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leathering swash of an Irishman.

WILLIAM MAGINN, *The Irishman and the Lady*, st. 1, 3

Iron. This iron age. SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, iv, 1

Iscariot. The Bridegroom stood at the open door,
And beckoned, smiling sweet;
'T was the soul of Judas Iscariot
Stole in, and fell at his feet.

"The Holy Supper is spread within,
And the many candles shine,
And I have waited long for thee
Before I poured the wine!"

The supper wine is poured at last,
The lights burn bright and fair,
Iscariot washes the Bridegroom's feet,
And dries them with his hair.

ROBERT BUCHANAN, *The Ballad of Judas Iscariot*, st. 47–49

Island.— O, it 's a snug little island!
A right little, tight little island!
Search the globe round, none can be found
So happy as this little island.

T. DIBDIN, *The Tight Little Island*

Isle.— Our little mother isle, God bless her!

HOLMES, *A Good Time Coming*, st. 6

Ivy.— Oh, a dainty plant is the ivy green,
That creepeth o'er ruins old!

. . . . . .

Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

. . . . . .

For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.
DICKENS, *Pickwick Papers*, vi, *The Ivy Green*

Jade.— We that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 2

Jaundiced.— All seems infected that th' infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, lines 558, 559

Jaw.— Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?
EDWIN MARKHAM, *The Man With the Hoe*, st. 1

Jays.— We 'll teach him to know turtles from jays.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii, 3

Jealousy.— Green-eyed jealousy.[1]
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 2

Jest.— Of all the griefs that harass the distressed,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest.[2]
SAMUEL JOHNSON, *London*, (adapted from the Third Satire of Juvenal)

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[1] Beware, my lord, of jealousy!
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock [make]
The meat it feeds on.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, iii, 3

Jealous souls will not be answered so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are [they 're] jealous: 't is a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.
Ibid., 4

I 'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof,* there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love or jealousy!
Ibid., 3

[2] Nothing in poverty so ill is borne,
As its exposing men to grinning scorn.
JOHN OLDHAM, *Adaptation from the Third Satire of Juvenal*

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* Trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmation strong
As proofs of holy writ.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, iii, 3

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles.

MILTON, *L'Allegro*, lines 25–28

It would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, ii, 2

Maria. Not a word with him but a jest.[1]
Boyet. And every jest but a word.

SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, ii

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.

Ibid., v, 2

Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them,
But in the less foul profanation.

SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, ii, 2

Jesus.— If Jesus Christ is a man,—
And only a man,— I say
That of all mankind I cleave to him,
And to him will I cleave alway.

If Jesus Christ is a God,—
And the only God,— I swear
I will follow Him through heaven and hell,
The earth, the sea, and the air!

R. W. GILDER, *The Song of a Heathen*

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[1] A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.

SHAKESPEARE, *Comedy of Errors*, i, 2

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,*
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words
That aged ears play truant at his tales
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, ii

From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he is all mirth.

SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, iii, 2

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*I do enjoy this bounteous beauteous earth;
And dote upon a jest
Within the limits of becoming mirth.

HOOD, *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire*, st. 4

Jew.— I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, ii, 4

I'll seal to such a bond
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 3

Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction. *Ibid.*, iii, 1

Jewel. Man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii, 4

Jewels.— Win her with gifts, if she respect not words:
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More quick than words, do move a woman's mind.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, iii, 1

Jews.— On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
POPE, *Rape of the Lock*, ii, lines 7, 8

Johnny.— A kind of a little Johnny, you know.
HOLMES, *Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, vii

Joke.— Rare compound of oddity, frolic, and fun!
Who relished a joke, and rejoiced in a pun;
Whose temper was generous, open, sincere;
A stranger to flattery, a stranger to fear.
GOLDSMITH, *Sequel to Retaliation*

Jolly.— Any man may be in good spirits and good temper when he's well dressed. There ain't much credit in that. If I was very ragged and very jolly, then I should begin to feel I had gained a point.
DICKENS, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, I, v

There might be some credit in being jolly with a wife, 'specially if the children had the measles and that, and was very fractious indeed.
DICKENS, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, I, v

There 'd be some credit in being jolly, with an inflammation of the lungs. *Ibid.*

Journeys.— Journeys end in lovers meeting.
SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, ii, 3

Joy.— He chortled in his joy.—C. L. DODGSON ("LEWIS CARROLL"), *Through the Looking-Glass*, i

Things won are done; joy's soul lies in the doing.
SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida*, i, 2

Joy is an exchange;
Joy flies monopolists; it calls for two.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, II, lines 509, 510

Joys.— Joys too exquisite to last.
JAMES MONTGOMERY, *The Little Cloud*, st. 10

Judas.— If that ain't Judas on the largest scale!
HOLMES, *A Modest Request: The Scene*, line 50

Judge.— Judge not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.
ADELAIDE A. PROCTER, *Judge Not*, st. 1

Gently to hear, kindly to judge.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, Prologue

Judged.— Thank God! man is not to be judged by man:
Or, man by man, the world would damn itself.
P. J. BAILEY, *Festus*, Scene—A Gathering of Kings and Peoples

Judges.— Judges ought to remember that their office is . . . to interpret law, and not to make law.
BACON, *Essay LVI: Of Judicature*

Judging.— Judging each step, as though the way were plain.
TOM TAYLOR, *Abraham Lincoln*, st. 3

Judgment.— His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe.
SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii, 4

Judgments.— Fondly do we hope — fervently do we pray — that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

LINCOLN, *Second Inaugural Address*, March 4, 1865

Judicious.— Make the judicious grieve.

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 2

June. What is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days.

LOWELL, *Vision of Sir Launfal*, Prelude to Part I, st. 5

Jury.— A jury too frequently has at least one member more ready to hang the panel than to hang the traitor.

LINCOLN, *Letter to Erastus Corning*, June 12, 1863

Just.— Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.[1]

J. SHIRLEY, *Dirge: Death the Leveller*, st. 3

Justice.— Justice conquers evermore,
. . . . . .
And he who battles on her side,
God, though he were ten times slain,
Crowns him victor glorified,
Victor over death and pain. EMERSON, *Voluntary IV*

Yet I shall temper so
Justice with mercy.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, X, lines 77,78

And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances.

SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, ii, 7

Liberty plucks justice by the nose.

SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, i, 3 [4]

Shylock. Is that the law?
Portia. Thyself shalt see the act:
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.
. . . . . .
He hath refused it in the open court:
He shall have merely justice and his bond.

SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

[1] The memory of the just is blessed.—*Proverbs* x, 7

Justify.— Justify the ways of God to men.[1]
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, I, line 26

Kangaroos.— Von only happy moment I have had
Since here I come to be a farmer's cad,
And then I cotched a vild beast in a snaoze,
And picked her pouch of three young kangarooi.
HOOD, *The Forlorn Shepherd's*[2] *Complaint*, st. 6

Katydid.— Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty katydid![3]
HOLMES, *To an Insect*, st. 1

Keel.— Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel!
S. T. COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*, lines 169, 170

See! she stirs!
She starts,— she moves,— she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel.
LONGFELLOW, *Building of the Ship*, st. 21

I hear the noise about thy keel;
I hear the bell struck in the night;
I see the cabin-window bright;
I see the sailor at the wheel.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, x, st. 1

Kentucky.— We'll sing one song for the old Kentucky home.
S. C. FOSTER, *My Old Kentucky Home*

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[1] Just are the ways of God,
And justifiable to men,
Unless there be who think not God at all:
If any be, they walk obscure;
For of such doctrine never was there school,
But the heart of the fool,
And no man therein doctor but himself.
MILTON, *Samson Agonistes*, lines 293–299

Vindicate the ways of God to man.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle i, line 16

[2] "The Forlorn Shepherd,"— a London pickpocket transported to Australia, and put to sheep-herding.

[3] Oh, tell me where did Katy live,
And what did Katy do?
And was she very fair and young,
And yet so wicked, too?
Did Katy love a naughty man,
Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
Than many a Kate has done.* HOLMES, *To an Insect*, st. 3

*Tell me, what did Caty do?
Did she mean to trouble you?
Why was Caty not forbid
To trouble little Caty-did? PHILIP FRENEAU, *To a Caty-Did*, st. 5

Kick.— A kick, that scarce would move a horse,
May kill a sound divine.
COWPER, *The Yearly Distress*, st. 16

Kickshaws.— Any pretty little tiny kickshaws.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, v, 1

Kidney.— A man of my kidney.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii, 5

Kill.— Let 's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let 's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, ii, 1

Kind.— A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind.
DAVID GARRICK, *Prologue on Quitting the Stage, June*, 1776

Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind.[1]
MATTHEW PRIOR, *English Padlock*, lines 78, 79

If she be not so to me
What care I how kind she be?
GEORGE WITHER, *The Author's Resolution*, st. 2

Kindness.— A way to kill a wife with kindness.
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, iv, 1

Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love. *Ibid.*, iv, 2

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.
WORDSWORTH, *Tintern Abbey*, lines 34–36

Kindred.— All that inhabit this great earth,
Whatever be their rank or worth
Are kindred and allied by birth,
And made of the same clay.
LONGFELLOW, *Kéramos*, st. 21

King.— Wha last beside his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three!
BURNS, *Oh, Willie Brewed a Peck o' Maut*, st. 4

God save our gracious king,
Long live our noble king,
God save our king. H. CAREY, *God Save the King*

[1] Be a little, nay, intensely blind. HOLMES, *A Rhymed Lesson*, st. 54

The king himself has followed her —
When she has walked before.
GOLDSMITH, *Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize*, st. 5

Here lies our sovereign lord the king,
Whose word no man relies on;
He never says a foolish thing,
Nor ever does a wise one.
EARL OF ROCHESTER, *Written on the Bedchamber Door of Charles II*

A king of shreds and patches.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 4

There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
That treason can but peep to what it would.—*Ibid.*, iv, 5

Was never subject longed to be a king
As I do long and wish to be a subject.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part II*, iv, 9

Ay, every inch a king. SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, iv, 6

The king's name is a tower of strength.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III*, v, 3

The king of France, with forty thousand men,
Went up a hill, and so came down agen.
RICHARD TARLTON, *The Pigges Corantoe*

He is king who has the power.
POPE ZACHARIAS (A. D. 752), cited by W. M. SLOANE, *Napoleon Bonaparte*, II, 208

Kings.— Kings then at last have but the lot of all:
By their own conduct they must stand or fall.
COWPER, *Table Talk*, lines 106, 107

Kings must have slaves;
Kings climb to eminence
Over men's graves.—AUSTIN DOBSON, *Before Sedan*, st. 2

Others thought kings a useless heavy load,
Who cost too much, and did too little good.
DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel*, I, lines 505, 506

Kings cannot reign unless their subjects give.
DRYDEN, *Epistle to Sir Godfrey Kneller*, line 142

Kiss. Maids must kiss no men
Till they do for good and all.
NICHOLAS BRETON, *Phillida and Corydon*, st. 3

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever.[1]
BURNS, *Ae Fond Kiss*, st. 1

Gin a body meet a body
Coming through the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body —
Need a body cry?
BURNS, *Coming Through the Rye*, st. 2

Love's first snowdrop, virgin kiss![2]
BURNS, *To a Kiss*, st. 1

The kiss, dear maid! thy lip has left,
Shall never part from mine,
Till happier hours restore the gift
Untainted back to thine.[3] BYRON, *On Parting*, st. 1

Since there 's no helpe,— come, let us kisse and parte.
MICHAEL DRAYTON, *Come, Let Us Kisse and Parte*, st. 1

The sound of a kiss is not so loud as that of a cannon, but its echo lasts a deal longer.
HOLMES, *Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, xi

Alas, for the love that 's linked with gold!
Better — better a thousand times told —
Most honest, happy, and laudable,
The downright loving of pretty Cis,
Who wipes her lips, though there 's nothing amiss,
And takes a kiss, and gives a kiss,
In which her heart is audible!
HOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg*, Her Courtship

There grows a flower on every bough,
Its petals kiss — I 'll show you how:
Sing heigh-ho, and heigh-ho!
Young maids must marry.
KINGSLEY, *Sing Heigh-Ho*, st. 2

Alas, how easily things go wrong!
A sigh too much, or a kiss too long,
And there follows a mist and a weeping rain,
And life is never the same again.
GEORGE MACDONALD, *Sir Aglovaile*

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[1] One kind kiss before we part. ROBERT DODSLEY, *The Parting Kiss*

[2] How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there 's no untying!
T. CAMPBELL, *Song: How Delicious is the Winning*, st. 1

[3] The kiss that she left on my lip,
Like a dewdrop shall lingering lie.
T. MOORE, Paraphrase of Epigram from the Anthologia, in note *Odes of Anacreon*, xliii

Sweetheart,
I were unmannerly to take you out
And not to kiss you.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, i, 4

Seal the bargain with a holy kiss.
SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii, 2

The sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea —
What are all these kissings worth,[1]
If thou kiss not me? SHELLEY, *Love's Philosophy*, st. 2

O Love, O fire! once he drew
With one long kiss my whole soul through
My lips, as sunlight drinketh dew.[2]
TENNYSON, *Fatima*, st. 3

Kissed.— Jenny[3] kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in.
Time, you thief! who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in.
Say I 'm weary, say I 'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I 'm growing old, but add —
Jenny kissed me!
LEIGH HUNT, *Jenny Kissed Me*

Kisses. A something on her cheek that smacked
(Tho' quite in silence) of ambrosial sweetness.
That made her think all other kisses lacked
Till then, but what she knew not, of completeness:
Being used but sisterly salutes to feel,
Insipid things — like sandwiches of veal.
HOOD, *Bianca's Dream*, st. 33

Then her lip, so rich in blisses,
Sweet petitioner for kisses.
T. MOORE, *Odes of Anacreon*, xvi

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[1] Another reading is: What is all this sweet work worth?

[2] Their lips drew near, and clung into a kiss;

A long, long kiss, a kiss of youth and love,
And beauty, all concentrating, like rays
Into one focus kindled from above;
Such kisses as belong to early days,
Where heart, and soul, and sense, in concert move,
And the blood's lava, and the pulse ablaze,
Each kiss a heart-quake,— for a kiss's strength,
I think it must be reckoned by its length.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto ii, st. 185, 186

As if he plucked up kisses by the roots.— SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, iii, 3

[3] Jane Carlyle.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned
On lips that are for others.
TENNYSON, *The Princess*, iv, lines 36–38

Come, Chloe, and give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter sure never girl gave;
But why, in the midst of my blisses,
Do you ask me how many I'd have?
. . . . . .
Go number the stars in the heaven,
Count how many sands on the shore,
When so many kisses you've given,
I still shall be craving for more.
SIR CHARLES H. WILLIAMS, *Come, Chloe*
(cited by MOORE, *The Numbering of the Clergy*)

The wretch who can number his kisses,
With few will be ever content. *Ibid.*

Kissing. A hand that kings
Have lipped, and trembled kissing.
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii, 5

His kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread. SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, iii, 4

Kitten.— I had rather be a kitten and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, iii, 1

Knave.— An honest man may take a knave's advice,
But idiots only may be cozened twice:
Once warned is well bewared.
DRYDEN, *The Cock and the Fox*, lines 797–799

Now will I show myself to have more of the serpent than the dove; that is, more knave than fool.
C. MARLOWE, *The Jew of Malta*, ii, 3

A knave's a knave, to me, in ev'ry state.
POPE, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, line 361

Knaves.— Three misbegotten knaves in Kendal green.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, ii, 4

Whip me such honest knaves.—SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, i, 1

Knell. The bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, ii, 1

The mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.
SHELLEY, *When the Lamp Is Shattered*, st. 2

Knew.— The village all declared how much he knew;
'T was certain he could write and cipher too.
GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*, st. 14

Knife.— The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.
SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet xcv*

Knocker.— Shut, shut the door, good John, fatigu'd I said,
Tie up the knocker, say I 'm sick, I 'm dead.
POPE, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, lines 1, 2

Knocks.— What 's he that knocks as he would beat down the gate? SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, v, 1

Knot.— A knot that gold and silver can buy
Gold and silver may yet untie,
Unless it is tightly fastened.
E. C. STEDMAN, *The Diamond Wedding*, st. 13

Knots.— His owne two hands the holy knotts did knitt,
That none but death for ever can divide.
SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, I, Canto xii, st. 37

Know.— Know, not for knowing's sake,
But to become a star to men for ever;
Know, for the gain it gets, the praise it brings,
The wonder it inspires, the love it breeds:
Look one step onward, and secure that step!
R. BROWNING, *Paracelsus*, i

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son!
"All that we know is, nothing can be known."
Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun?
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto ii, st. 7

I know what I know.
SHAKESPEARE, *Comedy of Errors*, iii, 1; *Measure for Measure*, iii, 2

Knowing.— 'Tain't a knowin' kind o' cattle
Thet is ketched with mouldy corn.
LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers*, I, i, st. 1

Knowledge.— Knowledge itself is a power.
BACON, *Meditationes Sacræ: Heresies*

Knowledge by suffering entereth,
And life is perfected by death.
E. B. BROWNING, *A Vision of Poets*, Conclusion, st. 62

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it. SAMUEL JOHNSON, *Life*, by Boswell, April 11, 1775

Knows. He that tossed you down into the field,
He knows about it all — HE knows — HE knows!
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 70

Labour.— The many still must labour for the one.
BYRON, *The Corsair*, Canto i, st. 8

Toiling in the naked fields,
Where no bush a shelter yields,
Needy Labour dithering stands,
Beats and blows his numbing hands,
And upon the crumping snows
Stamps in vain to warm his toes.
JOHN CLARE, *The Labourer*, st. 1

They who tread the path of labour follow where My feet have trod;
They who work without complaining do the holy will of God.

. . . . .

Nevermore thou needest seek Me; I am with thee everywhere;
Raise the stone, and thou shalt find Me; cleave the wood, and I am there.—HENRY VAN DYKE, *Toiling of Felix*, Legend, st. 83, 88

Work — work — work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread — and rags.
HOOD, *The Song of the Shirt*

Slave of the wheel of labour, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,[1]
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
EDWIN MARKHAM, *The Man With the Hoe*, st. 3

Ask not if neighbour
Grind great or small:
Spare not *your* labour,
Grind *your* wheat all.
D. M. MULOCK CRAIK, *The Mill*, st. 1

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[1] The singers have sung and the builders have builded,
The painters have fashioned their tales of delight;
For what and for whom hath the world's book been gilded,
When all is for these but the blackness of night?
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Message of the March Wind*, st. 11

Two hands upon the breast,
And labour's done;
Two pale feet crossed in rest —
The race is won;
Two eyes with coin-weights shut,
And all tears cease;
Two lips where grief is mute,
Anger at peace.
D. M. Mulock Craik, *Now and Afterwards*, st. 1

Labour is worship.—F. S. Osgood, *To Labour Is to Pray*

I have had my labour for my travail [travel].
Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida*, i, 1

He who does not love his labour and does not put interest or dignity into it is a bad workman.
Charles Wagner, *The Simple Life*, viii

Labourer.— I am long past wailing and whining —
I have wept too much in my life:
I've had twenty years of pining
As an English labourer's wife.

A labourer in Christian England,
Where they cant of a Saviour's name,
And yet waste men's lives like the vermin's
For a few more brace of game.
Kingsley, *The Bad Squire*,[1] st. 6, 7

Labouring.— Labourin' man an' labourin' woman
Hev one glory an' one shame.
Ev'ythin' thet 's done inhuman
Injers all on 'em the same.
Lowell, *The Biglow Papers*, I, i, st. 10

Laced.— They braced my aunt against a board,
To make her straight and tall;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
To make her light and small;
They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins; —
Oh never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins. Holmes, *My Aunt*, st. 4

Ladder.— Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.
J. G. Holland, *Gradatim*

[1] Also known as "A Rough Rhyme on a Rough Matter."

Lady. When a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
GAY, *The Hare and Many Friends*, lines 41, 42

I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part III.* iii, 2

Lamb.— O Cassius! you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 3

God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.[1]
STERNE, *A Sentimental Journey*, Maria

Lamp.—When the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead —
When the cloud is scattered
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.
SHELLEY, *When the Lamp Is Shattered*, st. 1

Land.— "I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?"

. . . . .

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair —
Sorrow and death may not enter there:
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child!"
FELICIA HEMANS, *The Better Land*, st. 1, 4

Landlord.— The landlord's laugh was ready chorus.
BURNS, *Tam O'Shanter*, st. 5

Landscape.— Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds.
GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, st. 2

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[1] To a close-shorn sheep, God gives wind by measure.
GEORGE HERBERT, *Jacula Prudentum*

Language.— I love the language, that soft bastard Latin,
Which melts like kisses from a female mouth,
And sounds as if it should be writ on satin,
With syllables which breathe of the sweet South,
And gentle liquids gliding all so pat in,
That not a single accent seems uncouth,
Like our harsh Northern whistling, grunting guttural,
Which we're obliged to hiss, and spit, and sputter all.
BYRON, *Beppo*, st. 44

Language is a solemn thing,— I said.— It grows out of life,— out of its agonies and ecstasies, its wants and its weariness.—HOLMES, *Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, ii

Where nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal the mind.
YOUNG, *Love of Fame*, Satire ii, line 207

Lards. Falstaff sweats to death,
And lards the lean earth as he walks along.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, ii, 2

Lark.— Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing.
HOOD, *The Dream of Eugene Aram*

Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed.[1]
JAMES HURDIS, *The Village Curate*

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings.[2]
SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, ii, 3

Lass.— A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.
LADY NAIRNE, *The Laird o' Cockpen*, st. 2

Let the toast pass,
Drink to the lass,
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.
SHERIDAN, *School for Scandal*, iii, 3

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[1] At what precise minute that little airy musician doffs his night gear, and prepares to tune up his unseasonable matins, we are not naturalists enough to determine. But for a mere human gentleman — that has no orchestra business to call him from his warm bed to such preposterous exercises — we take ten, or half after ten, . . . to be the very earliest hour at which he can begin to think of abandoning his pillow. . . . To do it in earnest requires another half-hour's good consideration.
CHARLES LAMB, *Popular Fallacies*, XIV

[2] Lost to sight th' ecstatic lark above
Sings, like a soul beatified, of love.
HOOD, *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire*, st. 16

The lark so shrill and clear,
Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings.— JOHN LYLY, *Campaspe*, v, 1

Like to the lark, at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate.
SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet*, xxix

Lasses.— Auld nature swears the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, oh!
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses, oh!
BURNS, *Green Grow the Rashes*, st. 5

Lassie.— What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?
BURNS, *What Can a Young Lassie Do?* st. 1

Last.— My dreams have boded all too right —
We part — for ever part — to-night!
I knew, I knew it could not last —
'Twas bright, 'twas heavenly, but 'tis past!
T. MOORE, *Lalla Rookh: The Fire Worshippers*

Although the [our] last, not least.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, i, 1

Late.— While we send for the napkin the soup gets cold,
While the bonnet is trimming the face grows old,
When we've matched our buttons the pattern is sold,
And everything comes too late — too late!
FITZ HUGH LUDLOW, *Too Late*, st. 2

It is so very very late,
That we may call it early by and by.[1]
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, iii, 4

Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.[2]
TENNYSON, *Guinevere*, lines 166–168

Better late than never.
THOMAS TUSSER, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry: An Habitation Enforced*

Latin.—Small Latin and less Greek.
BEN JONSON, *To the Memory of Shakespeare*, line 31

Oh, I smell false Latin!
SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, v, 1

Laugh.— The loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.
GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*, line 121

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[1] I am glad I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early.
SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, ii, 3

[2] Changeless sentence of mortal fate,
Freezing the marrow with — Too late!
E. C. STEDMAN, *Alice of Monmouth*, xii, st. 3

I believe she could spread a horse-laugh through the pews of a tabernacle.

GOLDSMITH, *The Good-Natured Man*, i

They laugh that win. SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, iv, 1

Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, *Solitude*, st. 1

Laughter. Methinks the older that one grows
Inclines us more to laugh than scold, though laughter
Leaves us so doubly serious shortly after.

BYRON, *Beppo*, st. 79

Launched.— How hard it is for some people to get out of a room after their visit is really over. . . . One would think they had been built in your parlour or study, and were waiting to be launched.

HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, i

Laurel.— No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red;
They banish our anger for ever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.

F. M. FINCH, *The Blue and the Gray*, st. 7

Law.—Of law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power.

R. HOOKER, *Ecclesiastical Polity*, I

There 's never a law of God or man runs north of 'Fifty-three. KIPLING, *The Rhyme of the Three Sealers*

The law is a sort of hocus-pocus science, that smiles in yeer face while it picks your pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to the professors than the justice of it. C. MACKLIN, *Love à la Mode*, ii, 1

Why, law an' order, honour, civil right,
Ef they ain't wuth it, wut is wuth a fight?

LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, II, ii, lines 297, 298

The plough, the axe, the mill,
All kin's o' labour an' kin's o' skill,
Would be a rabbit in a wile-cat's claw,
Ef 't warn't for thet slow critter, 'stablished law.

Ibid., lines 299–302

Men of most renowned virtue have sometimes by transgressing most truly kept the law.[1]

MILTON, *Tetrachordon*

First Clown. He that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

Second Clown. But is this law?

First Clown. Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's quest law.

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, v, 1

Old father antic the law.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, i, 2

I have been a truant in the law,
And never yet could frame my will to it;
And therefore frame the law unto my will.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part I*, ii, 4

Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper;
Between two horses, which doth bear him best;
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye;
I have perhaps some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw. *Ibid.*

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil?

SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 2

If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

Ibid., iv, 1

The intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond. *Ibid.*

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[1] Man is more than Constitutions; better rot beneath the sod,
Than be true to Church and State while we are doubly false to God!

LOWELL, *On the Capture of Fugitive Slaves near Washington*, st. 5

There is a higher law than the Constitution.

W. H. SEWARD, *Speech*, March 11, 1850

And I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

Here 's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 't will hardly come out.
SHAKESPEARE, *Pericles*, ii, 1

Do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as friends.
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, i, 2

Still you keep o' the windy side of the law.
SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, iii, 4

Let the law go whistle.
SHAKESPEARE, *Winter's Tale*, iv, 4 [3]

The lawless science of our law,
The codeless myriad of precedent,
The wilderness of single instances,
Through which a few, by wit or fortune led,
May beat a pathway out to wealth and fame.
TENNYSON, *Aylmer's Field*, lines 435–438

And joy was duty and love was law.
WHITTIER, *Maud Muller*, st. 49

Laws.— Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.
GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller*, st. 29

Lawyer.— Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddities [quiddits] now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery?
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, v, 1

Lawyers.— When lawyers take what they would give,
And doctors give what they would take.
HOLMES, *Latter-Day Warnings*, st. 4

Lay.— I 'll lay my head to any good man's hat.
SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, i, 1

Lay on, Macduff,
And damned be him [he] that first cries "Hold, enough!"[1]
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, v, 8 [7]

Lead.—Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead thou me on!
J. H. NEWMAN, *The Pillar of the Cloud*, st. 1

[1] Foul fall him that blenches first. SCOTT, *Marmion*, vi, 12

Leaking.— Racketing her rivets loose, smoke-stack white as snow,
All the coals adrift a deck, half the rails below,
Leaking like a lobster-pot, steering like a dray —
Out we took the "Bolivar," out across the bay.
KIPLING, *Ballad of the Bolivar*, st. 2

Leal.— I'm wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw when it 's thaw, Jean,
I 'm wearing awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There 's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There 's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair,
In the land o' the leal.
LADY NAIRNE, *The Land o' the Leal*, st. 1

Learn. She is not yet so old
But she may learn.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 2

Learning.— Whence is thy learning? hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?
GAY, *The Shepherd and the Philosopher*, lines 15, 16

A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, lines 215–218

A progeny of learning. SHERIDAN, *The Rivals*, i, 2

Leave.— And wilt thou leave me thus?
That hath loved thee so long?
In wealth and woe among:
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!
SIR T. WYAT, *An Earnest Suit to His Unkind Mistress Not to Forsake Him*, st. 2

Leaves.— Nothing but leaves; the spirit grieves
Over a wasted life;
Sin committed while conscience slept,
Promises made, but never kept,
Hatred, battle, and strife;
Nothing but leaves!
L. E. AKERMAN, *Nothing but Leaves*, st. 1

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.
BYRON, *Destruction of Sennacherib*, st. 2

The book of Nature
Getteth short of leaves. HOOD, *The Season*, st. 2

Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa.—MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, I, lines 302, 303

Leek.— I 'll knock his leek about his pate
Upon Saint Davy's day.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, iv, 1

I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days. Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound and your ploody coxcomb.—*Ibid.*, v, 1

Leg. His leg, then broke,
Had got a deputy of oak;
For when a shin in fight is cropped,
The knee with one of timber 's propped,
Esteemed more honourable than the other,
And takes place, though the younger brother.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, ii, lines 141–146

Legislators.— When legislators keep the law,
When banks dispense with bolts and locks,
HOLMES, *Latter-Day Warnings*, st. 1

Letter.— Any man that can write may answer a letter.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 4

Letters.— Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banished lover, or some captive maid;
They . . .
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.[1]
POPE, *Eloïsa to Abélard*, lines 51–58

Letter-writing.—She 'll vish there wos more, an' that 's the great art o' letter-writin'.
DICKENS, *Pickwick Papers*, xxxiii

[1] Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.*
ADDISON, *Hymn: The Spacious Firmament on High*, st. 2

* Like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole. R. HEBER, *Missionary Hymn*, st. 4

Level.— We met upon the level an' we parted on the square.
KIPLING, *The Mother-Lodge*, st. 2

Levite. You, Levite small,
Who shut your saintly ears, and prate of hell
And heretics, because outside church-doors,
Your church-doors, congregations poor and small
Praise heaven in their own way.
D. M. MULOCK CRAIK, *The Dead Czar*, st. 5

Liar.— Thou liar of the first magnitude!
CONGREVE, *Love for Love*, ii, 5 [1]

Liberty.— O Liberty! the prisoner's pleasing dream,
The poet's muse, his passion, and his theme.
COWPER, *Table Talk*, lines 288, 289

Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! — I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death.
PATRICK HENRY, *Speech in the Virginia Assembly*, March 23, 1775

The God who gave us life, gave us liberty at the same time.—JEFFERSON, *Summary View of the Rights of British America*

Make way for liberty! he cried,
Make way for liberty, and died.
. . . . .
Thus Switzerland again was free;
Thus death made way for liberty.
JAMES MONTGOMERY, *The Patriot's Password*, st. 1, 9

O'er the wild mountains and luxuriant plains,
Nature in all the pomp of beauty reigns,
In all the pride of freedom.— Nature free
Proclaims that Man was born for liberty.
JAMES MONTGOMERY, *The West Indies*, i, st. 14

Give me again my hollow tree,
A crust of bread, and liberty!
POPE, *Imitations of Horace*, II, Satire vi, lines 220, 221

O Liberty! Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name![1] M. J. P. ROLAND

I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, ii, 7

[1] License they mean when they cry liberty. MILTON, *On Detraction*

Liberty and Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable. — DANIEL WEBSTER, *Second Speech on Foote's Resolution*, January, 1830

Library. My library
Was dukedom large enough.
SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, i, 2

Lie.— If the devil, to serve his turn,
Can tell truth; why the saints should scorn,
When it serves theirs, to swear and lie,
I think there 's little reason why.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, II, ii, lines 123–126

After all, what is a lie? 'T is but
The truth in masquerade; and I defy
Historians, heroes, lawyers, priests, to put
A fact without some leaven of a lie.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto xi, st. 37

Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie:
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.[1]
GEORGE HERBERT, *The Church Porch*, st. 13

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.[2] HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, vi

He will lie, sir, with such volubility, that you would think truth were a fool.
SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well*, iv, 3

Jaques. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

. . . . . .

Touchstone. I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth, the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct, and you may avoid that, too, with an If.[3]
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, v, 4

. If I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, ii, 4

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[1] He that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two. ISAAC WATTS, *Song xv*

[2] Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.—POPE, *Iliad*, IX, lines 412–413

[3] Your If is the only peace-maker; much virtue in If.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, v, 4

You lie in your throat.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, i, 2

Like one
Who having into truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To credit his own lie, he did believe
He was indeed the duke.—SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, i, 2

You lie — under a mistake —
For this is the most civil sort of lie
That can be given to a man's face.[1]
SHELLEY, *Scenes from the Magico Prodigioso*, Scene 1

And the parson made it his text that week, and he said likewise
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies,
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to fight.
TENNYSON, *The Grandmother*, st. 8

Life.— Life 's but a series of trifles at best.[2]
ANONYMOUS, cited in *Memoir of Laurence Sterne*

Is life worth living? Yes, so long
As there is wrong to right,
Wail of the weak against the strong,
Or tyranny to fight;
Long as there lingers gloom to chase,
Or streaming tear to dry,
One kindred woe, one sorrowing face
That smiles as we draw nigh.

. . . . .

So long as faith with freedom reigns
And loyal hope survives,
And gracious charity remains
To leaven lowly lives;

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[1] Should captains the remark, or critics, make,
They also lie too — under a mistake.— BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto i, st. 208

[2] Life is the rose's hope while yet unblown;
The reading of an ever-changing tale;
The light uplifting of a maiden's veil;
A pigeon tumbling in clear summer air;
A laughing schoolboy, without grief or care,
Riding the springy branches of an elm.
KEATS, *Sleep and Poetry*, lines 90–95

Life is a jest,* and all things show it:
I thought so once, but now I know it. GAY, *My Own Epitaph*

* Man's life is but a jest,
A dream, a shadow, bubble, air, a vapour at the best.
G. W. THORNBURY, *The Jester's Sermon*

Life—*Continued*

While there is one untrodden tract
For intellect or will,
And men are free to think and act,
Life is worth living still.
ALFRED AUSTIN, *Is Life Worth Living*, st. 4

Life 's more than breath and the quick round of blood,—
It is a great spirit and a busy heart.
P. J. BAILEY, *Festus*, Scene — A Country Town — Market-place — Noon

Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me 's a secret yet.

. . . . .

Life! we 've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather,
'T is hard to part when friends are dear —
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night,— but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.
A. L. BARBAULD, *Life! I Know Not*, etc., st. 1, 3

Life treads on life, and heart on heart;
We press too close in church and mart
To keep a dream or grave apart.
E. B. BROWNING, *A Vision of Poets*, Conclusion, st. 1

Life's enchanted cup but sparkles near the brim.
BYRON, *Childe Harold*, Canto iii, st. 8

If when for life's prizes
You 're running, you trip,
Get up, start again —
"Keep a stiff upper lip!"
PHŒBE CARY, *Keep a Stiff Upper Lip*, st. 2

Side by side, for the way was one,
The toilsome journey of life was done,
And all who in Christ the Saviour died
Came out alike on the other side;
No forms, or crosses, or books had they,
No gowns of silk, or suits of grey,
No creeds to guide them, or MSS.,
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.
MRS. CLEVELAND, *No Sect in Heaven*, st. 23

To know, to esteem, to love,— and then to part,—
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart.
S. T. Coleridge, *The Two Sisters*, lines 1, 2

Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, "Welcome, friend."
R. Crashaw, *Wishes to His Supposed Mistress*, st. 29

Life, what is it but a dream?[1]
C. L. Dodgson ("Lewis Carroll"), *Through the Looking-Glass*, Ad Finem

Every life has pages vacant still,
Whereon a man may write the thing he will.
Henry van Dyke, *A Legend of Service*, st. 2

Life protracted is protracted woe.—Samuel Johnson, *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, line 258

I have fought my fight, I have lived my life,
I have drunk my share of wine;
From Trier to Coln there was never a knight
Led a merrier life than mine.[2]
Kingsley, *The Knight's Leap*, st. 3

Our cradle is the starting-place,
Life is the running of the race,
We reach the goal
When, in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.—Longfellow, *Translation: Coplas de Manrique*, st. 10

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[1] Time fleets, youth fades, life is an empty dream.
Robert Browning, *Paracelsus*, ii

[2] Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.
Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.
Dryden, *Paraphrase of Horace*, III, Ode 29, lines 69–72

I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.
Walter Savage Landor, *On Himself*

I have worked — I have felt — I have lived — I have loved.*
D. M. Mulock Craik, *The Good of It* — Moral

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*I've lived and loved.— Coleridge, trans. of Schiller's *Wallenstein*, I, ii, 6

And I have lived and loved, and closed the door.
R. L. Stevenson, *I Have Trod the Upward and the Downward Slope*

Life—*Continued*

A few more goings in and out these doors,
A few more chimings of these convent bells,
A few more prayers, a few more sighs and tears,
And the long agony of this life will end.[1]
LONGFELLOW, *Michael Angelo*, II, ii

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.
LONGFELLOW, *Psalm of Life*, st. 1, 2

This speck of life in time's great wilderness,
This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless seas,[2]
The past, the future, two eternities!— T. MOORE,
Lalla Rookh: The Veiled Prophet of Khorassan

I 've wandered east, I 've wandered west,
Through mony a weary way;
But never, never can forget
The luve o' life's young day!
WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, *Jeanie Morrison*, st. 1

In life, as in a football game, the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard. THEODORE ROOSEVELT, cited by JACOB RIIS in *Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen*, i

The life that is worth living is worth working for.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, *Speech at La Crosse, Wisconsin*, 1903

Uncertain life, and sure death.
SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well*, ii, 3

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together. *Ibid.*, iv, 3

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[1] A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.
H. BONAR, *A Hymn for the Closing Year*, st. 1

[2] These sands betwixt two tides.
E. B. BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh*, VII, line 1064

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities.
ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, *Oration at the Funeral of His Brother, E. C. Ingersoll*

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 4

Nothing in his life
Became him like the leaving it.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, i, 4

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further. *Ibid.*, iii, 2

I have lived long enough: my way of life
Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf;[1]
And that which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,
I must not look to have; but, in their stead,
Curses, not loud but deep, mouth-honour, breath,
Which the poor heart would fain deny, and [but] dare not.
Ibid., v, 3

I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteemed above thy life.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

You take my house when you do take the prop
That doth sustain my house. You take my life
When you do take the means whereby I live. *Ibid.*

Where is the life that late I led?
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, iv, 1

Gonzalo. Here is everything advantageous to life.
Antonio. True; save means to live.
SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, ii, 1

It seems that life is all a void,
On selfish thoughts alone employed;
That length of days is not a good,
Unless their use be understood.
JANE TAYLOR, *The Toad's Journal*

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[1] Now my sere fancy "falls into the yellow leaf."
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto iv, st. 3

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief,
Are mine alone! — BYRON, *On Completing His Thirty-Sixth Year*, st. 2

Two children in two neighbour villages
Playing mad pranks along the heathy leas;
Two strangers meeting at a festival;
Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall;
Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease;[1]
Two graves grass-green beside a grey church-tower,
Washed with still rains and daisy-blossomed;
Two children in one hamlet born and bred:
So runs the round of life from hour to hour.
TENNYSON, *Circumstance*

Through all this changing world of changeless law,
And every phase of ever-heightening life.
TENNYSON, *De Profundis*, i

Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and thorn.
TENNYSON, *The Grandmother*, st. 15

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our later stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
HESTER L. THRALE (PIOZZI), *The Three Warnings*

He sins against this life who slights the next.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, III, line 400

That life is long which answers life's great end.
Ibid., V, line 773

Light. Not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light.
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright!
A. H. CLOUGH, *Say Not the Struggle Nought Availeth*, st. 4

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[1] Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.— MARIA LOVELL, *Ingomar the Barbarian*

So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart.
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, iii, 2

We still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,
Still we went coupled and inseparable.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like, It*, i, 3

There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a midnight darkness changing
Into grey,
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!—CHARLES MACKAY, *Clear the Way*, st. 1

Storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
MILTON, *Il Penseroso*, lines 159, 160

But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the east,[1] and Juliet is the sun.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 2

The light that never was, on sea or land.
WORDSWORTH, *Elegiac Stanzas on a Picture of Peele Castle*, st. 4

Likeness.— As sometimes in a dead man's face,
To those that watch it more and more,
A likeness, hardly seen before,
Comes out — to some one in his race.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, lxxiv, st. 1

Lilies.— In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.
JULIA WARD HOWE, *Battle-Hymn of the Republic*, st. 5

Lily.— A most unspotted lily.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, v, 5 [4]

Lincoln.— You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil wont to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face.
TOM TAYLOR, *Abraham Lincoln*, st. 1

Linden.— On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.—CAMPBELL, *Hohenlinden*, st. 1

Line.— "I see you a shaving of a baker, . . . last week," said the coal-heaver.—"It's necessary to draw the line somewheres," replied [the barber] . . . "We can't go beyond bakers." DICKENS, *Nicholas Nickleby*, lii

[1] The East is unveiled, the East hath confessed
A flush. LANIER, *Sunrise*, lines 120, 121

Linen.— It is not linen you 're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
HOOD, *The Song of the Shirt*, st. 4

They 'll find linen enough on every hedge.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, iv, 2

Linnets.— I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, xxi, st. 6

Lion.— Old England! thy name shall yet warrant thy fame,
If the brow of the foeman should scowl;
Let the Lion be stirred by too daring a word,
And beware of his echoing growl.
ELIZA COOK, *The Red Cross of England*, st. 1

The lion's paw is all the law.
LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, II, ii, *Jonathan to John*, st. 1

The man that once did sell the lion's skin
While the beast lived, was killed with hunting him.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, iv, 3

When the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part III*, iv, 8

Oh, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did disrobe the lion of that robe.
SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, ii, 1

Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.
Ibid., iii, 1

There is a lion in the way.[1]
TENNYSON, *The Holy Grail*, line 643

Lip.— Our vicar he calls it damnation to sip
The ripe ruddy dew of a woman's dear lip,[2]
Says, that Beelzebub lurks in her kerchief so sly,
And Apollyon shoots darts from her merry black eye;
Yet whoop, Jack! kiss Gillian the quicker,
Till she bloom like a rose, and a fig for the vicar!
SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake*, Canto vi, st. 2

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[1] He espied two lions in the way. . . . The lions were chained, but he saw not the chains.
BUNYAN, *Pilgrim's Progress*, I, iii

[2] You have witchcraft in your lips.— SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, v, 2

Oh, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, iii, 2

Her lips were red; and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin;
(Some bee had stung it newly).
SIR JOHN SUCKLING, *Ballad Upon a Wedding*, st. 11

Many an evening by the waters did we watch the stately ships,
And our spirits rushed together at the touching of the lips.
TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, lines 37, 38

Lips.— Oh, that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
COWPER, *On the Receipt of My Mother's Picture*, lines 1, 2

My lips are no common, though several they be.
SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, ii

Live.— We live in deeds, not years;[1] in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs.
P. J. BAILEY, *Festus*, Scene — A Country Town — Market-place — Noon

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.[2]
BRYANT, *Thanatopsis*, lines 73–81

On parent knees, a naked new-born child,
[Naked on parent knees, a new-born child]
Weeping thou sat'st while all around thee smiled;
So live, that, sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou [Thou then] mayst smile, while all around thee weep.—CALIDASA, *The Babe* (trans. SIR WILLIAM JONES)

Live while you live, the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views, let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live to thee.
DODDRIDGE, *Epigram on his Family Arms* (*Dum vivimus vivamus*)

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[1] He most lives
Who thinks most — feels the noblest — acts the best.
P. J. BAILEY, *Festus*, Scene — A Country Town — Market-place — Noon

Trust not in words, but deeds.—YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, VII, line 1005

[2] Live well, and fear no sudden fate;
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 't is justice, soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmoved can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.
POPE, *Epitaphs on John Hughes and Sarah Drew*, st. 2

So mayst thou live, till, like ripe fruit, thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gathered, not harshly plucked, for death mature.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, XI, lines 535–537

I would not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way.
W. A. MUHLENBERG, *I Would Not Live Always*, st. 2

He knows to live, who keeps the middle state,
And neither leans on this side, nor on that.—POPE,
Imitations of Horace, II, Satire ii, lines 61, 62

"Let me not live," quoth he,
"After my flame lacks oil, to be the snuff
Of younger spirits."[1]
SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well*, i, 2

Lived.— She lived.[2]— What further can be said
Of all the generations dead?
She died.— What else can be foretold
Of all the living, young or old?
JAMES MONTGOMERY, *Epitaph*

Livery.— He was a man
Who stole the livery of the court of heaven
To serve the devil in.
POLLOK, *The Course of Time*, VIII, lines 616–618

Lives.—Our lives are rivers, gliding free
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave!
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In one dark wave.
LONGFELLOW, *Translation: Coplas de Manrique*, st. 5

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[1] Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've played, and loved, and eat, and drank your fill:
Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage.
POPE, *Imitations of Horace*, II, Epistle ii, lines 322–325

[2] Once in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man: — and who was he?
—Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That Man resembled thee.

. . . . .

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this,— There lived a man.
JAMES MONTGOMERY, *The Common Lot*, st. 1, 10

Living.— How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ
All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever in joy!
R. Browning, *Saul*, ix

Thank Heaven! the crisis —
The danger is past,
And the lingering illness
Is over at last —
And the fever called "Living"
Is conquered at last. Poe, *For Annie*, st. 1

Not what we would, but what we must,
Makes up the sum of living.
R. H. Stoddard, *The Country Life*, st. 1

No means of stopping for breath, to have one hour's quiet for reposeful thought, nor to exchange a peaceful word. No, this is not living!
Charles Wagner, *The Simple Life*, i

Plain living and high thinking.
Wordsworth, *Sonnet: London*, 1802

Loafe.— I loafe and invite my soul.
Walt Whitman, *Song of Myself*, 1

Lochaber.— Farewell to Lochaber! and farewell, my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I hae mony day been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We 'll maybe return to Lochaber no more!
Allan Ramsay, *Lochaber No More*, st. 1

Lochinvar.—Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west!
Scott, *Marmion*, v, 12

Locks.— Thou canst not say I did it: never shake
Thy gory locks at me. Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, iii, 4

Lodge.— Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumor of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more.
Cowper, *The Task: The Time-Piece*, lines 1–5

Lodgings.— Brave lodgings for one, brave lodgings for one,
A few feet of cold earth, when life is done;
A stone at the head, a stone at the feet,
A rich, juicy meal for the worms to eat;
Rank grass over head, and damp clay around,
Brave lodgings for one, these, in holy ground.
Dickens, *Pickwick Papers*, xxix

Logic.— Logic is logic. That 's all I say.
HOLMES, *The Deacon's Masterpiece*, st. 12

Logs.— Bring in great logs and let them lie,
To make a solid core of heat.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, cvii, st. 5

Lone.— A poor lone woman.[1]
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, ii, 1

Loneliness.— But it was something still to know
Thy dawn and dusk were mine,
And that we felt the same breeze blow,
And saw the same star shine:
And still the shadowy hope was rife
That once in this waste weary life
My path might cross with thine,
And one brief gleam of beauty bless
My spirit's utter loneliness. PRAED, *A Farewell*, st. 4

Long-ago.— The lusty days of long-ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.
HOLMES, *Bill and Joe*, st. 1

Longings. I have
Immortal longings in me.[2]
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, v, 2

Look. Look before you ere you leap;
For, as you sow, y' re like to reap.[3]
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, II, ii, lines 503, 504

Looked.— Sighed and looked unutterable things.
THOMSON, *The Seasons: Summer*, line 1188

Lopping.— Lopping away of the limb by the pitiful-pitiless knife,—
Torture and trouble in vain,— for it never could save us a life. TENNYSON, *Defence of Lucknow*, st. 6

Lord.— They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright! BURNS, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, st. 6

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[1] I am a lone lorn creetur and everythink goes contrairy with me.
DICKENS, *David Copperfield*, I, iii

[2] I had immortal feelings. R. BROWNING, *Paracelsus*, iii
I feel the infinite in me.— NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, *Life*, by Sloane, IV, 231

[3] Looke ere thou leape, see ere thou go.
THOMAS TUSSER, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry: Of Wiving and Thriving*

But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, lines 420–423

Lords. These old pheasant-lords,
These partridge-breeders of a thousand years.
TENNYSON, *Aylmer's Field*, lines 381, 382

Lose.— Oh, misery! must I lose that too?
THOMAS MOORE, *Lalla Rookh: The Fire-Worshippers*

Loss.— Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallowed in the flood!
Yet lives our pilot still.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part III*, v, 4

Lost.— For 't is a truth well known to most,
That whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it, ere it comes to light,
In every cranny but the right.
COWPER, *The Retired Cat*

What though the field be lost?
All is not lost;[1] the unconquerable will,
And study of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, I, lines 105–108

The quiet sense of something lost.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, lxxviii, st. 2

Lothario.— Is this that haughty gallant, gay Lothario?
N. ROWE, *The Fair Penitent*, v, 1

Love.— Love will find out the way.
ANONYMOUS, *The Great Adventurer*, st. 1, quoted in Richard Brome's *Sparagus Garden*

But had I wist, before I kissed,
That love had been sae ill to win,
I'd locked my heart in a case o' gowd,
And pinned it wi' a siller pin.
ANONYMOUS, *Waly, Waly*, st. 5

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above;

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[1] All is lost save honour.
FRANCIS I, *Letter after his defeat at Pavia*, February 24, 1525

Love—*Continued*

Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! yea!
Thou love divine! Thou love alway!
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *After Death in Arabia*, st. 7

I loved thee once, I 'll love no more,
Thine be the grief as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou wast before,
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love unloved again,
Hath better store of love than brain:
God sends me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.
SIR R. AYTON, *Woman's Inconstancy*, st. 1

Nuptial love maketh mankind; friendly love perfecteth it; but wanton love corrupteth and embaseth[1] it.
BACON, *Essay X: Of Love*

Love is the art of hearts and heart of arts.
P. J. BAILEY, *Festus*, Scene — Home

Wilt thou cure thine heart
Of love, and all its smart,—
Then die, dear, die!
T. L. BEDDOES, *If Thou Wilt Ease Thine Heart*

Many a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring,
Love's pure congenial spring unfound, unquaffed,
Suffers — recoils — then, thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest draught!
M. G. BROOKS, *Disappointment*

If you loved only what were worth your love,
Love were clear gain.
R. BROWNING, *James Lee's Wife*, vii, st. 2

No torment is so bad as love. BURTON, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, The Author's Abstract, line 61

Love is a boy, by poets styled,
Then spare the rod, and spoil the child.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, II, i, lines 843, 844

Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
'Tis woman's whole existence.[2]
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto i, st. 194

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[1] Love did embase him
Into a kitchen drudge. THIRTEENTH CENTURY BALLAD

[2] In her first passion woman loves her lover,
In all the others all she loves is love.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto iii, st. 3

Most men know love but as a part of life. TIMROD, *Sonnet*, line 1

The cold in clime are cold in blood,
  Their love can scarce deserve the name,
But mine was like the lava flood
  That boils in Ætna's breast of flame.
I cannot prate in puling strain
Of ladye-love, and beauty's chain:
If changing cheek, and scorching vein,
Lips taught to writhe, but not complain,
If bursting heart, and madd'ning brain,
And daring deed, and vengeful steel,
And all that I have felt, and feel,
Betoken love — that love was mine,
And shown by many a bitter sign.
'T is true I could not whine nor sigh,
I knew but to obtain or die.
I die — but first I have possessed,
And, come what may, I have been blest.[1]
  BYRON, *The Giaour*, lines 1099–1115

Yes, love indeed is light from heaven,
  A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Allah given,
  To lift from earth our low desire.
Devotion wafts the mind above,
But heaven itself descends in love;
A feeling from the Godhead caught,
To wean from self each sordid thought;
A ray of him who formed the whole;
A glory circling round the soul! *Ibid.*, lines 1131–1140

Time shall make the bushes green;
  Time dissolve the winter snow;
Winds be soft, and skies serene;
  Linnets sing their wonted strain:
    But again
Blighted love shall never blow.— LUIS DE CAMOENS,
  Blighted Love (trans. Lord Strangford), st. 3

Love's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel;
Love's wing moults when caged and captured,[2]
Only free, he soars enraptured.
  CAMPBELL, *Song: How Delicious is the Winning*, st. 1

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[1] *Cf.* LIFE.

[2] How the light, light love, he has wings to fly
  At suspicion of a bond. R. BROWNING, *James Lee's Wife*, iv, st. 8

Curse on all laws but those which love has made.
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
  POPE, *Eloïsa to Abélard*, lines 74–76

Love—*Continued*

Then fly betimes, for only they
Conquer love that run away.
THOMAS CAREW, *Conquest by Flight*, st. 2

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of love,
And feed his sacred flame.
S. T. COLERIDGE, *Love*, st. 1

Two people who cannot afford to play cards for money sometimes sit down to a quiet game for love.
DICKENS, *Nicholas Nickleby*, i

Love's the subject of the comic muse.
DRYDEN, *Cymon and Iphigenia*, line 24

Love, studious how to please, improves our parts
With polished manners, and adorns with arts.
Ibid., lines 31, 32

Since love is held the master-passion,
Its loss must be the pain supreme.
P. L. DUNBAR, *Lyrics of Lowly Life*, Ione, i

O, dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye:
Troth, I daurna tell!
Dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye,—
Ask it o' yoursel'.
JOHN DUNLOP, *Dinna Ask Me*, st. 1

Love is joy and grief,
And trembling doubt, and certain-sure belief,
And fear, and hope, and longing unexpressed,
In pain most human, and in rapture brief
Almost divine.
HENRY VAN DYKE, *Music: The Symphony*, st. 2

If with love thy heart has burned;
If thy love is unreturned;
Hide thy grief within thy breast,
Though it tear thee unexpressed.
EMERSON, *To Rhea*, st. 2

The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love
GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*, st. 1

My dear and only love.—JAMES GRAHAM, MARQUIS OF MONTROSE, *My Dear and Only Love*, st. 1

Pray love me little, so you love me long.
HERRICK, *Love Me Little, Love Me Long*

We die with love, and never dream we're dead.
HOLMES, *Prologue, ad finem*

Love prays devoutly when it prays for love.
HOOD, *Hero and Leander*, st. 20

You say — Sir Andrew and his love of law,
And I — the Saviour with his law of love.
HOOD, *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire*, st. 11

Love thwarted in bad temper oft has vent.
KEATS, *The Cap and Bells*, st. 20

Love never dies, but lives, immortal Lord.
KEATS, *Isabella, or the Pot of Basil*, st. 50

Love in a hut, with water, and a crust,
Is — Love, forgive us! — cinders, ashes, dust;
Love in a palace is perhaps at last
More grievous torment than a hermit's fast.
KEATS, *Lamia*, ii, st. 1

What do the doves say? Curuck-coo,
You love me and I love you.[1]
KINGSLEY, *Juventus Mundi*, lines 75, 76

The light of love shines over all;
Of love, that says not mine and thine,
But ours, for ours is thine and mine.
LONGFELLOW, *Hanging of the Crane*, ii, st. 2

Tell me, my heart, if this be love.
LORD LYTTLETON, *Tell Me, My Heart*, st. 1

I love the song of birds,
And the children's early words,
And a loving woman's voice, low and sweet, John Brown.
CHARLES MACKAY, *John Brown*, st. 2

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
Woods or steepy mountain yields.
MARLOWE, *The Passionate Shepherd to His Love*, st. 1

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[1] The lark is so brimful of gladness and love,
The green fields below him, the blue sky above,
That he sings, and he sings; and for ever sings he —
I love my love, and my love loves me.
S. T. COLERIDGE, *Answer to a Child's Question*, lines 9–12

I love my love, because I know
My love loves me.
MACKAY, *I Love My Love*

I love my love, and my love loves me.— GERALD MASSEY, *I Love My Love*

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.—SIR PHILIP SIDNEY,
The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia, Heart-Exchange

Love—*Continued*

Too often Love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,
But kills the heart.
JAMES MONTGOMERY, *The Grave*, st. 21

Oh! what was love made for, if 'tis not the same
Through joy and through torment, through glory and shame?
I know not, I ask not, if guilt's in that heart,
I but know that I love thee, whatever thou art.
T. MOORE, *Come, Rest in This Bosom*, st. 2

Oh! the days are gone, when Beauty bright
My heart's chain wove;
When my dream of life, from morn till night,
Was love, still love.
New hope may bloom,
And days may come,
Of milder, calmer beam,
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream:
No, there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream.
T. MOORE, *Love's Young Dream*, st. 1

We loved with a love that was more than love.
POE, *Annabel Lee*, st. 2

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we —
Of many far wiser than we —
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee. *Ibid.*, st. 5

Thou would'st be loved? — then let thy heart
From its present pathway part not!
Being everything which now thou art,
Be nothing which thou art not.
So with the world thy gentle ways,
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
Shall be an endless theme of praise,
And love — a simple duty.
POE, To F —— S. O —— D

Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
POPE, *Elegy to an Unfortunate Lady*, lines 6–8

Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?
POPE, *Eloïsa to Abélard*, line 80

Who love too much, hate in the like extreme,
And both the golden mean alike condemn.
POPE, *Odyssey*, XV, lines 79, 80

I think that you will love me still,
Though far our fates may be;
And that your heart will fondly thrill
When strangers ask of me;
My praise will be your proudest theme
When these dark days are past:
If this be all an idle dream,
It is my last! PRAED, *The Last*, st. 4

If all the world and love were young,
And truth on every shepherd's tongue,
These pleasures might my passion move
To live with thee, and be thy love.
RALEIGH, *Reply to Marlowe's Passionate Shepherd*, st. 1

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;[1]
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.
SCOTT, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto iii, st. 2

True love's the gift which God has given
To man alone beneath the heaven:
It is not fantasy's hot fire,
Whose wishes, soon as granted, fly;
It liveth not in fierce desire,
With dead desire it doth not die;
It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind. *Ibid.*, Canto v, st. 13

Love will still be lord of all. *Ibid.*, Canto vi, st. 11

A laggard in love and a dastard in war.
SCOTT, *Marmion*, v, 12

Countess. Love you my son?
Helena. Do you not love him, madam?[2]
SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well*, i, 3

There's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, i, 1

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[1] It is the imponderables that move the world,— heat, electricity, love.
HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, vi

[2] *Mrs. Bagot.* Are you so fond of him?
Trilby. Fond of him? Are n't *you?*
Mrs. Bagot. I'm his mother, my good girl! — DU MAURIER, *Trilby*, iv

Love—*Continued*

Down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, iii, 5

Men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love. *Ibid.*, iv, 1

This is the very ecstasy of love.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, ii, 1

Ophelia. 'T is brief, my lord.
Hamlet. As woman's love. *Ibid.*, iii, 2

Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
Ibid.

Though last, not least in love.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 1

When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony. *Ibid.*, iv, 2

I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say "I love you." SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, v, 2

My love 's
More richer than my tongue.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, i, 1

This love is as mad as Ajax.
SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv, 3

Love, whose month is ever May. *Ibid.*

What! do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes?
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, ii, 2

There 's something tells me (but it is not love)
I would not lose you.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 2

If there be no great love in the beginning, yet heaven may decrease it upon better acquaintance, when we are married, and have more occasion to know one another: I hope upon familiarity will grow more contempt.
SHAKESPEARE, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, i, 1

For aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth.
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, i, 1

Speak low, if you speak love.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, ii, 1

If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs:[1] a' brushes his hat o' mornings; what should that bode? *Ibid.*, iii, 2

"Suffer love!"— a good epithet! *Ibid.*, v, 2

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again. SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, iii, 3

With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 2

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.—*Ibid.*

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite. *Ibid.*

Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks.—*Ibid.*

So true a fool is love, that in your will,
Though you do any thing, he thinks no ill.
SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet* lvii

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What 's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,
Youth 's a stuff will not endure.
SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, ii, 3

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[1] There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love. . . . A lean cheek, . . . a blue eye and sunken . . . an unquestionable spirit, . . . a beard neglected, . . . then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation. SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, iii, 2

I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme and to be melancholy. *Ibid.*

Valentine. Why, how know you that I am in love?
Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned like Sir Proteus, to wreathe your arms, like a malcontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a schoolboy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master. SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii, 1

Love—*Continued*

Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.
Ibid., iii, 1

Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!
SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i, 3

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.
Valentine. Why?
Speed. Because Love is blind. *Ibid.*, ii, 1

Though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals and would fain have meat. *Ibid.*

Love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy. *Ibid.*, ii, 4

Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.
SHAKESPEARE, *Venus and Adonis*, lines 149, 150

Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.
SHAKESPEARE, *The Winter's Tale*, iv, 4 [3]

Love was love, and better than money;
The slyer the theft, the sweeter the honey;
And kissing was clover, all the world over,
Wherever Cupid might wander.
E. C. STEDMAN, *The Diamond Wedding*, st. 2

If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The Devil take her! SIR JOHN SUCKLING, *Song: Why So Pale and Wan*, st. 3

Wheresoe'er I am, below, or else above you,
Wheresoe'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.
J. SYLVESTER, *Wheresoe'er I Am*

Open the door of thy heart,
And open thy chamber door,
And my kisses shall teach thy lips
The love that shall fade no more
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the Judgment Book unfold.
BAYARD TAYLOR, *Bedouin Song*, st. 3

They sang of love, and not of fame;
Forgot was Britain's glory:
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang 'Annie Laurie."
BAYARD TAYLOR, *The Song of the Camp*, st. 5

I cannot understand: I love.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, xcvii, st. 9

Love, art thou sweet? then bitter death must be:
Love, thou art bitter; sweet is death to me.
O Love, if death be sweeter, let me die.
TENNYSON, *Lancelot and Elaine*, lines 1003–1005

In the spring a fuller crimson comes upon the robin's breast;
In the spring the wanton lapwing gets himself another crest;

In the spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thought of love.
TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, lines 17–20

Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
Every moment, lightly shaken, ran itself in golden sands.

Love took up the harp of Life, and smote on all the chords with might;
Smote the chord of Self, that, trembling, passed in music out of sight. *Ibid.*, lines 31–34

In love, if love be love, if love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.
TENNYSON, *Merlin and Vivien*, lines 385–387

Luvv? What's luvv? thou can luvv thy lass an' 'er munny too,[1]
Maäkin' 'em goä togither, as they've good right to do.
Could'n I luvv thy muther by cause o' 'er munny laäid by?
Naäy — fur I luvved 'er a vast sight moor fur it: reason why. TENNYSON, *Northern Farmer, New Style*, st. 9

We talked of love as coolly as we talked of nebulæ,
And thought no more of being one than we did of being three. W. B. TERRETT, *Platonic*

[1]And play for love and money too.—BUTLER, *Hudibras*, III, i, line 1008

Thou who hast faith in the Christ above,
Shall the Koran teach thee the law of love?
O Christian! — open thy heart and door,
Cry east and west to the wandering poor:
"Whoever thou art whose need is great,
In the name of Christ, the Compassionate
And Merciful One, for thee I wait!"
ELIZABETH H. WHITTIER, *Charity*, st. 2

A love that makes heaven or hell for a man.
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, *The Duet*, st. 5

Love, to endure life's sorrow and earth's woe,
Needs friendship's solid mason-work below.
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, *Upon the Sand*, st. 2

Loved.— I only know we loved in vain —
I only feel — Farewell! — Farewell!
BYRON, *Farewell*, st. 2

Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?[1]
MARLOWE, *Hero and Leander*, I, line 176; SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, iii, 5

One that loved not wisely but too well.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, v, 2

'T is better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, xxvii, st. 4; lxxxv, st. 1

Lover.— When Psyche's friend becomes her lover,
How sweetly these conditions blend!
But oh, what anguish to discover
Her lover has become—her friend!—MARY AINGE DE VERE ("MADELINE BRIDGES"), *Friend and Lover*

As true a lover
As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, ii, 4

The lover,
Sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. *Ibid.*, 7

Lovers.— Sing the lovers' litany: —
"Love like ours can never die!"
KIPLING, *The Lovers' Litany*

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[1]None ever loved but at first sight they loved.
CHAPMAN, *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*

No sooner met but they looked, no sooner looked but they loved, no sooner loved but they sighed, no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason, no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy; and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, v, 2

Love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, ii, 6

Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, v, 1

Loves.— God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her!
R. BROWNING, *One Word More*, xvii

If a man really loves a woman, of course he wouldn't marry her for the world, if he were not quite sure that he was the best person she could by any possibility marry.
HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, x

Oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves!
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, iii, 3

I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.
SHAKESPEARE, *Winter's Tale*, iv, 4 [3]

Lovest.— No more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me!
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, ii, 4

Loving.— Women are apt to love the man who they think has the largest capacity of loving.
HOLMES, *Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, vii

Loving is a painful thrill,
And not to love more painful still;
But oh, it is the worst of pain,
To love and not be loved again!
T. MOORE, *Odes of Anacreon*, xxix

So loving to my mother
That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 2

When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
TENNYSON, *Enoch Arden*, lines 874–877

Loyalty. I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, ii, 3

Luck. There 's nae luck about the house,
There 's nae luck at a'.
There 's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman 's awa'.
W. J. Mickle, *The Sailor's Wife*

No ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders.
Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 1

As good luck would have it.
Shakespeare, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii, 5

Wheresoe'er thou move, good luck
Shall fling her old shoe after. Tennyson, *Will Waterproof's Lyrical Monologue*, lines 215, 216

Lucky. 'T is lucky for the boats! Our eyes
Were drawn to him as either fain would say,
What! do they send the psalm up in the spire
And pray because 't is lucky for the boats?
Jean Ingelow, *Brothers, and a Sermon*

Lying.— The Lord forgi'e me for lying!
Burns, *Last May a Braw Wooer*, st. 2

'T is as easy as lying. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, iii, 2

Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying![1]
Shakespeare, *King Henry IV, Part I*, v, 4

Lyre.— Proud, mad, but not defiant,
He touched at heaven and hell.
Fate found a rare soul pliant
And rung her changes well.
Alternately his lyre,
Stranded with strings of fire,
Led earth's most happy choir,
Or flashed with Israfel.
J. H. Boner, *Poe's Cottage at Fordham*, st. 5

Mad.— Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery,
Swift to be hurled —
Anywhere, anywhere,
Out of the world! Hood, *The Bridge of Sighs*

I am *not* mad, but soon shall be.
Matthew Gregory Lewis, *The Maniac*, st. 7

[1] How subject we old men are to this vice of lying.
Shakespeare, *King Henry IV, Part II*, iii, 2

The one thet fust gits mad 's 'most ollers wrong.
LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, II, ii, line 151

I am but mad north-northwest: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, ii, 2

Hamlet. How came he mad?

. . . . .

First Clown. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.
Ibid., v, 1

Madmen.— For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.—POPE,
Imitations of Horace, I, Epistle vi, lines 26, 27

Madness.— His madness was not of the head, but heart.
BYRON, *Lara*, Canto i, st. 18

Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.[1]
DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel*, I, lines 163, 164

Though this be madness, yet there 's method in 't.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, ii, 2

Magazine.— A would-be satirist, a hired buffoon,
A monthly scribbler of some low lampoon,
Condemned to drudge the meanest of the mean,
And furnish falsehoods for a magazine.—BYRON,
English Bards and Scotch Reviewers, lines 975–978

Magistrate. After much debate,
The man prevailed above the magistrate.
DRYDEN, *Cymon and Iphigenia*, lines 462, 463

Magnet.— Long lay the ocean paths from man concealed;
Light came from heaven,— the magnet was revealed,
A surer star to guide the seaman's eye
Than the pale glory of the northern sky;
Alike ordain'd to shine by night and day,
Through calm and tempest, with unsetting ray;
Where'er the mountains rise, the billows roll,
Still with strong impulse turning to the pole
True as the sun is to the morning true,
Though light as film, and trembling as the dew.
JAMES MONTGOMERY, *The West Indies*, i, st. 2

[1] What thin partitions sense from thought divide!
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle i, line 226

Maid.—"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I am going a-milking, sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"You're kindly welcome, sir," she said.
"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.
"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.
"Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid?"
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said.
ANONYMOUS, *Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?*

Neither maid, widow, nor wife.
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, v

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;[1]
Now to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe;
And now to the damsel that's merry!
SHERIDAN, *The School for Scandal*, iii, 3

Maiden.— Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!
. . . . .
Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!
LONGFELLOW, *Maidenhood*, st. 1, 3

This maiden she lived with no other thought
Than to love and be loved by me.
POE, *Annabel Lee*, st. 1

"Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore —
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore."
Quoth the raven "Nevermore!"
POE, *The Raven*, st. 1

Nor would I break for your sweet sake
A heart that dotes on truer charms.
A simple maiden in her flower
Is worth a hundred coats-of-arms.
TENNYSON, *Lady Clara Vere de Vere*, st. 2

[1] Here's to the girl with a voice sweet and low,
The eye all of fire and the bosom of snow.
J. K. PAULDING, *The Old Man's Carousal*, st. 2

Main.— Strong and free, strong and free;
The floodgates are open, away to the sea.
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along
To the golden sands, and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.
Undefiled, for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.
KINGSLEY, *Songs from the Water Babies*, I, st. 3

Majority.— One man with God is a majority.
WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Speech at Brooklyn*, November 1, 1859

Maker.— Who adores the Maker needs must love his work.
BUONAROTTI, MICHAEL ANGELO (trans. by J. E. Taylor), *If It Be True That Any Beauteous Thing*

Makes.— This movement makes or mars me.[1]
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, *Life*, by Sloane, IV, 121

Malady. Where the greater malady is fixed,
The lesser is scarce felt.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, iii, 4

Malice. It must appear
That malice bears down truth.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

Malthus.— I want to read, but really can't get on —
Let the four twins, Mark, Matthew, Luke, and John,
Go — to their nursery — go — I never can
Enjoy my Malthus among such a clan.
HOOD, *Ode to Mr. Malthus*

Mammon.— Behold yon servitor of God and Mammon,
Who, binding up his Bible with his ledger,
Blends Gospel texts with trading gammon,
A black-leg saint, a spiritual hedger,
Who backs his rigid Sabbath, so to speak,
Against the wicked remnant of the week,
A saving bet against his sinful bias —
"Rogue that I am," he whispers to himself,
"I lie — I cheat — do any thing for pelf,
But who on earth can say I am not pious?"
HOOD, *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire*, st. 18

[1] This is the night
That either makes me or fordoes me quite.— SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, v, 1

Who see pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
This year a reservoir to keep and spare;
The next, a fountain spouting through his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.
POPE, *Moral Essays*, Epistle iii, lines 171–176

Man.— Man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and, if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature.[1]
BACON, *Essay XVI: Of Atheism*

Let each man think himself an act of God,
His mind a thought, his life a breath of God;
And let each try, by great thoughts and good deeds,
To show the most of Heaven he hath in him.[2]
P. J. BAILEY, *Proem*, lines 163–167

Never an age, when God has need of him,
Shall want its Man, predestined by that need,
To pour his life in fiery word or deed,—
The strong Archangel of the Elohim!
G. S. BURLEIGH, *A Prayer for Life*

A man's a man for a' that![3]
BURNS, *Is There for Honest Poverty*

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[1] Yon brawny fool,
Who swaggers, swears, and a' that,
And thinks because his strong right arm
Might fell an ox and a' that,
That he's as noble, man for man,
As Duke or Lord and a' that,
Is but an animal at best,
And *not* a man for a' that.
CHARLES MACKAY, *A Man's a Man for A' That*, st. 3

[2] For a' that and a' that,
'Tis soul and heart and a' that
That makes the king a gentleman,
And not his crown and a' that.
And whether he be rich or poor,
The best is he for a' that
Who stands erect in self-respect,
And acts the man for a' that.
CHARLES MACKAY, *A Man's a Man for A That*, st. 6

[3] "A man's a man," says Robert Burns,
"For a' that, and a' that;"
But though the song be clear and strong,
It lacks a note for a' that.
The lout who'd shirk his daily work,
Yet claim his wage and a' that,
Or beg when he might earn his bread,
Is *not* a man for a' that.
CHARLES MACKAY, *A Man's a Man for A' That*, st. 1

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.[1]
Ibid., st. 1

A man may drink and no be drunk;
A man may fight and no be slain;
A man may kiss a bonny lass,
And aye be welcome back again.
BURNS, *There Was a Lass*, st. 3

Every man is as God hath made him, and sometimes a great deal worse.—CERVANTES, *Don Quixote* (Tudor translation, ed. Henley), II, iv

Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.[2]
GOLDSMITH, *The Hermit*, st. 8

He's true to God who's true to man.
LOWELL, *On the Capture of Fugitive Slaves near Washington*, st. 7

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clear grit an' human natur';
None could n't quicker pitch a ton
Nor dror a furrer straighter.
LOWELL, *The Courtin'*, st. 8

Man is a moral, accountable being.
LOWELL, *Fable for Critics*, line 237

Man is an animal unfledged,
A monkey with his tail abridged;
. . . . .
His body flexible and limber,
And headed with a knob of timber;
A being frantic and unquiet,
And very fond of beef and riot.
. . . . .
His own best friend, and, you must know,
His own worst enemy by being so!
JAMES MONTGOMERY, *Definition of Man*

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[1] It comes to this, dear Robert Burns,
The truth is old and a' that,
"The rank *is* but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."
And though you'd put the self-same mark
On copper, brass, and a' that,
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
And will not pass for a' that.
CHARLES MACKAY, *A Man's a Man for A' That*, st. 5

[2] Man wants but little drink below,
But wants that little strong.— HOLMES, *A Song of Other Days*, st. 2
Man wants but little; nor that little, long.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, IV, line 119

Man—*Continued*

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind[1] is man.[2]
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle ii, lines 1, 2

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found,
Now green in youth, now withering on the ground:
Another race the following spring supplies;
They fall successive, and successive rise.
POPE, *Iliad*, VI, lines 181–184

A man is master of his liberty.
SHAKESPEARE, *Comedy of Errors*, ii, 1

He was a man,[3] take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 2

An old man is twice a child. *Ibid.*, ii, 2

I could have better spared a better man.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, v, 4

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[1] Virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle iv, lines 397, 398

[2] According to the first edition: "The only science of mankind is man."

[3] He's a rare man,
Our parson; half a head above us all.
JEAN INGELOW, *Brothers, and a Sermon*

God's plan
And measure of a stalwart man,
Limbed like the old heroic breeds,
Who stands self-poised on manhood's solid earth,
Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,
Fed from within with all the strength he needs.
LOWELL, *Commemoration Ode*, st. 5

See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination and a form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 4

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.— SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 1

His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, "This was a man!" *Ibid.*, v, 5

He is a proper man's picture.— SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 2

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, v, 1

Let the end try the man.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, ii, 2

I am a very foolish fond old man.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, iv, 7

I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats:
If it be man's work, I 'll [I will] do it. *Ibid.*, v, 3

Lady Macbeth. Are you a man?
Macbeth. Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appal the devil.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iii, 4

Man, proud man,
Dressed in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he 's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, ii, 2

God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 2

What a pretty thing man is when he goes in his doublet and hose and leaves off his wit!
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, v, 1

There is no man suddenly either excellently good or extremely evil. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, *Arcadia*, I

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, I, lines 68, 69

At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.
Ibid., lines 417–422

Manacle. For my sake wear this;
It is a manacle of love.—SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, i, 1 [2]

Mandalay.— By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There 's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks o' me;

For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple-bells
they say:
"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to
Mandalay!"

. . . . . .

On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin' fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost
the Bay! KIPLING, *Mandalay*

Manhood.— There was a manhood in his look,
That murder could not kill!
HOOD, *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, st. 16

Mankind.— The common curse of mankind, folly and ignorance. SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida*, ii, 3

Manners.— Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit, a man; simplicity, a child.
POPE, *Epitaph on Gay*, lines 1, 2

Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.[1]
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, cvi, st. 4

Many.— The mutable, rank-scented many.
SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, iii, 1

Maps.— So geographers, in Afric maps,
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.
SWIFT, *On Poetry, a Rhapsody*, lines 177–180

Marble.— Water is soft, and marble hard; and yet
We see soft water through hard marble eat.[2]
DRYDEN, *Ovid's Art of Love*, I, lines 542, 543

Marbles.— The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has pressed
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb. HOLMES, *The Last Leaf*, st. 4

[1] In the light of fuller day,
Of purer science, holier laws.
KINGSLEY, *On the Death of a Certain Journal*, st. 5

[2] Much rain wears the marble.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part III*, iii, 2
Stones with drops of rain are washed away.
DRYDEN, *Lucretius, IV*, line 298

Mare.— When the grey mare's the better horse.[1]
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, II, ii, line 698

The grey mare
Is ill to live with, when her whinny shrills
From tile to scullery.
TENNYSON, *The Princess*, v, lines 441–443

Mariner.— I fear thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.
S. T. COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*, lines 224–227

Marriage.— Is not marriage an open question, when it is alleged, from the beginning of the world, that such as are in the institution wish to get out, and such as are out wish to get in?[2]
R. W. EMERSON, *Representative Men: Montaigne*

Pleasant the snaffle of courtship, improving the manners and carriage;
But the colt who is wise will abstain from the terrible thorn-bit of marriage.
KIPLING, *Certain Maxims of Hafiz*, st. 11

Such a mad marriage never was before.
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, iii, 2

Every kiss
Has a price for its bliss,
In the modern code of marriage;
And the compact sweet
Is not complete,
Till the high contracting parties meet
Before the altar of Mammon.
E. C. STEDMAN, *The Diamond Wedding*, st. 4

Marriages.— Marriages are made in Heaven.
TENNYSON, *Aylmer's Field*, line 188

Married. She
Was married, charming, chaste, and twenty-three.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto i, st. 59

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[1] The grey mare is, I'm sure, the better horse.
ANONYMOUS, *The Eggs and the Horses*, st. 16

[2] Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared been
To public feasts, where meet a public rout,
Where they that are without would fain go in,
And they that are within would fain go out.
SIR J. DAVIES, *Contention Betwixt a Wife, etc.*

A young man married is a man that's marred.
SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well*, ii, 3

Benedick, the married man.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, i, 1; v, 1, 4

If he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding-bed.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, i, 5

She's not well married that lives married long;
But she's best married that dies married young.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, iv, 5

I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit.
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, iv, 4

Marry.— I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young —'t wad be a sin
To tak' me frae my mammy yet.
BURNS, *I'm O'er Young to Marry Yet*

Choose not alone a proper mate,
But proper time to marry.
COWPER, *Pairing-Time Anticipated: Moral*

We'll drink our can, we'll eat our cake,
There's beer in the barrel, there's bread in the bake,
The world may sleep, the world may wake,
But I shall milk and marry.
S. DOBELL, *The Milkmaid's Song*

They that marry ancient people, merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves, in hope that one will come and cut the halter.
THOMAS FULLER, *The Holy and Profane State: Of Marriage*

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.—HERRICK, *To the Virgins*, st. 4

A person of genius should marry a person of character.
HOLMES, *Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, xii

There sits a bird on every tree,
And courts his love, as I do thee;
Sing heigh-ho, and heigh-ho!
Young maids must marry.
KINGSLEY, *Sing Heigh-Ho*, st. 1

The men that women marry,
And why they marry them, will always be
A marvel and a mystery to the world.
LONGFELLOW, *Michael Angelo*, I, vi

If thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 1

That 's as much as to say, they are fools that marry.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 3

This I set down as a positive truth. A woman with fair opportunities, and without an absolute hump, may marry whom she likes.[1] THACKERAY, *Vanity Fair*, iv

Martyr. Ever the blind world
Knows not its angels of deliverance
Till they stand glorified 'twixt earth and heaven.
It stones the martyr; then, with praying hands,
Sees the God mount his chariot of fire,
And calls sweet names, and worships what it spurned.
GERALD MASSEY, *Hood*, lines 1–6

Maryland.— The despot's heel is on thy shore,
Maryland!
His torch is at thy temple door,
Maryland!
J. R. RANDALL, *My Maryland*, st. 1

Master.— I am meat for your master.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, ii, 4

Such mistris, such Nan,
Such maister, such man.
THOMAS TUSSER, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry: April's Abstract*, st. 22

Masters.— We cannot all be masters.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, i, 1

Matrimony.— I asked of Echo, t' other day
(Whose words are few and often funny),
What to a novice she could say
Of courtship, love, and matrimony.
Quoth Echo, plainly,—"Matter-o'-money!"
J. G. SAXE, *Echo*, st. 1

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[1] I should like to see any kind of a man, distinguishable from a gorilla, that some good and even pretty woman could not shape a husband out of.
HOLMES, *Professor at the Breakfast Table*, vii

There swims no goose so grey, but soon or late,
She finds some honest gander for her mate.
POPE, *The Wife of Bath*, lines 98, 99

Matter.— When Bishop Berkeley said "there was no matter,"
And proved it —'t was no matter what he said.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto xi, st. 1

Though the forms decay,
Eternal matter never wears away.
DRYDEN, *Palamon and Arcite*, lines 2306, 2307

May.— As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
R. BARNFIELD, *An Ode*, lines 1–2

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New Year;
Of all the glad New Year, mother, the maddest, merriest day;
For I 'm to be Queen o' the May, mother,
I 'm to be Queen o' the May.
TENNYSON, *The May Queen*, st. 1

Mayor. Our mayor 's a noddy;
And as for our corporation — shocking.
R. BROWNING, *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, st. 3

Meadows.— Meadows trim, with daisies pied.
MILTON, *L'Allegro*, line 75

Meals.— Man is a carnivorous production,
And must have meals, at least one meal a day;
He cannot live like woodcocks, upon suction,
But, like the shark and tiger, must have prey.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto ii, st. 67

Meaning.— A very mean meaning.
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, v, 2

Meanness.— Like a peach thet 's got the yellers,
With the meanness bustin' out.
LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers*, I, i, st. 14

Meant.— The mind that never meant amiss.
SIR THOMAS WYAT, *A Supplication*, st. 4

Measures.— Measures, not men,[1] have always been my mark.
GOLDSMITH, *The Good-Natured Man*, ii

[1] The cant of "not men, but measures."
BURKE, *Thoughts on the Present Discontents*

Meat.— Some ha'e meat and canna eat,
And some wad eat that want it;
But we ha'e meat and we can eat,
And sae the Lord be thankit.—BURNS, *The Selkirk Grace*

There is cold meat i' the cave; we'll browse on that.
SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, iii, 6

Meditation.— In maiden meditation, fancy free.
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, ii, 1

Meet.— In our course through life we shall meet the people who are coming to meet us from many strange places and by many strange roads; and what it is set to us to do to them, and what it is set to them to do to us, will all be done. DICKENS, *Little Dorrit*, I, ii

First Witch. When shall we three meet again,
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
Second Witch. When the hurlyburly's done;
When the battle's lost and won.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, i, 1

Meeting.— Here's our next joyous meeting — and oh when we meet,
May our wine be as bright, and our union as sweet.
T. MOORE, *Hip, Hip, Hurra!* st. 5

Melancholy.— The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere. BRYANT, *The Death of the Flowers*, st. 1

There is a kindly mood of melancholy
That wings the soul and points her to the skies.[1]
J. DYER, *The Ruins of Rome*

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;
Fair science frowned not on his humble birth,
And melancholy marked him for her own.
GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, st. 31

There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in melancholy.[2]
HOOD, *Ode to Melancholy*

[1] Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.
JOHN FLETCHER, *Melancholy*

[2] I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, ii, 5

Hence, loathed Melancholy![1] MILTON, *L'Allegro*, line 1

I am as melancholy as a gib cat or a lugged bear.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, i, 2

We are high-proof melancholy.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, v, 1

Memories.— Long, long be my heart with such memories filled!
Like the vase, in which roses have once been distilled —
You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.
T. MOORE, *Farewell! — But Whenever You Welcome the Hour*, st. 3

Memory.— For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, to foreign nations, and to the next ages. BACON, *His Last Will*

How cruelly sweet are the echoes that start,
When memory plays an old tune on the heart!
ELIZA COOK, *Old Dobbin*, st. 16

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
T. MOORE, *Oft in the Stilly Night*, st. 1

There's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 2

Begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv, 2

Memory, the warder of the brain.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, i, 7

Hope links her to the future,— but the link
That binds her to the past is memory.
AMELIA B. WELBY, *The Old Maid*

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[1] Moping melancholy. MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, XI, line 485
Sable-coloured melancholy. SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, i, 1

Men.— God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honour,— men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
J. G. Holland, *Wanted*

God be thanked — whate'er comes after, I have lived and toiled with men! Kipling, *The Galley Slave*

Our country claims our fealty; we grant it so, but then
Before Man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.
Lowell, *On the Capture of Fugitive Slaves near Washington*, st. 6

I grew up in the field, and a man like me troubles himself little about a million men.
Napoleon Bonaparte, *Life*, by Sloane, IV, 46

If we must fall, let us fall like men.
William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, *Last Speech in Parliament*, April 7, 1778

The fate of all extremes is such,
Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
Pope, *Moral Essays*, Epistle i, lines 9, 10

I loathe all men; such unromantic creatures!
The coarsest tastes, and, ah! the coarsest features!
Betty! — the salts! — I'm sick with mere vexation,
To hear them called the Lords of the Creation:
They swear fierce oaths, they seldom say their prayers;
And then, they shed no tears,— unfeeling bears.
Praed, *Prologue for The Honeymoon*, st. 2

There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat and grows old.
Shakespeare, *King Henry IV, Part I*, ii, 4

Men of few words are the best men.
Shakespeare, *King Henry V*, iii, 2

Oh, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do!
Shakespeare, *Much Ado about Nothing*, iv, 1

The world knows nothing of its greatest men.
Sir H. Taylor, *Philip van Artevelde*, I, i, 5

For men at most differ as heaven and earth,
But women, worst and best, as heaven and hell.
Tennyson, *Merlin and Vivien*, lines 812, 813

Mended.— And I oft have heard defended
Little said is soonest mended.[1]
G. WITHER, *The Shepherd's Hunting*

Mercy.— Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.[2]
POPE, *The Universal Prayer*, st. 10

There is no more mercy in him than there is milk in a male tiger. SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, v, 4

Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what 's in prayer but this twofold force,
To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned being down?—SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 3

The gates of mercy shall be all shut up.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, iii, 3

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace
As mercy does.[3]
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, ii, 2

Merit.— Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
POPE, *Rape of the Lock*, v, line 34

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[1] You know the proverb, the less as is said, the sooner the chiney's mended.
HOOD, *The China-Mender*

[2] Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan. GRAY, *Hymn to Adversity*, st. 6

How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

[3] The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:
'T is mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

. . . . .

In the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

Merits.— Would you ask for his merits? alas! he had none;
What was good was spontaneous, his faults were his own.
GOLDSMITH, *Retaliation*, st. 4

Merriest.— Men are merriest when they are from home.[1]
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, i, 2

Merry.— I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, iv, 1

'T is merry in hall when beards wag all.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, v, 3;
THOMAS TUSSER, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry: August Abstract*

As merry as the day is long.[2]
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, ii, 1

Though he be merry, yet withal he 's honest.
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, iii, 2

Metaphysic.— He knew what 's what,[3] and that 's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, i, lines 149, 150

Method.— There is a method in man's wickedness,
It grows up by degrees.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *A King and No King*, v, 4

Mice.— The best-laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley [*wrong*].
BURNS, *To a Mouse*, st. 7

Mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, iii, 4

Midnight.— Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore —
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
"'T is some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door —
Only this and nothing more."
POE, *The Raven*, st. 1

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[1] He hangs up his fiddle behind the door.— ANONYMOUS, *Anecdotal Saying*

[2] So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long.— SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, iv, 1

He sees with larger, other eyes,
Athwart all mysteries —
He knows what's Swat.— G. T. LANIGAN, *A Threnody*, st. 3 [On the Death of the Ahkoond of Swat]

We have heard the chimes at midnight.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, iii, 2

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, v, 1

Mildest.— He was the mildest-mannered man
That ever scuttled ship or cut a throat.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto iii, st. 41

Miles.— We must measure twenty miles to-day.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 4

Milk.— The milk of human kindness.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, i, 5

Miller.— There was a jolly miller once,
Lived on the river Dee;
He worked and sung from morn till night,
No lark more blithe than he.
ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, *Love in a Village*, i, 2

Mills.— Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting, with exactness grinds he all.—LONGFELLOW, *Retribution*, from the German of F. von Logau

Mind. A heart
Susceptible of pity, or a mind
Cultured and capable of sober thought.
COWPER, *The Task: The Garden*, lines 322–324

My mind to me a kingdom is.[1]
EDWARD DYER, *My Mind to Me a Kingdom Is*, st. 1

High walls and huge the body may confine,
And iron gates obstruct the prisoner's gaze,
And massive bolts may baffle his design,
And vigilant keepers watch his devious ways;
But scorns the immortal mind such base control:
No chains can bind it and no cell enclose.
Swifter than light it flies from pole to pole,
And in a flash from earth to heaven it goes.
W. L. GARRISON, *Sonnet, Written in Prison*

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[1] My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss
That God and Nature hath assigned.
BYRD, *Psalmes, Sonnets, etc.*, 1588
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.
ROBERT GREENE, *Farewell to Follie*, st. 2

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp:
"Oh, God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"
HOOD, *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, st. 6

The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.[1]
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, I, lines 254, 255

Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,[2]
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 1

The mind shall banquet, though the body pine.
SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, i, 1

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
And with some sweet oblivious antidote
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff
Which weighs upon the heart?
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, v, 3

Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measured by my soul:
The mind's the standard of the man.
WATTS, *Horæ Lyricæ*, ii, False Greatness

Mine.— An ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, v, 4

What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, v

'Tis mine, and I will have it.[3]
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

Minister.— The minister kissed the fiddler's wife,
An' could na preach for thinkin' o't.
BURNS, *My Love She's But a Lassie Yet*, st. 2

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[1] *Cf.* HELL.

[2] He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashioned others. SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, ii, 3

[3] I will be master of what is mine own.
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, iii, 2

Minster.— In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings and the organ rings
Along the emblazoned wall.[1]
C. F. Alexander, *Burial of Moses*, st. 6

The minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout
And noise and humming;
They 've hushed the minster bell:
The organ 'gins to swell:
She 's coming, coming!
Thackeray, *At the Church Gate*, st. 2

Mirth.— The mirth and fun grew fast and furious.
Burns, *Tam O' Shanter*, st. 12

Oh, mirth and innocence! Oh, milk and water!
Ye happy mixtures of more happy days!
Byron, *Beppo*, st. 80

Come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth.
Milton, *L'Allegro*, lines 11–13

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, v, 2

You have displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting
With most admired disorder.
Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, iii, 4

Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish?—Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 1

Misery.— A great silent-moving misery puts a new stamp on us in an hour or a moment,— as sharp an impression as if it had taken half a lifetime to engrave it.
Holmes, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, ii

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones.
Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, v, 1

[1] Beneath some ample hallowed dome
The warrior's bones are laid,
And blazoned on the stately tomb
His martial deeds displayed.
James Montgomery, *Introduction to Verses on R. Reynolds*

Misfortune.— As if Misfortune made the throne her seat,
And none could be unhappy but the great.
N. Rowe, *The Fair Penitent*, Prologue

Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand for her delay;
She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
To sting thee more, and double thy distress.
Young, *Night Thoughts*, I, lines 318–321

Misfortunes.— I am convinced that we have a degree of delight, and that no small one, in the real misfortunes and pains of others.
Burke, *Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful*, xiv

I never knew any man in my life who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian.[1]
Pope, *Thoughts on Various Subjects*

Misquote.— With just enough of learning to misquote.
Byron, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, line 66

Mistakes.— In short, year after year the same
Absurd mistakes went on;
And when I died, the neighbors came
And buried brother John!
H. S. Leigh, *The Twins*, st. 4

Mistletoe.— The mistletoe hung in the castle hall,
The holly branch shone on the old oak wall;
And the baron's retainers were blithe and gay,
And keeping their Christmas holiday.
T. H. Bayly, *The Mistletoe Bough*, st. 1

Mite.— Too small for any marketable shift,
What purpose can there be for coins like these?
Hush, hush, good Sir! — Thus charitable thrift
May give a mite to him who wants a cheese!
Hood, *Epigram on the New Half-Farthings*

Mites.— Two mites, two drops (yet all her house and land),
Fall from a steady heart, though trembling hand:
The other's wanton wealth foams high and brave,
The other cast away, she only gave.
Crashaw, *Divine Epigrams: The Widow's Mites*

Modest.— On their own merits, modest men are dumb.
Geo. Colman, Jr., *The Heir-at-Law*, Epilogue

[1] The tame spectator of another's woe.
Hoole, *Demophoon* (trans. from Metastasio), i, 3 [1]

Modesty.— Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, iv, 2

Monarch.— I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute.
COWPER, *Alexander Selkirk*, st. 1

A merry monarch, scandalous and poor.
EARL OF ROCHESTER, *On the King*

Monarchy.— The trappings of a monarchy would set up an ordinary commonwealth.
SAMUEL JOHNSON, *Life of Milton*

Money.— Money is like muck, not good except it be spread.
BACON, *Essay XV: Of Seditions and Troubles*

For what is worth in any thing
But so much money as 'twill bring?
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, II, i, lines 465, 466

Fine young girls sittin', like shopkeepers behind their goods, waitin' and waitin' and waitin', 'n' no customers, — and the men lingerin' round and lookin' at the goods, like folks that want to be customers, but haven't got the money! — HOLMES, *Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, vii

To bring such visionary scenes to pass,
One thing was requisite, and that was — money!
. . . . .
Money — the root of evil — dross and stuff!
But oh! how happy ought the rich to feel,
Whose means enabled them to give enough
To blanch an African from head to heel!
How blessed — yea, thrice blessed — to subscribe
Enough to scour a tribe!
While he whose fortune was at best a brittle one,
Although he gave but pence, how sweet to know
He helped to bleach a Hottentot's great toe,
Or little one! HOOD, *A Black Job*, st. 8, 9

Get money; still get money, boy;
No matter by what means.[1]
BEN JONSON, *Every Man in His Humour*, ii, 3

[1] London's voice: "Get money, money still!
And then let Virtue follow, if she will."
POPE, *Imitations of Horace*, I, Epistle i, lines 79, 80

Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace;
If not, by any means get wealth and place.
Ibid., lines 103, 104

I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection.— SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 3

There shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score.— SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part II*, iv, 2

If money go before, all ways do lie open.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii, 2

I knawed a Quaäker feller as often 'as towd ma this:
"Doänt thou marry for munny, but goä wheer munny is!" TENNYSON, *Northern Farmer, New Style*, st. 5

The love of money is the root of all evil.
1 *Timothy* vi, 10

Money-making.— I was not made merely for money-making.
GERALD MASSEY, *A Song in the City*

Monk.— The solitary monk who shook the world.
R. MONTGOMERY, *Luther*, Man's Need and God's Supply, st. 4

Monkey. The strain of man's bred out
Into baboon and monkey.
SHAKESPEARE, *Timon of Athens*, i, 1

Monks.— The monks of Melrose made gude kail
On Fridays when they fasted,
Nor wanted they gude beef and ale,
As long 's their neighbours' lasted.[1]
Cited by F. T. PALGRAVE, Introduction to SCOTT, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*

Monument. When old Time shall lead him to his end,
Goodness and he fill up one monument![2]
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, ii, 1

Moon.— I saw the new moon, late yestreen,
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we 'll come to harm.[3]
ANONYMOUS, *Sir Patrick Spens*, st. 13

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[1] Have drunk the monks of St. Bothan's ale,
And driven the beeves of Lauderdale.— SCOTT, *Marmion*, Canto i, st. 19

[2] Go, build his monument: — and let it be
Firm as the land, but open as the sea.
Low in his grave the strong foundations lie,
Yet be the dome expansive as the sky,
On crystal pillars resting from above,
Its sole supporters — works of faith and love.
JAMES MONTGOMERY, *A Good Man's Monument*, st. 7

[3] There are many versions of this ballad.

The wandering moon,[1]
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that has been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
MILTON, *Il Penseroso*, lines 67–72

What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 4

The moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven.
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, i, 1

Romeo. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops,—
Juliet. Oh, swear not by the moon, the inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 2

That orbed maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon. SHELLEY, *The Cloud*

Moonlight.— As moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine. TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, line 52

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[1] The moon is at her full, and, riding high,
Floods the calm fields with light. BRYANT, *The Tides*, st. 1

Now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the Moon,
Rising in cloudy majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IV, lines 604–609

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain,
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark blue depths.*
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky.
How beautiful is night! SOUTHEY, *Thalaba the Destroyer*, I, st. 1

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* Heaven's ebon vault,
Studded with stars unutterably bright,
Through which the moon's unclouded grandeur rolls.
SHELLEY, *Queen Mab*, iv

Moor.— Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moor? —SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 4

Moral.— The moral market had the usual chills
Of virtue suffering from protested bills.
HOLMES, *The Banker's Dinner*, st. 8

The temple of my youth
Was strong in moral purpose; once I felt
The glory of philosophy, and knelt
In the pure shrine of truth.
PRAED, *A Retrospect*, st. 4

Morals. Where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in love of God, and love of Man.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle iv, lines 339, 340

Morn.— The sun had long since, in the lap
Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
And, like a lobster boiled, the morn
From black to red began to turn.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, II, ii, lines 29–32

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn.
GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, st. 6

Look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastward [eastern] hill.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 1

Morning.— The night is past, and shines the sun
As if that morn were a jocund one.
Lightly and brightly breaks away
The morning from her mantle of grey,
And the noon will look on a sultry day.
BYRON, *Siege of Corinth*, st. 22

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 5

Mortal.— Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.
WILLIAM KNOX, *Oh, Why Should the Spirit, etc.*, st. 1

All men think all men mortal but themselves.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, I, line 424

Mortality.— To smell to a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body; no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul.
THOMAS FULLER, *The Holy and the Profane State: The Court Lady*

We cannot hold mortality's strong hand.
SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, iv, 2

From this instant,
There 's nothing serious in mortality: . . .
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees[1]
Is left this vault to brag of.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, ii, 3

Motes.— The gay motes that people the sunbeams.
MILTON, *Il Penseroso*, line 8

Mother.— Thou wilt scarce be a man before thy mother.[2]
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Love's Cure*, ii, 2

The mother, wi' her needle an' her shears,
Gars [*makes*] auld claes look amaist as weel 's the new.
BURNS, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, st. 5

A mother is a mother still,
The holiest thing alive.
S. T. COLERIDGE, *The Three Graves*, III, st. 10

Where yet was ever found a mother
Who 'd give her booby for another?
GAY, *The Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy*, lines 33, 34

Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught: leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge
To prick and sting her. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 5

Mother [in Law].— When Susan came to live with me,
Her mother came to live with her!
HOOD, *The Bachelor's Dream*, st. 3

Mothers.— Dishonour not your mothers.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, iii, 1

Moths.— Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,
And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto i, st. 9

Mount.— Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, v, 5

Mountain.— The labouring mountain must bring forth a mouse.
DRYDEN, *Art of Poetry*, line 701

[1] The wine of life is on the lees.— SCOTT, *Marmion*, Introduction to Canto i

[2] Strive still to be a man before your mother.
COWPER, *Motto of No. III, Connoisseur*

Mounting.— And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iii, st. 25

Mourn.— They truly mourn, that mourn without a witness.
R. BARON, *Mirza*

Man was made to mourn.
BURNS, *Man Was Made to Mourn*, st. 3

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new [more] mischief on.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, i, 3

Mourning.— Let us bury the Great Duke
To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation;
Mourning when their leaders fall,
Warriors carry the warrior's pall,
And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall.
TENNYSON, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, st. 1

Mouse.— The mouse that always trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.[1]
POPE, *The Wife of Bath, Her Prologue*, lines 298, 299

I never killed a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. SHAKESPEARE, *Pericles*, iv, 1

Mouth.— Peace! I will stop your mouth [*kissing her*].
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, v, 4

God sendeth and giveth both mouth and the meat.
THOMAS TUSSER, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*

Muddle.—'T is a' a muddle. DICKENS, *Hard Times*, II, xi

Multitude.— A swinish multitude.
BURKE, *Reflections on the Revolution in France*

The multitude is always in the wrong.
EARL OF ROSCOMMON, *Essay on Translated Verse*, line 184

The many-headed multitude.
SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, ii, 3

Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro as this multitude?—SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part II*, iv, 8

[1] I holde a mouses herte nat worth a leek,
That hath but oon hole for to sterte to.—CHAUCER, *Canterbury Tales: The Wife of Bath's Prologue*, lines 572, 573

Murder. Methought, last night, I wrought
A murder, in a dream.
HOOD, *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, st. 13

Ninepunce a day fer killin' folks comes kind o' low fer murder. LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers*, I, ii, line 10

One murder made a villain,
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.[1]
PORTEOUS, *Death*, lines 154–156

Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 5

Oh, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,
A brother's murder! *Ibid.*, iii, 3

Murder cannot be hid long.[2]
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, ii, 2

Murders. Murders disguised by philosophic name.[3]
SCOTT, *Harold the Dauntless*, Introduction, st. 3

Muse.— Oh for a Muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, Prologue

Music.— When Music, heavenly maid, was young.
WILLIAM COLLINS, *The Passions*, st. 1

Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
CONGREVE, *Mourning Bride*, i, 1

The music of the spheres.[4]
DRYDEN, *Elegy on Mrs. Killigrew*, line 49; POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle i, line 202

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[1] One to destroy is murder, by the law,
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,—
War's glorious art,— and gives immortal fame.
YOUNG, *Love of Fame*, Satire vii, lines 55–58

[2] Mordre wol out, that see we day by day.
CHAUCER, *The Nonnes Preestes Tale*, line 232

Murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, ii, 2

[3] Vivisection *et id genus omne*.

[4] There's music in the sighing of a reed;
There's music in the gushing of a rill;
There's music in all things, if men had ears:
Their earth is but an echo of the spheres.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto xv, st. 5

Music is Love in search of a word.
LANIER, *The Symphony*, line 368

Music, moody food
Of us that trade in love.
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii, 5

Let music sound while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in music.[1]
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 2

I am never merry when I hear sweet music.[2] *Ibid.*, v

The general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, iii, 1

If music be the food of love, play on:
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound [south[3]]
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour.
SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, i, 1

Till at the last she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words.
TENNYSON, *The Princess*, vii, lines 269, 270

Must.— What must be shall be.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, iv, 1

Nails.—"When you see Ned Cuttle bite his nails, . . . then you may know that Ned Cuttle's aground."
DICKENS, *Dombey and Son*, xv

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[1] So, on Mæander's banks, when death is nigh,
The mournful swan sings her own elegy.
DRYDEN, *Dido to Æneas*, lines 1, 2

'Tis strange that death should sing.
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest.—SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, v, 7

I will play the swan,
And die in music. SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, v, 2

The wild swan's death-hymn. TENNYSON, *The Dying Swan*, st. 3

[2] The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted. SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, v

[3] A change suggested by Pope.

Naked.— The naked every day he clad —
When he put on his clothes.
GOLDSMITH, *Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog*, st. 3

Name.— A little breath, love, wine, ambition, fame,
Fighting, devotion, dust — perhaps a name.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto ii, st. 4

Oh! Amos Cottle! — Phœbus! what a name
To fill the speaking-trump of future fame.
BYRON, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, lines 398, 399[1]

Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten frame,
The power of grace, the magic of a name.
CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope*, ii, lines 5, 6

And lastly, when summoned to drink to my flame,
Let her guess why I never once mention her name,
Though herself and the woman I love are the same.[2]
COWPER, *Symptoms of Love*, st. 6

He left the name at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.—SAMUEL JOHNSON, *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, lines 221, 222

Here lies one whose name was writ in water.[3]
KEATS, *Epitaph, by Himself*

Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid.
. . . . . .
And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.
T. MOORE, *Oh! Breathe Not His Name*, st. 1, 2

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[1] Some versions vary in the number of lines.

[2] And oft in crowds I might rejoice
To hear thy uttered name,
Though haply from an unknown voice
The welcome echo came:
How coldly would I shape reply,
With lingering lip, and listless eye,
That none might doubt or blame,
Or guess that idle theme could be
A mine of afterthought to me! PRAED, *A Farewell*, st. 5

They shall never know from me,
On any one condition,
Whose health made bright my Burgundy,
Whose beauty was my vision! PRAED, *To* ———, I, st. 5

Whatsoe'er the hour or place,
No bribe or prayer shall win me
To say whose voice, or form, or face,
That spell awoke within me! *Ibid.*, III, st. 9

[3] Below lies one whose name was traced in sand.
DAVID GRAY, *My Epitaph*

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands:
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.— SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, iii, 3

What 's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 2

Sweetheart, I love you so well that your good name is mine.[1] TENNYSON, *The Grandmother*, st. 13

Another name was on the door.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, lxxxvii, st. 5

Names.— Call all things by their names. Hell, call thou hell; Archangel, call archangel; and God, God.
P. J. BAILEY, *Festus*, Scene — Home

At thirty we are all trying to cut our names in big letters upon the walls of this tenement of life; twenty years later we have carved it, or shut up our jack-knives.
HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, iv

Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words, . . .
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, iv, 3

And if his name be George, I 'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names.
SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, i

Now sign your names, which shall be read,
Mute symbols of a joyful morn,
By village eyes as yet unborn.
The names are signed, and overhead

Begins the clash and clang that tells
The joy to every wandering breeze;
The blind wall rocks, and on the trees
The dead leaf trembles to the bells.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, Conclusion, st. 15, 16

[1] My name, once mine, now thine, is closelier mine,
For fame, could fame be mine, that fame were thine,
And shame, could shame be thine, that shame were mine,
So trust me not at all or all in all.
TENNYSON, *Merlin and Vivien*, lines 444–447

Narrow.— To live in narrow ways with little men.
BYRON, *Prophecy of Dante*, Canto i, line 161

Narrower.— Some minds improve by travel, others, rather,
Resemble copper wire, or brass,
Which gets the narrower by going farther!
HOOD, *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire*, st. 23

Nation.— The Power that has made and preserved us a nation!
F. S. KEY, *The Star-Spangled Banner*, st. 4

A nation spoke to a nation,
A Queen sent word to a throne:
Daughter am I in my mother's house,
But mistress in my own.
The gates are mine to open
As the gates are mine to close,
And I abide in my mother's house,
Said our Lady of the Snows.
KIPLING, *Our Lady of the Snows*, st. 6

It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work, which they have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us that from these honoured dead, we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.[1]
LINCOLN, *Address at Gettysburg*, Nov. 19, 1863

God had sifted three kingdoms to find the wheat for this planting,
Then had sifted the wheat, as the living seed of a nation.
LONGFELLOW, *Courtship of Miles Standish*, iv, lines 105, 106

The fate of a nation was riding that night.
LONGFELLOW, *Paul Revere's Ride*, st. 8

[1] Let us, the Living, rather dedicate
Ourselves to the unfinished work, which they
Thus far advanced so nobly on its way,
And save the imperilled State!
Let us, upon this field where they, the brave,
Their last full measure of devotion gave,
Highly resolve they have not died in vain!—
That, under God, the Nation's later birth
Of Freedom, and the people's gain
Of their own sovereignty, shall never wane
And perish from the circle of the earth!
BAYARD TAYLOR, *Gettysburg Ode*, st. 1

Earth's biggest country 's gut her soul
An' risen up earth's greatest nation.
LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, II, vii, st. 21

A nation saved, a race delivered! *Ibid.*, x, st. 21

The pith and marrow of a nation
Drawing force from all her men,
Highest, humblest, weakest, all,
For her time of need, and then
Pulsing it again through them.
LOWELL, *Commemoration Ode*, st. 11

Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam. MILTON, *Areopagitica*

Nativity. *Glendower.* At my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets; and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.
Hotspur. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself had never been born.

. . . . .

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, iii, 1

Nature.— I love not man the less, but Nature more.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iv, st. 178

Nature, a jealous mistress, laid him low,
He wooed and won her; and, by love made bold,
She showed him more than mortal man should know,
Then slew him lest her secret should be told.
SYDNEY DOBELL, *Epigram on the Death of Edward Forbes*

Art may err, but Nature cannot miss.[1]
DRYDEN, *The Cock and the Fox*, line 452

He who Nature scorns and mocks,
By Nature is mocked and scorned.
JOHN HAY, *The Monks of Basle*, iv, st. 2

Nature and time were twins.—JAMES MONTGOMERY, *The Pelican Island*, Canto iv, st. 1

[1] Nature is always wise in every part.
E. HOVEL, LORD THURLOW, *To a Bird*

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through Nature up to Nature's God.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle iv, lines 331, 332

Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.
SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, ii, 1

As is the osprey to the fish, who takes it
By sovereignty of nature. *Ibid.*, iv, 7

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, iii, 3

O'erstep not the modesty of nature.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 2

To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature.[1] *Ibid.*

He 's walked the way of nature;
And to our purposes he lives no more.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, v, 2

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 3

I have no debt but the debt of Nature; and I want but patience of her, and I will pay her every farthing I owe her. STERNE, *Tristram Shandy*, VII, vii

Nautilus.— Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle iii, lines 177, 178

Navy.— A load would sink a navy.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, iii, 2

Nearer.— Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.[2]—SARAH F. ADAMS, *Nearer, My God, to Thee*, st. 1

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[1] Lo, where the stage, the poor, degraded stage,
Holds its warped mirror to a gaping age. C. SPRAGUE, *Curiosity*

[2] Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea;

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown! PHŒBE CARY, *Nearer Home*, st. 2, 3

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.
JAMES MONTGOMERY, *At Home in Heaven*, i, st. 2

Necessary.— A necessary act incurs no blame.
COWPER, *The Task: Winter Walk at Noon*, line 573

Necessities. Are these things then necessities?
Then let us meet them like necessities.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, iii, 1

Necessity.— Necessity invented stools,
Convenience next suggested elbow chairs.
COWPER, *The Task: The Sofa*, lines 87, 88

If necessity be the mother of invention.[1]
GEORGE FARQUHAR, *The Twin Rivals*, i, 1

Necessity,
The tyrant's plea.[2]
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IV, lines 393, 394

To make a virtue of necessity.[3]
SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iv, 1;
DRYDEN, *Palamon and Arcite*, line 2361

Necessity, thou mother of the world.
SHELLEY, *Queen Mab*, vi, st. 10

Needle.— Spontaneously to God should tend the soul,
Like the magnetic needle to the Pole;
But what were that intrinsic virtue worth,
Suppose some fellow, with more zeal than knowledge,
Fresh from Saint Andrew's College,
Should nail the conscious needle to the north?[4]
HOOD, *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire*, st. 12

Needs.— The more goods a man has, the more he thinks he needs. CHARLES WAGNER, *The Simple Life*, i

[1] Necessity,— thou best of peacemakers as well as surest prompter of invention. SCOTT, *Peveril of the Peak*, xxvi

[2] Necessity is the argument of tyrants, it is the creed of slaves.
WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM, *Speech on the Indian Bill*, November, 1773

[3] To maken vertu of necessitee. CHAUCER, *The Knight's Tale*, line 2184

Orpheus, who found no remedy,
Made virtue of necessity.
WILLIAM KING, *Orpheus and Eurydice*, lines 193, 194

He did make of necessity virtue. RABELAIS, I, xi

There is no virtue like necessity.— SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, i, 3

[4] If I put a weathercock on my house, Sir, I want it to tell which way the wind blows up aloft. . . . I don't want a weathercock with a winch in an old gentleman's study that he can take hold of and turn, so that the vane shall point west when the great wind overhead is blowing east with all its might. HOLMES, *Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, ii

Neglect.— A wise and salutary neglect.
BURKE, *Speech on Conciliation with America*, March 22, 1775

Nell.— And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of "Little Nell."
BRET HARTE, *Dickens in Camp*, st. 4

Nepenthe.— Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore! POE, *The Raven*, st. 14

Nerve.— It is better to lose a pint of blood from your veins than to have a nerve tapped.
HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, i

Nest.— There are no birds in last year's nest.
LONGFELLOW, *It Is Not Always May*, st. 3

Nets.— Though 'tis pleasant weaving nets,
'Tis wiser to make cages.[1]
T. MOORE, *Nets and Cages*, st. 5

Nettle.— Tender-handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.

'Tis the same with common natures:
Use 'em kindly, they rebel;
But be rough as nutmeg-graters,
And the rogues obey you well. AARON HILL,
Verses Written on a Window in Scotland

Out of this nettle, danger,[2] we pluck this flower, safety.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, ii, 3

Never. From its station in the hall
An ancient timepiece says to all,—
"For ever — never!
Never — for ever!"[3]
LONGFELLOW, *The Old Clock on the Stairs*, st. 1

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[1] The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.
SWIFT, *Thoughts on Various Subjects*

In vain in the sight of the bird is the net of the fowler displayed.
KIPLING, *Certain Maxims of Hafiz*, st. 18

[2] Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.
LOWELL, *Commemoration Ode*, st. 8

[3] "Tick-tock, tick-tock!"— for so the clock
Tells of a life to be;
"Tick-tock, tick-tock!"—'tis so the clock
Tells of eternity. EUGENE FIELD, *New Year's Eve*, st. 2

New.— New times demand new measures and new men.[1]
LOWELL, *A Glance Behind the Curtain*, line 193

New England.— A sup of New England's air is better than a whole draught of Old England's ale.
FRANCIS HIGGINSON, *New England's Plantation, Of the Air of New England*

News.— Evil news rides post, while good news baits.
MILTON, *Samson Agonistes*, line 1538

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news.
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii, 5

The first bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, i, 1

No news so bad abroad as this at home.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III*, i, 1

Newton.— Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, Let Newton be! and all was light.
POPE, *Epitaph Intended for Sir Isaac Newton*

Nice.— Some people are more nice than wise.
COWPER, *Mutual Forbearance*, line 20

A nice man is a man of nasty ideas.
SWIFT, *Thoughts on Various Subjects*

Nick.— Nick Machiavel had ne'er a trick,
Though he gave 's [gave his] name to our Old Nick.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, III, i, lines 1313, 1314

Nigger.— Whar you finds de nigger — dar's de banjo an' de 'possum!
IRWIN RUSSELL, *De Fust Banjo*, st. 11

Night.— The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.
F. W. BOURDILLON, *The Night Has a Thousand Eyes*

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[1] New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.
LOWELL, *The Present Crisis*, st. 18

Roused from their slumbers,
In grim array the grisly spectres rise,
Grin horrible, and, obstinately sullen,
Pass and repass, hushed as the foot of night.
Again the screech-owl shrieks. I'll hear no more,
It makes my blood run chill. BLAIR, *The Grave*

All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime.
HOOD, *The Dream of Eugene Aram*, st. 26

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of Night,[1]
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.
LONGFELLOW, *The Day Is Done*, st. 1

Silence, ye wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous — Answer him, ye owls!
POPE, *The Dunciad*, III, lines 165, 166

Come, night; end, day!
SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well*, iii, 2

One that converses more with the buttock of the night than with the forehead of the morning.
SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, ii, 1

In the dead vast and middle of the night.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 2

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world.[2] *Ibid.*, iii, 2

'Tis a naughty night to swim in.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, iii, 4

Good things of day begin to droop and drowse,
Whiles night's black agents to their preys do rouse.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iii, 2

Macbeth. What is the night?
Lady Macbeth. Almost at odds with morning, which is which. *Ibid.*, iii, 4

The night is long that never finds the day. *Ibid.*, iv, 3

Nightcap.— A nightcap decked his brows instead of bay,
A cap by night — a stocking all the day!
GOLDSMITH, *Description of an Author's Bed-chamber*, lines 19, 20

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[1] Smoothing the raven down
Of darkness. MILTON, *Comus*, lines 251, 252

[2] Now it is the time of night
That the graves all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide.
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, v, 1 [2]

Nightingale.— Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:[1]
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, iii, 5

Nightly.— When by my bed I saw my mother kneel,
And with her blessing took her nightly kiss.[2]
W. ALLSTON, *Boyhood*

Niobe.— The Niobe of nations.[3]
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iv, 79

No.— I can march up to a fortress and summon the place to surrender,
But march up to a woman with such a proposal, I dare not.
I'm not afraid of bullets, nor shot from the mouth of a cannon,
But of a thundering "No!" point-blank from the mouth of a woman,
That I confess I'm afraid of, nor am I ashamed to confess it! LONGFELLOW, *Courtship of Miles Standish*, ii, lines 84–88

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't 'ould be presumin';
Mebby to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.
LOWELL, *The Courtin'*, st. 18

At his birth an evil spirit
Charms and spells around him flung,
And, with well-concocted malice,
Laid a curse upon his tongue;
. . . .
He could plead, expound, and argue;
Fire with wit, with wisdom glow;
But one word for ever failed him,
Source of all his pain and woe,
Luckless wight! he could not say it —
Could not — dared not answer No!
CHARLES MACKAY, *My Neighbour*, st. 6, 7

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[1] She says, "The cock crows,— hark!"
He says, "No! still 'tis dark."
She says, "The dawn grows bright,"
He says, "O no, my Light!"
. . . . .
She says, "Then quick depart:
Alas! you now must start;
But give the cock a blow
Who did begin our woe!"—ANONYMOUS, *The Parting Lovers*, from the Chinese (trans. by W. R. Alger)

[2] Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid.
COWPER, *On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture*, lines 58, 59

[3] The Niobe of isles. J. B. O'REILLY, *My Native Land*

Nobility.— Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility.— LORD JOHN MANNERS, *England's Trust*, III, lines 227, 228

Noble.— Noble thought produces
Noble ends and uses,
Noble hopes are part of Hope wherever she may be,
Noble thought enhances
Life and all its chances,
And noble self is noble song,— all this I learn from thee!
ROBERT BUCHANAN, *To David in Heaven*, st. 17

Noisy.— Vociferated logic kills me quite,
A noisy man is always in the right.
I twirl my thumbs, fall back into my chair,
Fix on the wainscot a distressful stare,
And, when I hope his blunders are all out,
Reply discreetly — "To be sure — no doubt!"
COWPER, *Conversation*, lines 113–118

Noon.— With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers.
TENNYSON, *Godiva*, lines 74, 75

North.— The pale, unripened beauties of the North.
ADDISON, *Cato*, i, 4

From the caves of the North
Mid the Night's dominions,
I come tempesting forth
On mine ice-ribbed pinions,
And the snows are my robe, and the frost is my crown, and the clouds are my minions.

. . . . .

But none ever dare to lay bare the cold lair of my dark generation.[1]
H. BERNARD CARPENTER, *Liber Amoris*, Wind-Song, st. 1, 4

Ask where's the North? — at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle ii, lines 222–226

[1] "I barred my gates with iron, I shuttered my doors with flame,
Because to force my ramparts your nutshell navies came;
I took the sun from their presence, I cut them down with my blast,
And they died, but the flag of England blew free ere the spirit passed."
KIPLING, *The English Flag*, st. 4

Nor'wester.— A strong nor'wester's blowing, Bill;
Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now!—WILLIAM PITT (of Malta), *The Sailor's Consolation*, st. 1

Nose.— Knows he that never took a pinch,
Nosey, the pleasure thence which flows?
Knows he the titillating joys
Which my nose knows?
O nose, I am as proud of thee
As any mountain of its snows;
I gaze on thee, and feel that pride
A Roman knows!—A. A. FORRESTER, *To My Nose*

O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii, 1

Noses.—'T is said that people ought to guard their noses
Who thrust them into matters none of theirs.
HOOD, *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire*, st. 6

Note.— "In the Proverbs of Solomon you will find the following words, 'May we never want a friend in need, nor a bottle to give him!' When found, make a note of."
DICKENS, *Dombey and Son*, xv

Nothing.—'T was doing nothing was his curse,
Is there a vice can plague us worse?
HANNAH MORE, *Florio*, I

Nothing will come of nothing. . . .
Nothing can be made out of nothing.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, i, 1, 4

Novel.— Some play the devil, and then write a novel.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto ii, st. 201

November.— No sun — no moon!
No morn — no noon —
No dawn — no dust — no proper time of day —
. . . . . .
No warmth — no cheerfulness — no healthful ease —
No comfortable feel in any member —
No shade — no shine — no butterflies — no bees —
No fruits — no flowers — no leaves — no birds —
November! HOOD, *No!*

Numbers.— They say there is divinity in odd numbers.[1]
SHAKESPEARE, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, v, 1

Nunnery.— Get thee to a nunnery.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 1

Nursed.— Once when I had a fever — I won't forget it soon —
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon;
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight —
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night. W. CARLETON, *Betsey and I Are Out*, st. 17

Nut.— Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,
Such a nut is Rosalind.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, iii, 2

Oak. Here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who stands in his pride alone;
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone!
H. F. CHORLEY, *The Brave Old Oak*

The hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.—A. CUNNINGHAM, *A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea*, st. 3

Come cheer up, my lads! 'tis to glory we steer,
The prize more than all to an Englishman dear;
To honour we call you as freemen, not slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?
Hearts of oak are our ships,
Hearts of oak are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady!
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.[2]
GARRICK, *Hearts of Oak*, st. 1

Oar.— The light drip of the suspended oar.
BYRON, *Childe Harold*, Canto iii, st. 86

Oars.— Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.[3]
T. MOORE, *Canadian Boat Song*, st. 1

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[1] "Now Rory, leave off, sir; you'll hug me no more,
That's eight times to-day you have kissed me before."
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.
S. LOVER, *Rory O'More; or Good Omens*, st. 3

[2] There are many versions of this song.

[3] And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.
ANDREW MARVELL, *Song of the Emigrants in Bermuda*

The measured pulse of racing oars.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, lxxxvii, st. 3

Oath.— A good mouth-filling oath.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, iii, 1

It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow . . .
And have no other reason for this wrong
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part II*, v, 1

A terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him.
SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, iii, 4

The accusing spirit, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath,[1] blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out for ever.
STERNE, *Tristram Shandy*, VI, viii

Oaths.—As false as dicers' oaths. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 4

Obey.— No man doth safely rule, but he that hath learned gladly to obey.
THOMAS À KEMPIS, *Imitation of Christ*, I, xx, 2

Now these are the laws of the jungle, and many and mighty are they;
But the head and the hoof of the law and the haunch and the hump is — Obey!
KIPLING, *The Law of the Jungle*, st. 18

Observation.— The bearings of this observation lays in the application on it. DICKENS, *Dombey and Son*, xxiii

Obstinacy.— Obstinacy 's ne'er so stiff,
As when 'tis in a wrong belief.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, III, ii, lines 483, 484

Occasion.— How to occasion's height he rose.
TOM TAYLOR, *Abraham Lincoln*, st. 6

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[1] The context is given here to illustrate the nature of the offence and the kindly spirit of the offender.
"In a fortnight . . . he might march," added my uncle Toby——"He will never march . . . in this world," said the Corporal; . . . "the poor soul will die."——"He shall not die, by God!" cried my uncle Toby.

Sad as angels for the good man's sin,
Weep to record, and blush to give it in!
CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope*, ii, st. 26

Occasions.— There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, v, 1

Ocean.[1]— Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste.
BRYANT, *Thanatopsis*, line 43

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue[2] ocean — roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iv st. 179

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers . . .
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane[3]— as I do here.
BYRON, *Ibid.*, st. 184

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave —
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave.
CAMPBELL, *Ye Mariners of England*, st. 2

Strongly it bears us along in swelling and limitless billows,
Nothing before and nothing behind but the sky and the ocean.—S. T. COLERIDGE, *The Homeric Hexameter* (trans. from SCHILLER)

We own the ocean, tu, John:
You mus' n' take it hard,
Ef we can't think with you, John,
It 's jest your own back yard.
LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, II, ii, *Jonathan to John*, st. 6

A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep!
EPES SARGENT, *A Life on the Ocean Wave*, st. 1

October.— Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years; and now his honest front
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
Even with the vineyard's best produce to vie,
To cheat the thirsty moments.
THOMSON, *The Seasons: Autumn*, lines 519–524

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[1] Cf. SEA.

[2] Darkly, deeply, beautifully blue.—SOUTHEY, *Madoc in Wales*, quoted by BYRON in *Don Juan*, Canto iv, st. 110

[3] He laid his hand upon "the ocean's mane,"
And played familiar with his hoary locks.
POLLOK, *The Course of Time*, iv, line 389

Offence.— In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law: but 't is not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourselves compelled,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 3

In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 3

Offences.— All offences, my lord, come from the heart.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, iv, 8

Offender.— She hugged the offender, and forgave the offence,[1]
Sex to the last.
DRYDEN, *Cymon and Iphigenia*, lines 367, 368

Office.— If a due participation of office is a matter of right, how are vacancies to be obtained? Those by death are few; by resignation, none. THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Letter to Elias Shipman*, July 12, 1801

A dog's obeyed in office.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, iv, 6

Officer. Cassio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, ii, 3

Official.— As it was in the beginning
Is to-day official sinning,
And shall be for evermore.
KIPLING, *Departmental Ditties, General Summary*, st. 5

Officials.— Public officials are the trustees of the people, and hold their places and exercise their powers for the benefit of the people.[2]— GROVER CLEVELAND, *Speech before the City Convention, Buffalo*, Oct. 25, 1881

Oily.— A little, round, fat, oily man of God.
THOMSON, *Castle of Indolence*, i, 6

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[1] And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence.
POPE, *Eloïsa to Abélard*, line 192

[2] Public officers are the servants and agents of the people to execute laws which the people have made, and within the limits of a constitution which they have established.— GROVER CLEVELAND, *Letter Accepting Nomination for Governor*, Oct. 7, 1882

Old.— The old tree is leafless in the forest,
The old year is ending in the frost,
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest,
The old hope is hardest to be lost.
E. B. Browning, *The Cry of the Children*, st. 2

I love everything that's old: old times, old manners, old books, old wine.
Goldsmith, *She Stoops to Conquer*, i, 1

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among:
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young!
Kingsley, *Songs from The Water Babies*, II, st. 2

If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned.
Shakespeare, *King Henry IV, Part I*, ii, 4

Once.— Better once than never.
Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, v, 1

One.— It 's very hard! — and so it is,
To live in such a row,—
And witness this that every Miss
But me, has got a beau.—
For Love goes calling up and down,
But here he seems to shun;
I 'm sure he has been asked enough
To call at Number One. Hood, *Number One*, st. 1

The ring is on,
The "Wilt thou" answered, and again
The "Wilt thou" asked, till out of twain
Her sweet "I will" has made ye one.
Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, Conclusion, st. 14

Opinion.— He that complies against his will
Is of his own opinion still.
Butler, *Hudibras*, III, iii, lines 547, 548

Opinions. I have bought
Golden opinions from all sorts of people.
Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, i, 7

Oppressed.— Holdin' up a beacon peerless
To the oppressed of all the world!
Lowell, *The Biglow Papers*, I, i, st. 16

Oracle.— There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who would say "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 1

Orator.— I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 2

Order.— Order is Heaven's first law.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle iv, line 49

Organ. Let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below.
MILTON, *Il Penseroso*, lines 161, 162

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.
A. A. PROCTER, *A Lost Chord*, st. 1

Organs.— And heard once more in college fanes
The storm their high-built organs make,
And thunder-music, rolling, shake
The prophets blazoned on the panes.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, lxxxvii, st. 2

Original.— The honourable gentleman has said much that is original, and much that is good, but the good is not original, and I am sorry to add, the original is not good. But one other comment is necessary,— the gentleman has drawn upon his memory for his eloquence, and upon his imagination for his facts.[1]
R. B. SHERIDAN, *Speech in Reply to Mr. Dundas*

Orion.— Great Orion sloping slowly to the west.
TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, line 8

Orthodoxy.— Orthodoxy, my lord, is my *doxy*, and heterodoxy is another man's *doxy*.
THOMAS WARBURTON, cited in Priestley's *Memoirs*

[1]Another reading is: Is indebted to his memory for his jests, and to his imagination for his facts.

Out.— Launcelot and I are out.[1]

SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 5

Outcast.— But suffer me to pace
Round the forbidden place,
Lingering a minute,
Like outcast spirits who wait,
And see through heaven's gate
Angels within it.

THACKERAY, *At the Church Gate*, st. 5

Outswear.— But we 'll outface them, and outswear them too.

SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 2

Overrunning. We may outrun
By violent swiftness that which we run at,
And lose by overrunning.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, i, 1

Owe.— *Prince.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?
Falstaff. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million: thou owest me thy love.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, iii, 3

Owes.— And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

LONGFELLOW, *The Village Blacksmith*, st. 2

Owl.— Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.[2]

TENNYSON, *The Owl*, st. 1

Own.— Stand for your own.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, i, 2

Ox.— Like an ox jumped half over a fence and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other.

LINCOLN,
Telegram to Gen. Joseph Hooker, June 5, 1863

Oyster.— It is unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an R in their name to eat an oyster.

BUTLER, *Dyet's Dinner*

"There take" (says Justice) "take ye each a shell,
We thrive at Westminster on fools like you:"
'Twas a fat oyster — Live in peace — Adieu!

POPE, *Verbatim from Boileau*, lines 10–12

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[1] Draw up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;
For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out.

W. CARLETON, *Betsey and I are Out*, st. 1

[2] From yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, st. 3

Why, then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii, 2

An oyster may be crossed in love.
R. B. SHERIDAN, *The Critic*, iii, 1

Pagan. Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.
WORDSWORTH, *The World Is Too Much With Us*, lines 9–14

Page.— You shall see a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin. R. B. SHERIDAN, *School for Scandal*, i, 1

Paid.— He is well paid that is well satisfied.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

Pain.— See the wretch who long has tossed
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost,
And breathe and walk again;
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise. GRAY, *Ode on the Pleasure of Arising from Vicissitude*, st. 7

To kiss thine eyelids, when they droop with heaviness and pain,
To pour sad tears upon thy hand, the heart's most precious rain,
To mark the changing colour as it flits across thy cheek,
To feel thy very wishes ere the feverish lip can speak,
To listen for the weakest word, watch for the lightest token,
Oh, bliss, that such a dream should be! oh, pain, that it is broken! PRAED, *To* ———, st. 5

The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain.
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after-days.
A. A. PROCTER, *Judge Not*, st. 4

Painter.— A flattering painter, who made it his care
To draw men as they ought to be, not as they are.[1]
GOLDSMITH, *Retaliation*, st. 6

Pair. Hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IV, lines 321, 322

Pale.— Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Pr'ythee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail? SIR JOHN SUCKLING,
Song: Why So Pale and Wan, st. 1

Pallas.— 'Tis Pallas, Pallas gives this deadly blow.
DRYDEN, *Virgil's Æneid*, XII, line 1373

Pall Mall.—"Why Pall Mall Gazette?" asked Wagg. "Because the editor was born in Dublin, the sub-editor at Cork, because the proprietor lives in Paternoster Row, and the paper is published in Catherine Street, Strand."
THACKERAY, *Pendennis*, xxxiv

Palm. You yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers. SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 3

Pan.— I 'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heartbreak him,
And then his auld brass will buy me a new pan.
BURNS, *What Can a Young Lassie Do?* st. 4

Pansies.— There is pansies, that 's for thoughts.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iv, 5

Pantaloon. The lean and slippered Pantaloon,
With spectacle on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, ii, 7

Pants.— The things named "pants" in certain documents,
A word not made for gentlemen, but "gents."
HOLMES, *A Rhymed Lesson*, st. 47

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[1] Here lies the man
Who drew them as they are.
EBENEZER ELLIOTT, *A Poet's Epitaph* (Burns)

Paradise.— Must I thus leave thee, Paradise?
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, XI, line 269

A fool's paradise.[1]
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 4

Parallel.— None but himself can be his parallel.
THEOBALD, *The Double Falsehood*

Parchment.— Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment? that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man?
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part II*, iv, 2

Pardoned.— May one be pardoned and retain the offence?
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 3

Parlour.— Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place;
The whitewashed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day.
GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*, st. 15

Parrot.— That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, ii, 4

Parson.— For me, I neither know nor care
Whether a parson ought to wear
A black dress or a white dress; [2]
Filled with a trouble of my own,—
A wife who preaches in her gown,
And lectures in her night-dress!
HOOD, *The Surplice Question*, st. 2

A parson, much bemus'd in beer.
POPE, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, line 15

Part.— Some weep because they part,
And languish broken-hearted,
And others — O my heart! —
Because they never parted.
T. B. ALDRICH, *Quatrain* 19: *The Difference*

[1] In this fool's paradise he drank delight.
G. CRABBE, *The Borough*, Letter xii, line 166

The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, III, line 496

[2] Referring to the dispute in the Church of England concerning the use in the pulpit of the white surplice or the black gown.

Come, let us kiss and part,—
Nay I have done, you get no more of me;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart
That thus so cleanly I myself can free.
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen, on either of our brows,
That we one jot of former love retain.[1]
M. Drayton, *Sonnet: Come, Let Us Kiss and Part*

Parted.— We parted in silence, we parted by night,
On the banks of that lonely river;
Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite,
We met — and we parted for ever![2]
Julia Crawford, *We Parted In Silence*, st. 1

We parted — months and years rolled by;
We met again four summers after;
Our parting was all sob and sigh —
Our meeting was all mirth and laughter;
For in my heart's most secret cell
There had been many other lodgers;
And she was not the ball-room's belle,
But only—Mrs. Something Rogers!
Praed, *Belle of the Ball-Room*, st. 13

Parting.— Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.
Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 2

The honey-fee of parting.
Shakespeare, *Venus and Adonis*, line 538

Partings. Sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts.
Byron, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iii, st. 24

Partington.— In the midst of this sublime and terrible storm, Dame Partington . . . was seen at the door of her house, with mop and pattens, trundling her mop, squeezing out the sea-water, and vigorously pushing away the Atlantic Ocean. The Atlantic was roused.

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[1] I hold it fit that we shake hands and part.
Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, i, 5

[2] When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.
Byron, *When We Two Parted*, st. 1

Mrs. Partington's spirit was up; but I need not tell you that the contest was unequal. The Atlantic Ocean beat Mrs. Partington. She was excellent at a slop, or a puddle, but she should not have meddled with a tempest.
SYDNEY SMITH, *Speech on the Reform Bill, delivered at Taunton, Eng.*, Oct. 12, 1831

Parts.— All are but parts of one stupendous whole.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle i, line 267

Party.— Party faithlessness is party dishonour. . . . Party honesty is party duty, and party courage is party expediency.—GROVER CLEVELAND, *Speech before the Business Men's Democratic Association, New York*, Jan. 8, 1892

Hans Breitmann gife a barty —
Where ish dat barty now?[1]
Where ish de lofely golden cloud
Dat float on de moundain's prow?
Where ish de himmelstrahlende Stern —
De shtar of de sphirit's light?
All goned afay mit de Lager Beer —
Afay in de Ewigkeit!
C. G. LELAND, *Hans Breitmann's Party*, st. 6

Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few.
POPE, *Thoughts on Various Subjects*

Passion.— We are ne'er like angels till our passion dies.
T. DEKKER, *The Honest Whore*, II, i, 2

Your ruling passion strong in death.[2]
POPE, *Moral Essays*, Epistle i, line 263

'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, v, 3

He will hold thee, when his passion shall have spent its novel force,
Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse. TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, lines 49, 50

Passions.— Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high.
SHELLEY, *When the Lamp Is Shattered*, st. 4

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[1] "Hans Breitmann gif a barty,— vhere is dot barty now?"
On every shelf where wit is stored to smooth the careworn brow.
HOLMES, *Post-Prandial*, st. 7

[2] The ruling passion, be it what it will,
The ruling passion conquers reason still.
POPE, *Moral Essays*, Epistle iii, lines 153, 154

Ye, whose clay-cold heads and lukewarm hearts can argue down or mask your passions, tell me, what trespass is it that man should have them? or how his spirit stands answerable to the Father of Spirits but for his conduct under them!

STERNE, *A Sentimental Journey*, The Conquest

Path.— I will walk the long path with you.

HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, xi

Patience. I do oppose
My patience to his fury.

SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek:[1] she pined in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, ii, 4

Patient.— Beware the fury of a patient man.

DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel*, I, line 1005

Patriotism.— Patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel.[2]

SAMUEL JOHNSON, *Life*, by Boswell, 1775

Paunches.— Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, i, 1

Pauper.— There 's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot,—
To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs;
And hark to the dirge which the mad driver sings:
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He 's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

T. NOEL, *The Pauper's Drive*, st. 1

Peace.— Hark! how the holy calm that breathes around
Bids every fierce tumultuous passion cease;
In still small accents whispering from the ground
The grateful earnest of eternal peace.[3]

GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, st. 4

[1] Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopped,
Doth burn the heart to cinders.— SHAKESPEARE, *Titus Andronicus*, ii, 4 [5]

[2] Often the resort of desperate men, the profession of a patriot.

JAMES PRIOR, *Life of Burke*, xi

[3] This stanza was removed by the author from the original poem.

The preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigour, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad.
THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Inaugural Address*, March 4, 1801

Peace wun't keep house with Fear:
Ef you want peace, the thing you 've gut to du
Is jes' to show you 're up to fightin', tu.
LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, II, ii, lines 232–234

Better thet all our ships an' all their crews
Should sink to rot in ocean's dreamless ooze,
Each torn flag wavin' chellenge ez it went,
An' each dumb gun a brave man's moniment,
Than seek sech peace ez only cowards crave:
Give me the peace of dead men or of brave!
Ibid., lines 241–246

Come, Peace! not like a mourner bowed
For honour lost an' dear ones wasted,
But proud, to meet a people proud,
With eyes thet tell o' triumph tasted!—*Ibid.*, x, st. 20

The inglorious arts of peace.
A. MARVELL, *Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return From Ireland*, st. 3

Where peace
And rest can never dwell.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, I, lines 65, 66

Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than war.
MILTON, *Sonnet to the Lord General Cromwell*

Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war?
SCOTT, *Marmion*, v, 12

The time of universal peace is near.
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv, 6

This peace is nothing, but to rust iron, increase tailors, and breed ballad-makers.
SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, iv, 5

God send us peace!
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, iii, 2

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, iii, 2

I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. *Ibid.*

In this weak piping time of peace.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III*, i, 1

Ring in the thousand years of peace.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, cvi, st. 7

"Hate hath no harm for love," so ran the song;
"And peace unweaponed conquers every wrong!"
WHITTIER, *Disarmament*, lines 31, 32

The bridal time of Law and Love,
The gladness of the world's release,
When, war-sick, at the feet of Peace
The hawk shall nestle with the dove!
WHITTIER, *Lexington*, st. 9

Peaceful.— What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.
COWPER, *Walking with God*, st. 3

When once their slumbering passions burn,
The peaceful are the strong!
HOLMES, *A Voice of the Loyal North*, st. 5

Pearl.— From the rough shell they picked the luscious food,
And left a prince's ransom in the pearl.
JAMES MONTGOMERY, *The Pelican Island*, Canto v, st. 8

Peasant.— The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm.
CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope*, I, st. 44

Peasantry.— Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.
GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*, st. 3

Pedigree.— Whose pedigree, traced to earth's earliest years,
Is longer than anything else but their ears.
LOWELL, *Fable for Critics*, lines 121, 122

Pelf.— Excess of ill-got, ill-kept pelf
Does only death and danger breed;
Whilst one rich worldling starves himself
With what would thousand others feed.
CHARLES COTTON, *Contentation*, st. 9

Pen.— Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword.

. . . . . .

Take away the sword —
States can be saved without it.
E. G. BULWER-LYTTON, *Richelieu*, ii, 2

The feather, whence the pen
Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,
Dropped from an angel's wing.[1]
WORDSWORTH, *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*, iii, 5

Penitence.— By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeased.
SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, v, 4

Penny.— An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread.
SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, v, 1

Pension.— Give 'im a letter —
Can't do no better,
Late Troop-Sergeant Major, an'— runs with a letter!
Think what 'e 's been,
Think what 'e 's seen,
Think of his pension, an'—
Gawd save the Queen! KIPLING, *Shillin' a Day*, st. 2

'T is no matter if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of anything: I will turn diseases to commodity.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, i, 2

Penury.— Chill penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.
GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, st. 14

People. The People's voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.— POPE, *Imitations of Horace*, II, Epistle i, lines 89, 90

Slowly comes a hungry people,[2] as a lion, creeping nigher,
Glares at one that nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire. TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, lines 135, 136

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[1] The pen wherewith thou dost so heavenly sing
Made of a quill from an angel's wing. H. CONSTABLE, *Sonnet*

[2] Wake not thou the giant
Who drinks hot blood for wine.
EBENEZER ELLIOTT, *The Corn-Law Hymn*, st. 2

An Œdipus-people is coming fast,
With swelled feet limping on.

. . . . . .

The people will come to their own at last,—
God is not mocked forever.
JOHN HAY, *The Sphinx of the Tuileries*, st. 5

Perfect.— A perfect form in perfect rest. TENNYSON, *The Day-Dream*, The Sleeping Beauty, st. 3

Perfection.— The very pink of perfection.
GOLDSMITH, *She Stoops to Conquer*, i, 1

Whenever you hear a man dissuading you from attempting to do well, on the ground that perfection is "Utopian," beware of that man.
RUSKIN, *Architecture and Painting*, ii

Perfume.— A strange invisible perfume.
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii, 2

Peril.— Alack, there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 2

Perils.— Ay me! what perils do environ
The man that meddles with cold iron.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, iii, lines 1, 2

Perjuries. At lovers' perjuries,[1]
They say, Jove laughs.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 2

Perjury.— The witnesses may commit perjury, but the smoke cannot. LINCOLN, *Letter to J. R. Underwood*, Oct. 26, 1864

Perseverance.— Perseverance gains its meed,
And patience wins the race.
BERNARD BARTON, *Bruce and the Spider*, st. 5

Perverse.— Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipped God for spite.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, i, lines 217, 218

Peter.— By robbing Peter he paid Paul. RABELAIS, I, xi

Phantom.— She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament.
WORDSWORTH, *She Was a Phantom of Delight*, st. 1

Phantoms.— I clasped the phantoms, and I found them air.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, I, line 202

[1] Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers' perjury.
DRYDEN, *Palamon and Arcite*, lines 758, 759

Philosophy.— In the calm lights of mild philosophy.
ADDISON, *Cato*, i, 1

Philosophy is a good horse in the stable, but an arrant jade on a journey.
GOLDSMITH, *The Good-Natured Man*, i

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 5

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, iii, 3

Phrases.— A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain.
SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, i, 1

Phyllis. Herbs and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dresses.
MILTON, *L'Allegro*, lines 85–86

Physic.— Throw physic to the dogs; I'll none of it.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, v, 3

Physician. Trust not the physician;
His antidotes are poison.
SHAKESPEARE, *Timon of Athens*, iv, 3

Pickaxe.— A pickaxe, and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet:
Oh, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet!
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, v, 1

Pickers.— These pickers and stealers.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 2

Pickwickian.— A Pickwickian construction.
DICKENS, *Pickwick Papers*, i

Picture.— Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment[1] of two brothers.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 4

Pieces.— It went to pieces all at once,[2]—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.
HOLMES, *The Deacon's Masterpiece*, st. 11

[1] Fair Portia's counterfeit. SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 2
[2] *Cf.* GROUND.

Pig.— Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

Jacob! I do not like to see thy nose
Turned up in scornful curve at yonder pig.[1]
It would be well, my friend, if we, like him,
Were perfect in our kind!—SOUTHEY, *The Pig*, lines 1–4

Pillow.— Fair thoughts be your fair pillow!
SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 1

Pilot.— O pilot! 'tis a fearful night,
There's danger on the deep.— T. H. BAYLY, *The Pilot*

Here's to the pilot that weathered the storm.[2]
CANNING, *The Pilot That Weathered the Storm*, st. 1

Pinch.— Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,[3]
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, v, 5

Pine.— And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,
This spray of Western pine!
BRET HARTE, *Dickens in Camp*, st. 10

Pins.— Pricking her fingers with those cursed pins,
Which surely were invented for our sins,—

Making a woman like a porcupine,
Not rashly to be touched.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto vi, st. 61, 62

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[1] I cannot bear to hear thee slandered, Goose!
L. H. SIGOURNEY, *To a Goose*, line 1

[2] A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
He sought the storms; but for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel*, I, lines 159–162

With Palinure's unaltered mood,
Firm at his dangerous post he stood;
Each call for needful rest repelled,
With dying hand the rudder held. SCOTT, *Marmion*, Introd. to Canto i

[3] Dare you haunt our hallowed green?
None but fairies here are seen.
Down and sleep,
Wake and weep;
Pinch him black, and pinch him blue,
That seeks to steal a lover true!
When you come to hear us sing,
Or to tread our fairy ring,
Pinch him black, and pinch him blue!
Oh, thus our nails shall handle you! ANONYMOUS, *The Fairies' Dance*

Pious.— O ye wha are sae guid yoursel',
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye 've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neebours' faults and folly!
BURNS, *Address to the Unco Guid*, st. 1

Young Obadias,
David, Josias,—
All were pious. *New England Primer*

Pipe.— Do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, [yet] you cannot play upon me.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 2

Pity.— Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*, st. 10

No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn:
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them.
GOLDSMITH, *The Hermit*, st. 6

Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part III*, i, 3

But yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it!
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, iv, 1

Pity 's akin to love.[1]
THOMAS SOUTHERNE, *Oroonoka*, ii, 1

Now pity is the touch of God
In human hearts,
And from that way He ever trod
He ne'er departs.
WALTER C. SMITH, *The Self-Exiled*, st. 25

Place.— All rising to great place is by a winding stair.[2]
BACON, *Essay XI: Of Great Place*

To place and power all public spirit tends
In place and power all public spirit ends.
T. MOORE, *Corruption*

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[1] Of all the paths lead to a woman's love
Pity 's the straightest.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *The Knight of Malta*, i, 1

Pity melts the mind to love. DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast*, line 96

Pity swells the tide of love. YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, III, line 106

[2] The ascent to high office is steep, the summit slippery, the descent precipitous. BACON, *Essay XI: Of Great Place*

Plague.— A plague o' both your houses!
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, iii, 1

Plain.— One of those still plain men that do the world's rough work.— LOWELL, *On a Bust of General Grant*, st. 6

Plain-song. That is the very plain-song of it.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, iii, 2

Planet.— They 'll search a planet's house, to know
Who broke and robbed a house below;
Examine Venus and the moon,
Who stole a thimble or a spoon;
. . . . .
They 'll question Mars, and, by his look,
Detect who 't was that nimmed a cloak.[1]
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, i, lines 589–598

Plant.— Fixed like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot;
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroyed.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle ii, lines 63–66

Play.— In play, there are two pleasures for your choosing —
The one is winning, and the other losing.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto xiv, st. 12

Though this may be play to you,
'T is death to us.
L'ESTRANGE, *The Boys and the Frogs*

And laughed, and blushed, and oft did say,
Her pretty oath by Yea, and Nay,
She could not, would not, durst not play!
SCOTT, *Marmion*, v, st. 11

The play 's the thing
Wherein I 'll catch the conscience of the king.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, ii, 2

Play out the play.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, ii, 4

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[1] They 'll find, i' th' physiognomies
O' th' planets, all men's destinies;
. . . . .
They 'll feel the pulses of the stars,
To find out agues, coughs, catarrhs;
And tell what crisis does divine
The rot in sheep, or mange in swine;
In men, what gives or cures the itch,
What made them cuckolds, poor, or rich;
What gains, or loses, hangs, or saves,
What makes men great, what fools, or knaves;
But not what wise, for only 't those
The stars, they say, cannot dispose.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, i, lines 601–618

Player.— Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit
That from her working all his visage wanned,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her?[1]

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, ii, 2

Playmates.— I have had playmates, I have had companions
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

LAMB, *The Old Familiar Faces*, st. 1

Please.— We that live to please must please to live.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, *Prologue on the Opening of Drury Lane Theatre*

Pleasure.— It spoils the pleasure of the time.

SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iii, 4

Pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, ii, 4

Pledge.— For the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honour.

THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Declaration of Independence*

Plenty.— I was na fou, but just had plenty.

BURNS, *Death and Doctor Hornbook*, st. 3

Ploughman.— While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

MILTON, *L'Allegro*, lines 63–68

Pluck.— Be firm! one constant element in luck
Is genuine, solid, old Teutonic pluck.

HOLMES, *A Rhymed Lesson*, st. 32

His was the surly English pluck, and there is no tougher or truer, and never was, and never will be.

WALT WHITMAN, *Song of Myself*, 35

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[1] I can counterfeit the deep tragedian;
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion. SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III*, iii, 5

Plume.— Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the king!"
And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.
MACAULAY, *Ivry*, st. 3

Plutarch.— Here was a type of the true elder race,
And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.
LOWELL, *Commemoration Ode*, st. 6

Plymouth.— In the Old Colony days, in Plymouth the land of the Pilgrims.
LONGFELLOW, *Courtship of Miles Standish*, I, line 1

Poem.— Now it is not one thing nor another alone
Makes a poem, but rather the general tone,
The something pervading, uniting the whole,
The before unconceived, unconceivable soul,
So that just in removing this trifle or that, you
Take away, as it were, a chief limb of the statue;
Roots, wood, bark, and leaves singly perfect may be,
But, clapped hodge-podge together, they don't make a tree.
LOWELL, *Fable for Critics*, lines 540–547

Poet.— A wandering poet, who thought it his duty
To feed upon nothing but bowls and beauty;
Who worshipped a rhyme, and detested a quarrel,
And cared not a single straw for a laurel,
Holding that Grief was Sobriety's daughter,
And loathing critics and cold water.
PRAED, *The Modern Nectar*, lines 13–18

Never durst poet touch a pen to write
Until his ink were tempered with Love's sighs.
SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv, 3

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, v, 1

Poetic.— Mingling poetic honey with trade wax.
HOOD, *Sonnet: Literary Reminiscences*

Poetry.— Poetry is itself a thing of God.
P. J. Bailey, *Festus*, Proem, line 5

Don't ever think the poetry is dead in an old man because his forehead is wrinkled, or that his manhood has left him when his hand trembles! If they ever were there, they are there still!
Holmes, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, v

It is not poetry, but prose run mad.[1]
Pope, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, line 188

The truest poetry is the most feigning.
Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, iii, 3

I had rather hear a brazen canstick turned,
Or a dry wheel grate on the [an] axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.
Shakespeare, *King Henry IV, Part I*, iii, 1

Poets.— Three poets in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first, in loftiness of thought surpassed;
The next, in majesty; in both the last.
The force of Nature could no further go;
To make a third, she joined the other two.
Dryden, *Lines Under Milton's Picture*

What are our poets, take them as they fall,
Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all?
They and their works in the same class you 'll find;
They are the mere *waste-paper* of mankind.
Franklin, *Paper*, st. 10

Plain hoss-sense in poetry-writin'
Would jes knock sentiment a-kitin'!
Mostly poets is all star-gazin'
And moanin' and groanin' and paraphrasin'!
J. W. Riley, *A Wholly Unscholastic Opinion*

Point.— Not to put too fine a point upon it.
Dickens, *Bleak House*, xxxii

Poison.— What 's one man's poison, signor,
Is another's meat or drink.
Beaumont and Fletcher, *Love's Cure*, iii, 2

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[1] Poetic souls delight in prose insane.
Byron, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, line 38 [243]

Politicians.— It is the weaker sort of politicians that are the greatest dissemblers.
BACON, *Essay VI: Of Simulation and Dissimulation*

Politics.— I should be glad to drink your honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.—CANNING, *The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder*, st. 8

Practical politics must not be construed to mean dirty politics. . . . The most practical of all politicians is the politician who is clean and decent and upright.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, cited by Jacob Riis in *Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen*, xvii

Pomp.— Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, iii, 2

Poor.— Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.
GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, st. 9

He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor.
HOLMES, *A Rhymed Lesson*, st. 22

My friends were poor, but honest; so 's my love.
SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well*, i, 3

A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, iii, 2

As poor as Job.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, v, 5

Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp is bad.
TENNYSON, *Northern Farmer, New Style*, st. 12

Poor-house.— Over the hill to the poor-house I 'm trudgin' my weary way.
W. CARLETON, *Over the Hill to the Poor-house*, st. 1

Pope.— Nor do I know what is become
Of him, more than the Pope of Rome.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, iii, lines 263, 264

Pork.— In converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork. SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 5

Porridge.— The halesome parritch, chief o' Scotia's food.
BURNS, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, st. 11

Posterity. As though there were a tie
And obligation to posterity,
We get them, bear them, breed and nurse.
What has posterity done for us,
That we, lest they their rights should lose,
Should trust our necks to gripe of noose?
J. TRUMBULL, *McFingal*, ii

Positivist.— There was an ape in the days that were earlier;
Centuries passed, and his hair grew curlier;
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist,
Then he was a Man and a Positivist.
MORTIMER COLLINS, *Darwin*

Possibilities.—Seven hundred pounds and possibilities is good gifts.—SHAKESPEARE, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, i, 1

Potatoes.— Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, v, 3

Potomac.— All quiet along the Potomac to-night;
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead —
The picket's off duty forever!—ETHEL LYNN BEERS,
All Quiet Along the Potomac, st. 6

Potter.— Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?[1]
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 87

Poverty.— Content with poverty, my soul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.
DRYDEN, *Paraphrase of Horace*, III, Ode 29, lines 86, 87

Apothecary. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
Romeo. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, v, 1

Pow.— John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessing on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.
ROBERT BURNS, *John Anderson*, st. 1

Powder.— Put your trust in God, my boys, and keep your powder dry COL. BLACKER, *Oliver's Advice*

[1] Another reading is: Who makes — who sells — who buys — who *is* the Pot?

Food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, iv, 2

Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.
BAYARD TAYLOR, *Song of the Camp*, st. 7

Power-house.— The power-house of the Line!
KIPLING, *The Native-Born*, st. 12

Practised. He practised what he preached.
J. ARMSTRONG, *Art of Preserving Health*

Praise.— He praised me at a time when praise was of value to me. SAMUEL JOHNSON, *Life*, by Boswell, 1745

Of whom to be dispraised were no small praise.
MILTON, *Paradise Regained*, III, line 56

With much to praise, little to be forgiven.
TOM TAYLOR, *Abraham Lincoln*, st. 19

Praise is the salt that seasons right to man,
And whets his appetite for moral good.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, VII, lines 420, 421

Pray.— Two went to pray? Oh rather say,
One went to brag, th' other to pray:

One stands up close and treads on high,
Where th' other dares not lend his eye.

One nearer to God's altar trod,
The other to the altar's God.
RICHARD CRASHAW, *Divine Epigrams: Two Went up into the Temple*

Weep for the frail that err, the weak that fall,
Have thine own faith,— but hope and pray for all!
HOLMES, *A Rhymed Lesson*, st. 30

Church is "a little heaven below,
I have been there and still would go,"—
Yet I am none of those who think it odd
A man can pray unbidden from the cassock,
And, passing by the customary hassock,
Kneel down remote upon the simple sod,
And sue *in forma pauperis* to God.
HOOD, *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire*, st. 20

King Ferdinand. You shall fast a week with bran and water.
Costard. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge. SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, i, 1

Prayed.— Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man
Bowed himself down, and in that mystery
Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
Prayed for a blessing on his wife and babes.
TENNYSON, *Enoch Arden*, lines 185–188

There he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and prayed.[1]
Ibid., lines 774–776

Prayer.— I stretch my hands out in the empty air;
I strain my eyes into the heavy night;
Blackness of darkness! —— Father, hear my prayer ——
Grant me to see the light!
GEORGE ARNOLD, *In the Dark*

Ah! He who prayed the prayer of all mankind
Summed in those few brief words the mightiest plea
For erring souls before the courts of heaven,—
Save us from being tempted,— lest we fall!
HOLMES, *Rights*, lines 22–25

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.[2]
JAMES MONTGOMERY, *What is Prayer*, st. 1

Oh, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 3

Prayers.— Thou child of many prayers!
LONGFELLOW, *Maidenhood*, st. 9

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.
CHARLES WOLFE, *Burial of Sir John Moore*, st. 4

Prayeth.— He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

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[1] And here all hope soured on me
Of my feller-critter's aid,—
I jest flopped down on my marrow-bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.— JOHN HAY, *Little Breeches*, st. 5

[2] It is not the words of the prayer, but the yearning back of the praying.
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, *Art and Heart*, st. 5

My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 3

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.[1]
COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*, lines 612–617

Praying.— Mr. Chadbands he wos a-prayin' wunst at Mr. Snagsby's and I heard him, but he sounded as if he wos a-speaking to hisself, and not to me. He prayed a lot, but I couldn't make out nothink on it. Different times, there was other gentlemen come down Tom-all-Alone's a-prayin', but they all mostly sed as the t'other wuns prayed wrong, and all mostly sounded to be a-talkin' to theirselves, or a-passin' blame on the t'others, and not a-talkin' to us. DICKENS, *Bleak House*, xlvii

Preached.— I preached as never sure to preach again,
And as a dying man to dying men.
RICHARD BAXTER, *Love Breathing Thanks and Praise*

Preacher.— Look! you can see from this window my brazen howitzer planted
High on the roof of the church, a preacher who speaks to the purpose,
Steady, straightforward, and strong, with irresistible logic,
Orthodox, flashing conviction right into the hearts of the heathen.

. . . . . .

Truly the only tongue that is understood by the savage
Must be the tongue of fire that speaks from the mouth of the cannon. LONGFELLOW, *Courtship of Miles Standish*, i, lines 46–49; iv, lines 126, 127

This is what makes him,[2] the crowd-drawing preacher,
There's a background of God to each hard-working feature,
Every word that he speaks has been fierily furnaced
In the blast of a life that has struggled in earnest:

. . . . . .

But his periods fall on you, stroke after stroke,
Like the blows of a lumberer felling an oak,
You forget the man wholly, you're thankful to meet
With a preacher who smacks of the field and the street.
LOWELL, *Fable for Critics*, lines 801–812

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[1] He serves thee best who loveth most
His brothers and thy own. WHITTIER, *Our Master*, st. 35

[2] Theodore Parker.

Preachers.— When preachers tell us all they think,
And party leaders all they mean.
HOLMES, *Latter-Day Warnings*, st. 3

Precedent.— It must not be; there is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree established:
'T will be recorded for a precedent,
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

Preferment. 'T is the curse of service,
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by [the] old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to the first. SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, i, 1

Prescient.— One sails toward me o'er the bay,
And what he comes to do and say

I can foretell. A prescient lore
Springs from some life outlived of yore.
P. H. HAYNE, *Pre-Existence*

Presentiment.— A man . . . has seldom an offer of kindness to make to a woman but she has a presentiment of it some moments before.
STERNE, *A Sentimental Journey*, The Remise, Calais

President.— The President of the United States is only the engine-driver of our broad-gauge mail train; and every honest, independent thinker has a seat in the first-class cars behind him.
HOLMES, *Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, v

Press.— What need of help? He knew how types were set,
He had a dauntless spirit, and a press.
LOWELL, *To W. L. Garrison*, st. 2

Presume.— Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 3

Price.— All those[1] men have their price.[2]
SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, cited in his *Life*, by Coxe

Pride.— Pride is one of the seven deadly sins; but it cannot be the pride of a mother in her children, for that is a compound of two cardinal virtues — faith and hope.
DICKENS, *Nicholas Nickleby*, xliii

[1] Walpole here spoke specifically of certain pretended patriots, not of mankind in general.

[2] I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, i, 1

Pride in their port,[1] defiance in their eye.
GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller*, st. 25

A pride there is of rank — a pride of birth,
A pride of learning, and a pride of purse,
A London pride — in short, there be on earth
A host of prides, some better and some worse;
But of all prides, since Lucifer's attaint,
The proudest swells a self-elected saint.
HOOD, *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire*, st. 32

In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blessed abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle i, lines 123–126

He owned with a grin
That his favorite sin
Is pride that apes humility.
SOUTHEY, *The Devil's Walk*, st. 8

Once, when I was up so high in pride
That I was half way down the slope to hell,
By overthrowing me you threw me higher.
TENNYSON, *Geraint and Enid*, lines 789–791

Pride, like an eagle, builds among the stars;
But Pleasure, lark-like, nests upon the ground.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, V, lines 19, 20

Priest.— A decent priest, where monkeys were the gods.
POPE, *The Dunciad*, III, line 208

Primrose.— A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.[2]
WORDSWORTH, *Peter Bell*, i, st. 12

Primroses. Pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength — a malady
Most incident to maids.
SHAKESPEARE, *Winter's Tale*, iv, 4 [3]

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[1] His was the lofty port — the distant mien,
That seems to shun the sight — and awes if seen.
BYRON, *The Corsair*, Canto i, st. 16

There was pride in the head she carried so high,
Pride in her lip, and pride in her eye,
And a world of pride in the very sigh
That her stately bosom was fretting!
J. G. SAXE, *The Proud Miss MacBride*

[2] Now a flower is just a flower:
Man, bird, beast are but beast, bird, man.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Asolando*, Prologue, st. 2

Prince.— When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall.
SCOTT, *Helvellyn*, st. 4

That prince, and that alone, is truly great,
Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly sheaths;
On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
And makes his throne a scaffold to the skies.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, VI, lines 362–365

Princes.— Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and which have much veneration, but no rest. BACON, *Essay XIX: Of Empire*

Print.— Some said, "John, print it;" others said, "Not so,"
Some said, "It might do good;" others said, "No."
BUNYAN, *Apology for His Book*, st. 4

A chiel's amang you, taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.
BURNS, *On Captain Grose's Peregrinations*, st. 1

Printers.— I'll wish he had to write his song beneath a midnight taper;
On pittance that would scarcely pay for goose-quill, ink, and paper;
And then, to crown his misery, and break his heart in splinters;
I'll wish he had to see his proofs, his publishers, and printers. ELIZA COOK, *Lines on a Nightingale*, st. 14

Printing.— Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used, and, contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face that thou hast men about thee that usually talk of a noun and a verb, and such abominable words as no Christian ear can endure to hear.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part II*, iv, 7

Prior.— Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve;
Can Bourbon or Nassau go higher?
MATTHEW PRIOR, *Epitaph on Himself*

Prison.— Stone walls doe not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage.[1]
RICHARD LOVELACE, *To Althea from Prison*, st. 4

Prize.— Let a man contend to the uttermost
For his life's set prize, be it what it will!
ROBERT BROWNING, *The Statue and the Bust*, st. 81

Men prize the thing ungained more than it is.
SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida*, i, 2

The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift.
THACKERAY, *The End of the Play*, st. 5

Procrastination.— Procrastination is the thief of time.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, I, line 393

Profession.— I hold every man a debtor to his profession; from the which, as men of course do seek to receive countenance and profit, so ought they of duty to endeavour themselves, by way of amends, to be a help and ornament thereunto. BACON, *Law Tracts: Preface*

Progress. Progress is
The law of life, man is not Man as yet.
. . . . . .
When all mankind alike is perfected,
Equal in full-blown powers — then, not till then,
I say, begins man's general infancy.
ROBERT BROWNING, *Paracelsus*, v

Promise.— Bate me some and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, v, Epilogue

Be these juggling fiends no more believed,
That palter with us in a double sense;
That keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, v, 8 [7]

All promise is poor dilatory man.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, I, line 412

[1] That which the world miscalls a jail
A private closet is to me;
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty:
Locks, bars, and solitude together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.
SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE, *In Prison*, st. 2

Promises.— Bad promises are better broken than kept.[1]
LINCOLN, *Last Public Address*, April 11, 1865

Pronouns.— Who would succeed in the world should be wise in the use of his pronouns.
Utter the *You* twenty times where you once utter the *I*.
JOHN HAY, *Distichs*, xiii

Property.— Proputty, proputty sticks, an' proputty, proputty graws. TENNYSON, *Northern Farmer, New Style*, st. 4

He hath no need of property
Who knows not how to spend it.
THACKERAY, *The King of Brentford's Testament*, st. 38

Prophesy.— Don't never prophesy — onless ye know.
LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, II, ii, line 38

Prophet.— The mariner curseth the warning bird
Who bringeth him news of the storm unheard!
Ah! thus does the prophet of good or ill
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still.
B. W. PROCTER, *The Stormy Petrel*, st. 3

Propose.— Why don't the men propose, mamma,
Why don't the men propose?
T. H. BAYLY, *Why Don't the Men Propose?*

Prose.— Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, I, line 16

Prosper.— God prosper your affairs!
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, iii, 2

Prosperous.— So long as I was prosperous, I'd dinners by the dozen,
Was well-bred, witty, virtuous, and everybody's cousin;
If luck should turn, as well she may, her fancy is so flexile,
Will virtue, cousinship, and all return with her from exile?
LOWELL, *Translation of Mapes's Imitation of Petronius*

Protests.— The lady protests [doth protest] too much, methinks. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 2

Proud.— The proud are always most provoked by pride.
COWPER, *Conversation*, line 160

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[1] This is, however, proverbial.

Proud of her wit, and proud of her walk,
Proud of her teeth, and proud of her talk,
Proud of "knowing cheese from chalk,"
On a very slight inspection.
J. G. Saxe, *The Proud Miss MacBride*

He that is proud eats up himself: pride is his own glass, his own trumpet, his own chronicle.
Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida*, ii, 3

Prove.— Free to prove[1] all things, and hold fast the best.
Cowper, *Table Talk*, line 273

I put this question hopelessly,
To every one I knew —
What would you do, if you were me,
To prove that you were you?
H. S. Leigh, *The Twins*, st. 3

I'll prove it on his body.
Shakespeare, *Much Ado about Nothing*, v, 1

Proverb.— My definition of a proverb is, the wit of one man and the wisdom of many.
Earl Russell, *To Sir J. Mackintosh*

Providence. Don't give up afore the ship goes down:
It's a stiff gale, but Providence wun't drown;
An' God wun't leave us yit to sink or swim,
Ef we don't fail to du wut's right by Him.
Lowell, *Biglow Papers*, II, ii, lines 315–318

There's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow.[2]
Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, v, 2

Prudes.— By fools insulted, and by prudes accused.
Epitaph of Laurence Sterne

Publican.— How like a fawning publican he looks!
Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 3

Publishers.— When publishers no longer steal,
And pay for what they stole before
Holmes, *Latter-Day Warnings*, st. 8

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[1] Prove all things; hold fast that which is good. 1 *Thess.* v, 21

[2] Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. *Matt.* x, 29

Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? *Luke* xii, 6

Punch.—"Jack," said my lady, "is it grog you'll try,
Or punch, or toddy, if perhaps you're dry?"
"Ah," said the sailor, "though I can't refuse,
You know, my lady, 'tain't for me to choose;
I'll take the grog to finish off my lunch,
And drink the toddy while you mix the punch."
HOLMES, *A Modest Request, The Scene*, lines 55–60

Puns.— People that make puns are like wanton boys that put coppers on the railroad tracks. They amuse themselves and other children, but their little trick may upset a freight-train of conversation for the sake of a battered witticism. HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, i

Purgatory.— As the Celt said of purgatory,
One might go farther and fare worse.
WHITTIER, *The Wreck of Rivermouth*, st. 19

Puritans.— The Puritans hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. MACAULAY, *History of England*, I, ii

Purity.— We maids would far, far whiter be
If that our eyes might sometimes see
Men maids in purity.
LANIER, *The Symphony*, lines 300–302

By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.—SHAKESPEARE, *Winter's Tale*, iv, 4 [3]

Purpose.— Ah, many a one has started forth with hope and purpose high;
Has fought throughout a weary life, and passed all pleasure by;
Has burst all flowery chains by which men aye have been enthralled;
Has been stone-deaf to voices sweet, that softly, sadly called;
Has scorned the flashing goblet with the bubbles on its brim;
Has turned his back on jewelled hands that madly beckoned him;
Has, in a word, condemned himself to follow out his plan
By stern and lonely labor,— and has died, a conquered man! GEORGE ARNOLD, *Wool-Gathering*, iii

I want that glib and oily art,
To speak and purpose not.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, i, 1

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,[1]
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.— TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, lines 137, 138

Purse.— Consumption of the purse.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, i, 2

Put money in thy purse. SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, i, 3

Pygmies.— Pygmies are pygmies still, though perched on Alps;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own statue, builds himself:
Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids;
Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, VI, lines 309–313

Pyramids.— Forty centuries look down upon you from the summit of the Pyramids.
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, *Life*, by Sloane, II, 41

Quality.— Give us a taste of your quality.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, ii, 2

Quarrel.— Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly,
Quarrel with minced-pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend — plum-porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.[2]
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, i, lines 225–230

Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 3

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[1] These struggling tides of life that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end. BRYANT, *The Crowded Street*, st. 11

One God, one law, one element:
And one far-off divine event
To which the whole creation moves.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, Conclusion, st. 36

[2] Why, thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair less, in his beard, than thou hast: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes: what eye but such an eye would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling: thou hast quarrelled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun: didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling. SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, iii, 1

The quarrel is a very pretty quarrel as it stands; we should only spoil it by trying to explain it.
SHERIDAN, *The Rivals*, iv, 3

Quarrelled.— We quarrelled like brutes, and who wonders?
What self-respect could we keep,
Worse housed than your hacks and your pointers,
Worse fed than your hogs and your sheep?
KINGSLEY, *The Bad Squire* [*A Rough Rhyme on a Rough Matter*], st. 13

Quarrelling.— Besides that he 's a fool, he 's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.
SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, i, 3

Quarrels. Those who in quarrels interpose
Must often wipe a bloody nose.
GAY, *Fables: The Mastiffs*

Queen.— Her court was pure; her life serene;
God gave her peace; her land reposed;
A thousand claims to reverence closed
In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen.
TENNYSON, *To the Queen*

Queer.— I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer! HOLMES, *The Last Leaf*, st. 7

Questions.— Ask me no questions, and I 'll tell you no fibs.
GOLDSMITH, *She Stoops to Conquer*, iii

Quiet.— Quiet to quick bosoms is a hell.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iii, st. 42

For she was jest the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenooary. LOWELL, *The Courtin'*, st. 22

Quietus.— Who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised [disprized] love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 1

Quips.— Thy quips and thy quiddities.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, i, 2

Race.— Not to the swift, the race:
Not to the strong, the fight:
Not to the righteous, perfect grace:
Not to the wise, the light.

But often faltering feet
Come surest to the goal;
And they who walk in darkness meet
The sunrise of the soul.
HENRY VAN DYKE, *Reliance*, st. 1, 2

Radish.— If I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish. SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, ii, 4

Rage.— The wine of passion — rage.
BYRON, *The Island*, Canto i, st. 3

Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned,
Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.
CONGREVE, *Mourning Bride*, iii, 2

In rage deaf as the sea, hasty as fire.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, i, 1

Raggedy-man.— Ain't he a' awful good raggedy-man?
J. W. RILEY, *The Raggedy-man*

Ragings.— Think when your castigated pulse
Gi'es now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop.
BURNS, *Address to the Unco Guid*, st. 4

Railing.— Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes:
So over violent, or over civil,
That every man with him was God or Devil.
DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel*, I, lines 555–558

Rail-splitter.— To make me own this hind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.
TOM TAYLOR, *Abraham Lincoln*, st. 5

Rain.— 'T will surely rain; I see with sorrow
Our jaunt must be put off to-morrow.
EDWARD JENNER, *Signs of Rain*

I list to this refrain
Which is played upon the shingles
By the patter of the rain.
COATES KINNEY, *Rain On the Roof*

The rain it raineth every day.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, iii, 2; *Twelfth Night*, v

Rake.— Men, some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take;
But every woman is at heart a rake:
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;
But ev'ry lady would be queen for life.
POPE, *Moral Essays*, Epistle ii, lines 215–218

Rascals.— All the cankers wasting town and state,
The mob of rascals, little thieves and great,
Dealers in watered milk and watered stocks,
Who lead us lambs to pasture on the rocks,
Shepherds — Jack Sheppards — of their city flocks —
The rings of rogues that rob the luckless town,
Those evil angels creeping up and down
The Jacob's ladder of the Treasury stairs,
Not stage, but real, Turpins and Macaires.
HOLMES, *Address for the Opening of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York*, st. 11

Rat.— Quoth Hudibras, "I smell a rat;
Ralpho, thou dost prevaricate."
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, i, lines 821, 822

What if my house be troubled with a rat
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

Rats. The very rats
Instinctively had quit it.
SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, i, 2

Raven.— Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he,
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door —
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door —
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.
POE, *The Raven*, st. 7

The raven doth not hatch a lark.
SHAKESPEARE, *Titus Andronicus*, ii, 3

Did ever raven sing so like a lark? *Ibid.*, iii, 1

The raven croaked as she sat at her meal,
And the old woman knew what he said;
And she grew pale at the raven's tale,
And sickened and went to her bed.
SOUTHEY, *The Old Woman of Berkeley*, st. 1

Ravens. He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, ii, 3

Razors.— A fellow in a market-town,
Most musical, cried razors up and down,
And offered twelve for eighteen pence;
. . . . .
"Friend," quoth the razor-man, "I'm not a knave;
As for the razors you have bought,
Upon my soul, I never thought
That they would shave."
"Not think they'd shave!" quoth Hodge, with wondering eyes,
And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;
"What were they made for, then, you dog?" he cries.
"Made," quoth the fellow with a smile,—"to sell."
JOHN WOLCOT ("PETER PINDAR") *The Razor-Seller*, st. 1, 8

Read. A worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, iii, 1

Reading.— Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man.
BACON, *Essay L: Of Studies*

Reaper.— The hand of the reaper
Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
Waft the leaves that are serest,
But our flower was in flushing
When blighting was nearest.
SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake*, Canto III, xvi, st. 2

Reason.— I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;[1]
But this alone I know full well,
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.
TOM BROWN (following classical and other authors)

Reason is the light of the law;[2] nay, the common law itself is nothing but reason. . . . The law which is perfection of reason.
SIR EDWARD COKE, *Institutes*, I, 976

What can we reason, but from what we know?
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle i, line 18

There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
The feast of reason and the flow of soul.
POPE, *Imitations of Horace*, II, Satire i, lines 127, 128

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 1

If with the sap of reason you would quench,
Or but allay, the fire of passion.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, i, 1

Reason the root, fair faith is but the flower;
The fading flower shall die; but reason lives
Immortal.— YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, IV, lines 752–754

Reasons.— If reasons were as plentiful [plenty] as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, ii, 4

Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing . . . His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them; and when you have them, they are not worth the search.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 1

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[1] I love thee and hate thee, but if I can tell
The cause of my love and my hate, may I die.
I can feel it, alas! I can feel it too well,
That I love thee and hate thee, but cannot tell why.
T. MOORE, in note to *Fragment of Odes of Anacreon*

So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so because I think him so.
SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i, 2

[2] Reason is the soul of the law; the reason of the law being changed, the law is also changed. *7 Coke's King's Bench Report*, 7

Let us consider the reason of the case, for nothing is law that is not reason.
SIR J. POWELL, *Coggs vs. Bernard*, 2 Ld Raym., 912

Rebellion.— Rebellion to tyrants is obedience to God.
Inscription on a cannon near the burial-place of John Bradshaw, cited by STILES, *History of the Three Judges of King Charles I*

Rebels.— Kings will be tyrants from policy when subjects are rebels from principle.
BURKE, *On the French Revolution*

Rebuff. Welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
Be our joys three parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!
R. BROWNING, *Rabbi Ben Ezra*, st. 6

Reckless.— Thus from your presence forth I go,
A lost and lonely man;
Reckless alike of weal or woe,
Heaven's benison or ban:
He who has known the tempest's worst,[1]
May bare him to the blast;
Blame not these tears; they are the first —
Are they the last?
PRAED, *The Last*, st. 6

I am one, my liege,
Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world
Have so incensed that I am reckless what
I do to spite the world.— SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iii, 1

Redeemer.— For sure he must be sainted man,
Whose blessed feet have trod the ground
Where the Redeemer's tomb is found.
SCOTT, *Marmion*, v, 21

Redress.— Ring in redress to all mankind.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, cvi, st. 3

Refusal.— Who listens once will listen twice:
Her heart, be sure, is not of ice,
And one refusal no rebuff.
BYRON, *Mazeppa*, st. 6

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[1] Through many a clime 'tis mine to go,
With many a retrospection cursed;
And all my solace is to know,
Whate'er betides, I've known the worst.

What is that worst? Nay, do not ask —
In pity from the search forbear:
Smile on — nor venture to unmask
Man's heart, and view the hell that's there.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto i, st. 84 (8, 9)

Refuse.— For ane I 'll get better, it 's waur I 'll get ten —
I was daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen.
LADY NAIRNE, *The Laird o' Cockpen*, st. 8

Reign.— Here we may reign secure; and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, I, lines 261–263

How monarchs die is easily explained,
And thus it might upon the tomb be chiselled;
"As long as George the Fourth could reign he reigned,
And then he mizzled."
HOOD, *Epigram on a Royal Demise*

Rejoice.— Rejoice, and men will seek you;
Grieve, and they turn and go;
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
But they do not need your woe.
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, *Solitude*, st. 2

Religion.— For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit;
'Twas Presbyterian, true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true Church Militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks;
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly, thorough Reformation,
Which always must be carried on
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, i, lines 189–206

My little woman, said Mr. Snagsby, likes to have her religion rather sharp. DICKENS, *Bleak House*, xix

And this was all the religion he had,—
To treat his engine well;
Never be passed on the river;
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire,—
A thousand times he swore,
He 'd hold her nozzle agin the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.
JOHN HAY, *Jim Bludso of the Prairie Belle*, st. 3

I don't go so much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I 've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets,
And free-will, and that sort of thing,—
But I b'lieve in God and the angels,
Ever sence one night last spring.
JOHN HAY, *Little Breeches*, st. 1

With sweet kind natures, as in honeyed cells,
Religion lives, and feels herself at home;
But only on a formal visit dwells
Where wasps instead of bees have formed the comb.
HOOD, *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire*, st. 32

Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns;
And atheism and religion take their turns;
A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart.
POPE, *Moral Essays*, Epistle ii, lines 65–68

In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 2

Religions.— Even gods must yield — religions take their turn:
'Twas Jove's —'tis Mahomet's — and other creeds
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;
Poor child of doubt and death, whose hope is built on reeds.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto ii, st. 3

Remedies.— Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven.
SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well*, i, 1

Remedy.— The remedy is worse than the disease.
DRYDEN, *Juvenal*, Satire xvi, line 31

Remember.— I sit beside my lonely fire,
And pray for wisdom yet:
For calmness to remember,
Or courage to forget.
HAMILTON AÏDÉ, *Remember or Forget*, st. 4

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;

He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!
. . . .

I remember, I remember,
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 't is little joy
To know I 'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.[1]

HOOD, *I Remember, I Remember*, st. 1, 4

Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be;
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me!

T. MOORE, *Go Where Glory Waits Thee*, st. 1

Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table [tables] of my memory
I 'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter.

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 5

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[1] There was a time when I was very small,
When my whole frame was but an ell in height.
. . . . .
Then seemed to me this world far less in size,
Likewise it seemed to me less wicked far.
. . . . .
They perished, the blithe days of boyhood perished,
And all the gladness, all the peace I knew!
Now have I but their memory, fondly cherished;
God! may I never lose that too! LONGFELLOW, *Childhood*, from the Danish of J. I. Baggesen, st. 1, 3, 9

I remember — I remember
How my childhood fleeted by,—
The mirth of its December,
And the warmth of its July;
On my brow, love — on my brow, love,
There are no signs of care;
But my pleasures are not now, love,
What childhood's pleasures were.

PRAED, *I Remember, I Remember*, st. 1

Remote.— Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow.
GOLDSMITH, *The Traveller*, st. 1

Removes.— Three removes are as bad as a fire.
FRANKLIN, *Poor Richard's Almanac*

Remuneration.— Remuneration! Oh! that's the Latin word for three farthings: . . . Remuneration! why, it is a fairer name than French crown.
SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, iii

Repentance.— He who seeks repentance for the past
Should woo the angel Virtue in the future!
E. G. BULWER-LYTTON, *The Lady of Lyons*, v, 2

Is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IV, lines 79–81

Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of heaven nor earth.
SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, v, 4

Reproof.— Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, lines 582, 583

That man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, iii, 1

Reptile.— Every foul bird comes abroad and every dirty reptile rises up. LINCOLN, *Letter to C. D. Drake*, Oct. 5, 1863

Reputation.— At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
POPE, *Rape of the Lock*, iii, line 16

My reputation is at stake;[1]
My fame is shrewdly gored.
SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 3

Requiem.— A requiem for the chief,
Whose fiat millions slew,
The soaring eagle of the Alps,
The crushed at Waterloo:
The banished who returned,
The dead who rose again,
And rode in his shroud the billows proud
To the sunny banks of Seine.
L. H. SIGOURNEY, *The Return of Napoleon from St. Helena*, st. 8

[1] Oh, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, ii, 3

Resign.— With a sigh I resign
What I once thought was mine,
And forgive her deceit with a tear.
BYRON, *The Tear*, st. 9

Resolute.— The star of the unconquered will,
He rises in my breast,
Serene, and resolute, and still,
And calm, and self-possessed.
LONGFELLOW, *Light of the Stars*, st. 7

Rest.— Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron:
There no forced banquet claims the sated guest,
But silence spreads the couch of ever-welcome rest [1]
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto ii, st. 7

Absence of occupation is not rest;[2]
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.
COWPER, *Retirement*

Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees.—STONEWALL JACKSON, *Last Words*, quoted in J. E. COOKE, *Life of Stonewall Jackson*, xxxviii

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time has pressed,
Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 22

So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, iv, 2

Silvia. And so, good rest.
Proteus. As wretches have o'ernight
That wait for execution in the morn.
SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iv, 2

I am sick of Time,
And I desire to rest.
TENNYSON, *Come Not When I Am Dead*, st. 2

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[1] There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground. JAMES MONTGOMERY, *The Grave*, st. 1

[2] Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere. J. S. DWIGHT, *True Rest*, st. 4

For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home —
And there to wait a little while till you and Effie come —
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast —
And the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.[1]

TENNYSON, *The May Queen*, Conclusion, st. 15

Resting-place.— Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone,— nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world,— with kings,[2]
The powerful of the earth,— the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre.

BRYANT, *Thanatopsis*, lines 31–37

Rests.— So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

POPE, *Elegy to an Unfortunate Lady*, lines 69–74

Retreat.— Let us make an honourable retreat; though not with bag and baggage.

SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, iii, 2

Return.— You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more.[3]

OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 3

Revelry.— There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iii, st. 21

Revenge.— A man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well.

BACON, *Essay IV: Of Revenge*

Sweet is revenge — especially to women.

BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto i, st. 124

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[1] There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest. *Job* iii, 17

[2] Kings have no such couch as thine,
As the green that folds thy grave. TENNYSON, *A Dirge*, st. 6

[3] And once departed come no more. LONGFELLOW, *A Fragment*, st. 1

The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury:
For who forgives without a further strife
His adversary's heart to him doth tie:
And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said
To win the heart than overthrow the head.
LADY ELIZABETH CAREW, *Revenge of Injuries*, (from *The Tragedy of Marian*)

Revenge, at first though sweet,
Bitter ere long back on itself recoils.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IX, lines 171, 172

Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs of war.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 1

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 1

Patience is the honest man's revenge.
CYRIL TOURNEUR, *The Atheist's Tragedy*, v, 2

Reverence.— But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 2

Rhetoric.— For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, i, lines 81, 82

Rhyme.— For rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which, like ships, they steer their courses.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, i, lines 463, 464

Those that write in rhyme still make
The one verse for the other's sake;
For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
I think 's sufficient at one time. *Ibid.*, II, i, lines 27–30

I 'll rhyme you so eight years together.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, iii, 2

Neither rhyme nor reason.[1] *Ibid.*

[1] 'T is hard to fit the reason to the rhyme.— DRYDEN, *Art of Poetry*, line 328

Valentine. How now, sir! what are you reasoning with yourself?
Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 'tis you that have the reason.
SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, ii, 1

I was promised on a time,
To have reason for my rhyme;
From that time unto this season,
I received nor rhyme nor reason.
SPENSER, *Lines on His Promised Pension*

As much love in rhyme
As would be crammed up in a sheet of paper,
Writ o' both sides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.
SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, v, 2

Rhymes.— Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, cvi, st. 5

Rhyming.— I was not born under a rhyming planet.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, v, 2

Rialto.— What news on the Rialto?
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 3; iii, 1

Riband.— Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat.
R. BROWNING, *The Lost Leader*, lines 1, 2

Rich.— A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year.
GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*, st. 10

If thou art rich, thou 'rt poor;
For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloads thee.
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, iii, 1

When thou art old and rich,
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
To make thy riches pleasant. *Ibid.*

Rage canine of dying rich;
Guilt's blunder! and the loudest laugh of hell.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, IV, lines 108, 109

Riches.— Riches make them wings, and they
Do as an eagle fly away.[1] HOLMES, *After the Fire*

Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell; that soil may best
Deserve the precious bane.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, I, lines 690–692

What riches give us, let us then inquire?
Meat, fire, and clothes. What more? Meat, clothes, and fire.
Is this too little?
POPE, *Moral Essays*, Epistle iii, lines 79–81

[1] *Prov.* xxiii, 5.

Richmonds.— I think there be six Richmonds in the field;
Five have I slain to-day instead of him.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III*, v, 4

Ride.— An two men ride of a horse, one must ride behind.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, iii, 4

Rift.— It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.
TENNYSON, *Merlin and Vivien*, lines 388–393

Right.— One who never turned his back, but marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,
Sleep to wake.
R. BROWNING, *Asolando*, Epilogue, st. 3

Blest, too, is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

For right is right, since God is God;
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.
F. W. FABER, *The Right Must Win*

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us to the end dare to do our duty as we understand it. LINCOLN, *Address at Cooper Institute, New York*, Feb. 27, 1860

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan — to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.
LINCOLN, *Second Inaugural Address*, March 4, 1865

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not see;

All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good:
And, spite of pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, Whatever is, is right.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle i, lines 289–294;
Epistle iv, lines 145, 394

God and our right![1] SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, ii, 1

Follow you the star that lights a desert pathway, yours or mine.
Forward, till you see the Highest Human Nature is divine.

Follow Light, and do the Right — for man can half-control his doom —
Till you find the deathless Angel seated in the vacant tomb. TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall Sixty Years After*, lines 275–278

Rights.— They made and recorded a sort of institute and digest of anarchy, called the Rights of Man.
BURKE, *Speech on the Army Estimates*, February, 1790

They have rights who dare maintain them.
LOWELL, *The Present Crisis*, st. 17

Every man must be guaranteed his liberty and his right to do as he likes with his property or his labour, so long as he does not infringe the rights of others.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, *Message to Congress*, January, 1904

Ring.— Your wedding-ring wears thin, dear wife; ah, summers not a few,
Since I put it on your finger first, have passed o'er me and you;
And, love, what changes we have seen,— what cares and pleasures, too,—
Since you became my own dear wife, when this old ring was new!
W. C. BENNETT, *The Worn Wedding Ring*, st. 1

I'll tell you a story that's not in Tom Moore:—
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door:
So he called upon Lucy —'twas just ten o'clock —
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.
. . . . . .
The meeting was bliss; but the parting was woe;
For the moment will come when such comers must go:
So she kissed him, and whispered—poor innocent thing—
"The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring."
HOOD, *Please to Ring the Belle*

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[1] God defend the right! SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, i, 3
Heaven still guards the right. *Ibid.*, iii, 2

Ring out the old, ring in the new.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, cvi, st. 2

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife. *Ibid.*, st. 4

Ringlet.— [He] preferred in his heart the least ringlet that curled
Down her exquisite neck to the throne of the world.
T. MOORE, *Lalla Rookh: The Light of the Harem*

Rival.— Light me another Cuba; I hold to my first-sworn vows,
If Maggie will have no rival, I'll have no Maggie for spouse.[1] KIPLING, *The Betrothed*, st. 26

Rivals.— Of all the torments, all the cares,
With which our lives are cursed;
Of all the plagues a lover bears,
Sure rivals are the worst!
W. WALSH, *Rivalry in Love*

River.— Over the river they beckon to me,
Loved ones who 've crossed to the farther side.
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.
N. A. W. PRIEST, *Over the River*

Rivulets.— Even as rivulets twain, from distant and separate sources,
Seeing each other afar, as they leap from the rocks, and pursuing
Each one its devious path, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rush together at last, at their trysting-place in the forest;
So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and flowing asunder,
Parted by barriers strong, but drawing nearer and nearer,
Rushed together at last, and one was lost in the other.
LONGFELLOW, *Courtship of Miles Standish*, viii, lines 94–101

Roar.— I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an 'twere any nightingale.
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, i, 2

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[1] The ardent flame of love
My bosom cannot char,
I smoke, but do not burn,
So I have my cigar.
HOOD, *The Cigar*, st. 13

Robbed.— He that is robbed, not wanting what is stolen,
Let him not know't, and he's not robbed at all.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, iii, 3

Robe. My robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call my own.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, iii, 2

Robin Adair.— Come to my heart again,
Robin Adair;
Never to part again,
Robin Adair;
And if thou still art true,
I will be constant too,
And will wed none but you,
Robin Adair!
LADY CAROLINE KEPPEL, *Robin Adair*

Rock.— Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;
Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep,—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!
E. A. ALLEN, *Rock Me to Sleep*, st. 1

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"
'Twas a woman sung them now,
Pleadingly and prayerfully;
Every word her heart did know.
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird
Beats with weary wing the air,
Every note with sorrow stirred,
Every syllable a prayer,—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."
E. H. RICE, "*Rock of Ages*"

He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of public credit, and it sprung upon its feet.
DANIEL WEBSTER, *Speech on Alexander Hamilton*

Rocket.— And the final event to himself [*Mr. Burke*] has been that as he rose like a rocket, he fell like the stick.
THOMAS PAINE, *Letter to the Addressers*

Rocks.— Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass,— at least, to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him, to any great extent.
BRET HARTE, *The Society upon the Stanislaus*, st. 6

Rod.— Severe by rule, and not by nature mild,
He never spoils the child and spares the rod,
But spoils the rod and never spares the child,
And so with holy rule deems he is reconciled.
HOOD, *The Irish Schoolmaster*, st. 12

And wilt thou . . . kiss the rod?[1]
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, v, 1

Rogue.— Damnable both-sides rogue.
SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well*, iv, 3

A pestilence on him for a mad rogue!
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, v, 1

Roller.— The league-long roller thundering on the reef.
TENNYSON, *Enoch Arden*, line 580

Roman.— Let's do it after the high Roman fashion.
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv, 15 [13]

Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman?[2]
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 2

This was the noblest Roman of them all.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, v, 5

Romans.— For Romans in Rome's quarrels
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Then none was for a party;
Then all were for the state;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great:
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold:
The Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old.
MACAULAY, *Horatius*, st. 31, 32

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 2

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[1] Whate'er thy lot,— whoe'er thou be,—
Confess thy folly,— kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God. JAMES MONTGOMERY, *The Grave*, st. 24

How wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i, 2

[2] *Cf.* speech of Lord Palmerston in the Don Pacifico case, cited by JUSTIN McCARTHY, *History of Our Own Times*, xix.

Rome.— Rome shall perish — write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt. COWPER, *Boadicea*, st. 4

Rome, Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been!
On thy seven hills of yore
Thou sat'st a queen.
FELICIA HEMANS, *Roman Girl's Song*, st. 1

The holy Church,
The great metropolis and see of Rome.
SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, v, 2

Romeo.— O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 2

Rose.— The rose that all are praising
Is not the rose for me.
T. H. BAYLY, *The Rose That All Are Praising*

'T is the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;[1]
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone.
T. MOORE, *The Last Rose of Summer*, st. 1

"Would," thought he, as the picture grows,
"I on its stalk had left the rose!
Oh, why should man's success remove
The very charms that wake his love?"[2]
SCOTT, *Marmion*, iii, st. 17

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[1] One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden had been. CAMPBELL, *Lines Written on Visiting a Scene in Argyleshire*, st. 2

The one red leaf, the last of its clan.
S. T. COLERIDGE, *Christabel*, I, line 49

One sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree. HOLMES, *My Aunt*, st. 6

Earthlier happy is the rose distilled,
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, i, 1

[2] The butterfly from flower to flower
The urchin chased; and, when at last
He caught it in my lady's bower,
He cried, "Ha, Ha!" and held it fast.

Awhile he laughed, but soon he wept,
When looking at the prize he'd caught
And found he had to ruin swept
The very glory he had sought.
JOSEPH SKIPSEY, *The Butterfly*

He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, iii, 2

The rose upon my balcony the morning air perfuming,
Was leafless all the winter time and pining for the spring;
You ask me why her breath is sweet, and why her cheek is blooming:
It is because the sun is out and birds begin to sing.
THACKERAY, *The Rose upon My Balcony*, st. 1

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.
WALLER, *Go, Lovely Rose*, st. 1

Rosebud.— A rosebud set with little wilful thorns,
And sweet as English air could make her, she.
TENNYSON, *The Princess*, Prologue, lines 153, 154

Rosebuds.— Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,[1]
Old Time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.
HERRICK, *To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time*

Rosemary.— There's rosemary, that's for remembrance.[2]
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iv, 5

Roses.— There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies blow.
RICHARD ALLISON, *An Houre's Recreation in Musicke*

She wore a wreath of roses
The night that first we met.
T. H. BAYLY, *She Wore a Wreath of Roses*, st. 1

Poor Peggie hawks nosegays from street to street,
Till — think of that, who find life so sweet! —
She hates the smell of roses!
HOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg*, Her Birth

Fresh-blown roses washed in dew.[3]
MILTON, *L'Allegro*, line 22

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[1] Let us crown ourselves with rosebuds before they be withered.
SOLOMON, *Wisdom*, ii, 8

[2] For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing. SHAKESPEARE, *Winter's Tale*, iv, 4 [3]

[3] As clear
As morning roses newly washed with dew.
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, ii

Rotten.— Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 4

Rove.— We hold our greyhound in our hand,
Our falcon in our glove;
But where shall we find leash or band
For dame that loves to rove?
Let the wild falcon soar her swing,
She 'll stoop when she has tired her wing.
SCOTT, *Marmion*, i, st. 17

Row.— A darned long row to hoe.
LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, I, i, st. 13

Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight 's past.[1]
T. MOORE, *Canadian Boat Song*, st. 1

Rue.— There 's rue for you; and here 's some for me: we may call it herb-grace [herb of grace] o' Sundays.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iv, 5

Ruin.— With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confusion worse confounded.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, II, lines 995, 996

Rum.— There 's naught, no doubt, so much the spirit calms
As rum and true religion.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto ii, st. 34

Rum I take to be the name which unwashed moralists apply alike to the product distilled from molasses and the noblest juices of the vineyard. "Burgundy[2] in all its sunset glow" is rum. Champagne, soul of "the foaming grape of Eastern France," is rum. Hock, which our friend, the Poet, speaks of as—
"The Rhine's breastmilk, gushing cold and bright,
Pale as the moon, and maddening as her light"[3]
—is rum.
HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, viii

Running. In running, every pace
Is but between two legs a race,
In which both do their uttermost
To get before, and win the post;

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[1] O comrades, hold! the longest reach is past;
The stream runs swift, and we are flying fast.
LAMPMAN, *Between the Rapids*, st. 2

[2] Burgundy in all its sunset glow. BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto ii, st. 180

[3] HOLMES, *The Banker's Dinner*, st. 5.

Yet when they 're at their races' ends,
They 're still as kind and constant friends,
And, to relieve their weariness,
By turns give one another ease.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, III, i, lines 895–902

With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And, bending forward, struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade
Up to the rowel-head, and, starting so,
He seemed in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, i, 1

Runs.— He that runs may read.[1]
COWPER, *Tirocinium*, line 80

Rust.— I were better to be eaten to death with [a] rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, i, 2

Rusty.— Something to keep our souls from getting rusty.
HOLMES, *How Not to Settle It*, st. 6

Sabbath.— Raise not your scythe, suppressors of our vice!
Reforming saints, too delicately nice!
By whose decrees, our sinful souls to save,
No Sunday tankards foam, no barbers shave,
And beer undrawn and beards unmown display
Your holy reverence for the Sabbath day.[2]
BYRON, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, lines 632–637

Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
And never broke the Sabbath, but for gain:
Nor was he ever known an oath to vent,
Or curse, unless against the government.
DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel*, I, lines 587–590

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[1] Make it plain upon tables, that he may run that readeth it.
Habakkuk, ii, 2

[2] What! shut the Gardens! * lock the latticed gate!
Refuse the shilling and the Fellow's ticket!
And hang a wooden notice up to state,
"On Sundays no admittance at this wicket!"
The birds, the beasts, and all the reptile race
Denied to friends and visitors till Monday!
Now, really, this appears the common case
Of putting too much Sabbath into Sunday —
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?
HOOD, *An Open Question*, st. 1

* The Zoölogical Gardens, London.

Sack.— O monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, ii, 4

If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

Ibid., v, 4

Sad.— In sooth, I know not why I am so sad.

SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 1

To make a sweet lady sad is a sour offence.

SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 1

'Tis impious, in a good man, to be sad.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, IV, line 676

Sadder.— A sadder and a wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*, lines 624, 625

Saddest.— Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."

WHITTIER, *Maud Muller*, st. 53[1]

Safety-valve.— So she came tearin' along that night —
The oldest craft on the line —
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

JOHN HAY, *Jim Bludso, of the Prairie Belle*, st. 4

Sage.— He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

JAMES BEATTIE, *The Hermit*, st. 1

Sailor.— Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready, with every nod, to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III*, iii, 4

Cease, rude Boreas, blustering railer!
List, ye landsmen, all to me;
Messmates, hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea.

G. A. STEVENS, *The Storm*, st. 1

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[1] Few poems have been parodied as much as this. The following humourous imitations are selected as examples of this form of poetical wit:

If, of all words of tongue and pen,
The saddest are, "It might have been,"

More sad are these we daily see:
"It is, but had n't ought to be."

BRET HARTE, *Mrs. Judge Jenkins*, st. 23, 24

These words are the saddest of tongue or of pen:
"Mr. Billings of Louisville touched me for ten."

EUGENE FIELD, *Mr. Billings of Louisville*, st 4

O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor,— while thy head is bowed,
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, vi, st. 4

The greatest sailor since our world began.
TENNYSON, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, st. 6

The sailor's wife the sailor's star shall be.
F. E. WEATHERLY, *Nancy Lee*

Sailors.— Believe not what the landsmen say
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind:
They 'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find.
J. GAY, *Black-Eyed Susan*, st. 5

I recollect how sailors' rights was won,
Yard locked in yard, hot gun-lip kissin' gun.
LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, II, ii, lines 235, 236

We know what risks all landsmen run,
From noblemen to tailors;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence,
That you and I are sailors.
WILLIAM PITT (of Malta), *The Sailor's Consolation*

Saint. I 'm not a saint,
Not one of those self-constituted saints,
Quacks — not physicians — in the cure of souls
Censors who sniff out moral taints,
And call the devil over his own coals —
Those pseudo Privy Councillors of God,
Who write down judgments with a pen hard-nibbed;
Ushers of Beelzebub's Black Rod,
Commending sinners, not to ice thick-ribbed,
But endless flames, to scorch them up like flax,—
Yet sure of heaven themselves, as if they 'd cribbed
Th' impression of Saint Peter's keys in wax!
HOOD, *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire*, st. 2

Able to corrupt a saint.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, i, 2

O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dangerous
Is that temptation that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue.
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, ii, 2

Kneel undisturbed, fair saint!
Pour out your praise or plaint
Meekly and duly;
I will not enter there,
To sully your pure prayer
With thoughts unruly.

THACKERAY, *At the Church Gate*, st. 4

Saint Keyne.— A well there is in the West country,
And a clearer one never was seen;
There is not a wife in the West country
But has heard of the Well of Saint Keyne.

. . . . . .

"If the husband of this gifted well
Shall drink before his wife,
A happy man henceforth is he,
For he shall be master for life.

"But if the wife should drink of it first,
Heaven help the husband then!"
The stranger stooped to the well of Saint Keyne,
And drank of the water again.

SOUTHEY, *The Well of Saint Keyne*, st. 1, 10, 11

Saint Patrick.— Oh, St. Patrick was a gentleman,
Who came of decent people;
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple.
His father was a Gallagher;
His mother was a Brady;
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,
His uncle an O'Grady.

H. BENNETT, *St. Patrick Was a Gentleman*, st. 1

On the eighth day of March it was, some people say,
That St. Pathrick at midnight he first saw the day;
While others declare 't was the ninth he was born,
And 't was all a mistake between midnight and morn;
For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock,
And some blamed the babby—and some blamed the clock —
Till with all their cross-questions sure no one could know
If the child was too fast, or the clock was too slow.

S. LOVER, *The Birth of St. Patrick*, st. 1

Saints. Saints will aid if men will call:
For the blue sky bends over all!

S. T. COLERIDGE, *Christabel*, I, lines 330, 331

We are n't no thin red 'eroes, nor we are n't no blackguards too,
But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you;
An' if sometimes our conduck is n't all your fancy paints:
Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints. KIPLING, *Tommy*

Salad.— Our Garrick 's a salad; for in him we see
Oil, vinegar, sugar, and saltness agree.
GOLDSMITH, *Retaliation*, st. 1

My salad days,
When I was green in judgment.
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, i, 5

To make this condiment your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two hard-boiled eggs;
Two boiled potatoes, passed through kitchen sieve,
Smoothness and softness to the salad give;
Let onion atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, half suspected, animate the whole;
Of mordant mustard add a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment that bites too soon;
But deem it not, thou man of herbs, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt.
Four times the spoon with oil from Lucca crown,
And twice with vinegar, procured from town;
And lastly, o'er the flavoured compound toss
A magic *soupçon* of anchovy sauce.
O green and glorious! O herbaceous treat!
'T would tempt the dying anchorite to eat;
Back to the world he 'd turn his fleeting soul,
And plunge his fingers in the salad-bowl;
Serenely full, the epicure would say,
"Fate cannot harm me,— I have dined to-day."
SYDNEY SMITH, *Recipe for Salad*

Salt.— I have eaten your bread and salt,
I have drunk your water and wine,
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,
And the lives that ye led were mine.
KIPLING, *Departmental Ditties*, Prelude, st. 1

Samaritan.— Yes! you find people ready enough to do the Samaritan without the oil and the twopence.
SYDNEY SMITH, *Wit and Wisdom: Table Talk*

Sands.— Come unto these yellow sands.
SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, i, 2 (Ariel's Song)

Sandstone.— Then Abner Dean, of Angel's, rose to a point of order, when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.
BRET HARTE, *The Society upon the Stanislaus*, st. 7

Sandwich.— How Shem's proud children reared the Assyrian piles,
While Ham's were scattered through the Sandwich Isles.
HOLMES, *A Modest Request, The Speech*, lines 21, 22

Sarcastic.— He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.
BRET HARTE, *The Society upon the Stanislaus*, st. 5

Satan. Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.
COWPER, *Exhortation to Prayer*, st. 3

Satire.— Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.
BYRON, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, line 6

Satire should, like a polished razor keen,
Wound with a touch that 's scarcely felt or seen.
LADY M. W. MONTAGU, *To the Imitator of the First Satire of Horace*, ii

Satire 's my weapon, but I 'm too discreet
To run amuck, and tilt at all I meet.
POPE, *Horace*, II, Satire i, line 69

Savage.— I am as free as nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.
DRYDEN, *The Conquest of Granada*, I, i, 1

I will take some savage woman, she shall rear my dusky race.

Iron-jointed, supple-sinewed, they shall dive, and they shall run,
Catch the wild goat by the hair, and hurl their lances in the sun;

Whistle back the parrot's call, and leap the rainbows of the brooks,
Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books.
TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, lines 168–172

Saviour.— Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!
HOOD, *The Bridge of Sighs*, st. 18

Say.— Though I say it that should not say it.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Wit at Several Weapons*, ii, 2; FIELDING, *The Miser*, iii, 2; CIBBER, *Rival Fools*, ii; *Fall of British Tyranny*, iv, 2

Scaffold.— He is coming! he is coming!
Like a bridegroom from his room,
Came the hero from his prison
To the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle
More proudly than to die.
W. E. AYTOUN, *The Execution of Montrose*, st. 15

Scale.— A feather will turn the scale.[1]
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, iv, 2

Scandal.— No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope.
R. B. SHERIDAN, *The Critic*, ii, 1

Scandals.— Dead scandals form good subjects for dissection.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto i, st. 31

There's a lust in man no charm can tame
Of loudly publishing our neighbour's shame;
On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.
STEPHEN HARVEY, *Juvenal's Satire, ix*

Scars.— He jests at scars that never felt a wound.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 2

Scattered — All are scattered now and fled,
Some are married, some are dead.
LONGFELLOW, *The Old Clock on the Stairs*, st. 8

Schnapps.— Und he gife dem moral lessons,
How pefore de battle pops:
"Take a liddle brayer to Himmel,
Und a goot long trink of schnapps."
C. G. LELAND, *Breitmann in Bivouac*, st. 2

[1] The weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, ii, 4

Schoolboy.— A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto ii, st. 2

The whining schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, ii, 7

Schoolmaster.— Let the soldier be abroad if he will, he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage, a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array.
LORD BROUGHAM, *Speech*, Jan. 29, 1828

Science.— Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time.
TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, lines 11, 12

Scoff.— Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*, st. 13

Scornful.— Never a scornful word should grieve ye,
I'd smile on ye sweet as the angels do;—
Sweet as your smile on me shone ever,
Douglas, Douglas, tender and true.
D. M. MULOCK CRAIK, *Too Late*, st. 2

Scotch.— Tell them . . . how well I speak of Scotch politeness, and Scotch hospitality, and Scotch beauty, and of everything Scotch, but Scotch oat-cakes, and Scotch prejudices.
SAMUEL JOHNSON, *Life*, by Boswell, May 27, 1775

Scotia.— From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.
BURNS, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, st. 19

Scoundrels.— Some of the craftiest scoundrels that ever . . . crawled and crept through life by its dirtiest and narrowest ways will gravely jot down in diaries the events of every day, and keep a regular debtor and creditor account with Heaven, which shall always show a floating balance in their own favour.
DICKENS, *Nicholas Nickleby*, xliv

Screech-owls.— The time when screech-owls cry, and bandogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part II*, i, 4

Scribbler.— Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb through,
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:
Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Throned in the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
POPE, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, lines 89–94

Scripture.— The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.[1]
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 3

Scruple.— I will not bate thee a scruple.
SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well*, ii, 3

Scruples.—His scruples thus silenced, Tom felt more at ease,
And went with his comrades the apples to seize;
He blamed and protested, but joined in the plan:
He shared in the plunder, but pitied the man.
COWPER, *Pity for Poor Africans*, st. 11

Scylla.— When I shun Scylla . . . I fall into Charybdis.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 5

Sea.[2]— We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.
COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*, lines 105, 106

Safe in ourselves, while on ourselves we stand,
The sea is ours, and that defends the land.
Be, then, the naval stores the nation's care,
New ships to build, and battered to repair.
DRYDEN, *Epistle to John Dryden*, lines 146–149

In calm magnificence the sun declined,
And left a paradise of clouds behind:
Proud at his feet, with pomp of pearl and gold,
The billows in a sea of glory rolled.
JAMES MONTGOMERY, *The West Indies*, i, st. 5

When the loud trumpet of eternal doom
Shall break the mortal bondage of the tomb;
When with a mother's pangs the expiring earth
Shall bring her children forth to second birth;

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[1] Satan uses Bible words.— WHITTIER, *The Witch of Wenham*, I, st. 14

[2] *Cf.* OCEAN.

Sea—*Continued*

Then shall the sea's mysterious caverns, spread
With human relics, render up their dead.[1]
JAMES MONTGOMERY, *The West Indies*, iii, st. 6

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
B. W. PROCTER, *The Sea*, st. 1

A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring [stormy] sea.
B. W. PROCTER, *The Stormy Petrel*, st. 1

Like the ocean-bird, our home
We 'll find far out on the sea.
EPES SARGENT, *A Life on the Ocean Wave*, st. 2

The empire of the sea.
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, i, 2

Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground, long heath, brown furze, any thing. SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, i, 1

Rolled to starboard, rolled to larboard, when the surge was seething free,
Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains in the sea.
TENNYSON, *The Lotos-Eaters — Choric Song*, st. 8

And compassed by the inviolate sea.
TENNYSON, *To the Queen*

Of Christian souls more have been wrecked on shore
Than ever were lost at sea!
C. H. WEBB, *With a Nantucket Shell*, st. 4

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[1] What hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells?
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main!
Pale glistening pearls and rainbow-coloured shells,
Bright things which gleam unrecked of and in vain! —
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee.

. . . . .

Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,
The battle thunders will not break their rest.

. . . . .

To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown;
Yet must thou hear a voice — Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee! —
Restore the dead, thou sea!
FELICIA HEMANS, *The Treasures of the Deep*, st. 1, 4, 6

Seamen. The church
And yard are full of seamen's graves, and few
Have any names.
JEAN INGELOW, *Brothers, and a Sermon*

Seas.— Ye gentlemen of England
That live at home at ease,
Ah! little do you think upon
The dangers of the seas.
MARTYN PARKER, *Ye Gentlemen of England*

See.— Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as others see us![1]
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion. BURNS, *To a Louse*, st. 8

To see and not be seen.— BEN JONSON, *Epithalamion*, st. 3; DRYDEN, *Ovid's Art of Love*, I, line 109; GOLDSMITH, *Citizen of the World*, Letter 71

Seed.— The seed ye sow, another reaps;
The wealth ye find, another keeps;
The robes ye weave, another wears;
The arms ye forge, another bears.

Sow seed,— but let no tyrant reap;[2]
Find wealth,— let no impostor heap;
Weave robes,— let not the idle wear;
Forge arms,— in your defence to bear.
SHELLEY, *Song to the Men of England*, st. 5, 6

Seeds.— We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And dream we ne'er shall see them more;
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears,
In weeds that mar the land,
Or healthful store. KEBLE, *Example*, st. 1

Seek. 'T is in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 1

Seen. Oh, woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 1

Self-approving.— One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle iv, lines 255, 256

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[1] Oh, that you could turn your eyes toward the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves.
SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, ii, 1

[2] *Cf.* WORKER.

Self-defence.— Self-defence is nature's eldest law.
DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel*, I, line 458

Selfishness.— Selfishness, Love's cousin.
KEATS, *Isabella, or the Pot of Basil*, st. 31

Self-love.— Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin
As self-neglecting. SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, ii, 4

Self-sacrifice.— The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.
TENNYSON, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, st. 4

Selleth.— When he that selleth house or land
Shows leak in roof or flaw in right.
HOLMES, *Latter-Day Warnings*, st. 2

Senator.— *Brabantio.* Thou art a villain.
Iago. You are — a senator.—SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, i, 1

Sense.— Know, sense, like charity, begins at home.
POPE, *Umbra*, line 16

Sensible. A sensible man,
He stays to his home an' looks arter his folks;
He draws his furrer ez straight ez he can,
An' into nobody's tater-patch pokes.
LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, I, iii, st. 1

Separation.— When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bonds which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.
THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Declaration of Independence*

Serpent.— The trail of the Serpent is over them all!
T. MOORE, *Lalla Rookh: Paradise and the Peri*

My serpent of old Nile.
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, i, 5

The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 5

Wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

Servant.— Servant of God, well done!
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, VI, line 29

Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;[1]
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.—SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, ii, 3

Served. O Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, iii, 2

Serves.— Not thine, nor mine, to question or reply
When He commands us, asking "how?" or "why?"
He knows the cause; His ways are wise and just;
Who serves the King must serve with perfect trust.
HENRY VAN DYKE, *A Legend of Service*, st. 6

Service.— I'll do the service of a younger man.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, ii, 3

Servitor.— Then rose the dumb old servitor, and the dead,
Steered [oared] by the dumb, went upward with the flood.
TENNYSON, *Launcelot and Elaine*, lines 1146, 1147

Sex. The masculine attire
In which they roughen to the sense, and all
The winning softness of their sex is lost.
THOMSON, *The Seasons*, Autumn, lines 576–578

Sexton.— Nigh to a grave that was newly made,
Leaned a sexton old on his earth-worn spade;
. . . . .
A relic of bygone days was he,
And his locks were white as the foamy sea;
And these words came from his lips so thin:
"I gather them in: I gather them in."
PARK BENJAMIN, *The Old Sexton*, st. 1

O sextant! there are one kermoddity
Wich 's more than gold wich don't cost nothin',
Wuth more than anything except the sole of man!
I mean pewer are, sextant, I mean pewer are.
ARABELLA M. WILLSON, *To the Sextant*

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[1] Old as I am, my lusty limbs appear
Like winter greens, that flourish all the year.
POPE, *January and May*, lines 135, 136

Shadow. Hence, horrible shadow!
Unreal mockery, hence! — SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iii, 4

Shadows.—'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before.[1]
THOMAS CAMPBELL, *Lochiel's Warning*, st. 5

Come like shadows, so depart.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iv, 1

Shaft.— Oh, many a shaft at random sent,
Finds mark the archer little meant!
And many a word, at random spoken,
May soothe or wound a heart that 's broken.
SCOTT, *Lord of the Isles*, Canto v, st. 18

Shaken.— When taken
To be well shaken.
G. COLMAN, THE YOUNGER, *The Newcastle Apothecary*

Shakespeare.— *Kitty.* Shikspur? Shikspur? Who wrote it? No, I never read Shikspur.
Lady Bab. Then you have an immense pleasure to come. J. TOWNLEY, *High Life Below Stairs*, ii, 1

Shame.— As Mary rose at Jesus' word,
Redeemed and white before the Lord!
Reclaim thy lost soul! In His name,
Rise up, and break thy bonds of shame.
WHITTIER, *A Woman*

Shamed.— Whatever record leap to light
He never shall be shamed.—TENNYSON, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, st. 7

She.— Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible she,
That shall command my heart and me.
CRASHAW, *Wishes to His Supposed Mistress*, st. 1

The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, iii, 2

Sheepfold.— De massa ob de sheepfol'
Dat guards de sheepfol' bin
Goes down in de gloomerin' meadows,
Wha'r de long night rain begin —
So he le' down de ba's ob de sheepfol',
Callin' sof', "Come in! Come in!"
Callin' sof', "Come in! Come in!"

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[1] The spirits
Of great events stride on before the events.
S. T. COLERIDGE, *Death of Wallenstein*, v. 1, line 101

Den up t'ro' de gloomerin' meadows,
T'ro' de col' night rain and win',
And up t'ro' de gloomerin' rain-paf',
Wha'r de sleet fa' pie'cin' thin,
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol',
Dey all comes gadderin' in.
SARAH PRATT MCLEAN GREEN, *De Sheepfol'*, st. 2, 3

Sheet.— A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast.
A. CUNNINGHAM, *A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea*, st. 1

Sheets.— After I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, ii, 3

Sheridan.— Sighing that Nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die — in moulding Sheridan!
BYRON, *Monody on the Death of R. B. Sheridan*, st. 3

Shilling.— Happy the man who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A splendid shilling.
JOHN PHILIPS, *The Splendid Shilling*

Ship.— The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared.
COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*, line 21

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean. *Ibid.*, lines 117, 118

A ship is worse than a gaol. There is in a gaol, better air, better company, better conveniency of every kind; and a ship has the additional disadvantage of being in danger.[1] SAMUEL JOHNSON, *Life*, by Boswell, 1776

Don't give up the ship!— JAMES LAWRENCE, *Exclamation on being wounded on board the "Chesapeake"*

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
LONGFELLOW, *Building of the Ship*, st. 25

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[1] Ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates: and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 3

In case signals cannot be seen or clearly understood, no captain can do wrong if he places his ship alongside that of an enemy. — HORATIO, VISCOUNT NELSON,[1] quoted by SOUTHEY, *Life of Nelson*, ix

Ships.— I have ships that went to sea
More than fifty years ago;
None have yet come home to me,
But are sailing to and fro.[2]
R. S. COFFIN, *Ships at Sea*, st. 1

Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown and a distant voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence.[3] LONGFELLOW, *Elizabeth*, iv, lines 1–4

Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.
LONGFELLOW, *My Lost Youth*, st. 3

Shirt.— To treat a poor wretch with a bottle of Burgundy and fill his snuff-box is like giving a pair of laced ruffles to a man that has never a shirt on his back.[4]
TOM BROWN, *Laconics*

The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,
As sages in all times assert;
The happy man 's without a shirt.
J. HEYWOOD, *Be Merry, Friends*

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread —
Stitch — stitch — stitch!

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[1] Order issued by Nelson before the battle of Trafalgar. *Cf.* DUTY, quotation from NELSON; also FIRE, quotation from VILLENEUVE.

[2] To-day a song is on my lips:
Earth seems a paradise to me:
For God is good, and, lo, my ships
Are coming home from sea!
G. ARNOLD, *Jubilate*, st. 3

[3] And soon, too soon, we part with pain,
To sail o'er silent seas again. T. MOORE, *Meeting of the Ships*, st. 3

[4] Such dainties to them, their health it might hurt;
It's like sending them ruffles when wanting a shirt.
GOLDSMITH, *The Haunch of Venison*, st. 2

In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its tone could reach the rich! —
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"[1]
HOOD, *The Song of the Shirt*

There 's but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half-shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like an herald's coat without sleeves.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, iv, 2

He always used to wear a shirt
For thirty days, all seasons, day and night:
Good man, he knew it was not right
For dust and ashes to fall out with dirt;
And then he only hung it out in the rain,
And put it on again. SOUTHEY, *Saint Romauld*, st. 2

Shoe.— No man knows so well where the shoe pinches as he who wears it.[2]—LINCOLN, *Letter to Secretary Chase*, June 28, 1864

Shoes.— Here 's to the day when it is May,
And care as light as a feather,
When your little shoes and my big boots
Go tramping over the heather.

Here 's to the night when our delight
Shall hold the stars in a tether,
And your little shoes and my big boots
Are under the bed together.— BLISS CARMAN, *A Toast*

Shop. Miss, the mercer's plague, from shop to shop
Wandering, and littering with unfolded silks
The polished counter, and approving none,
Or promising with smiles to call again.
COWPER, *The Task: Winter Walk at Noon*, lines 279–282

Shopkeepers.— To found a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers, may at first sight appear a project fit only for a nation of shopkeepers.[3]
ADAM SMITH, *Wealth of Nations*, IV, vii, 3

Short.— This is the short and the long of it.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, ii, 2

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[1] "He sang The Song of the Shirt."
Inscription on Hood's monument in Kensal Green Cemetery

[2] This saying is, of course, proverbial.

[3] A nation of traders. NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, *Life*, by Sloane, II, 186

Shot.— By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

EMERSON, *Concord Hymn*, st. 1

Shout. The inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iv, st. 140

Showest.— Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou west,
Ride more than thou goest,
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest; . . .
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, i, 4

Shrew.— The veriest shrew of all.

SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, v, 2

Shrieks.— Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe their last;
Or when rich china vessels fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie![1]

POPE, *Rape of the Lock*, iii, lines 157–160

Shroud. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart,—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings.

BRYANT, *Thanatopsis*, lines 8–15

Sewing at once with a double thread
A shroud as well as a shirt.

HOOD, *The Song of the Shirt*

How swift the shuttle flies, that weaves thy shroud.

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, IV, line 810

Sick. You 'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, iv, 4

[1] And mistress of herself, though china fall.

POPE, *Moral Essays*, Epistle ii, line 268

Sickness.— I 'm sick of gruel, and the dietetics,
I 'm sick of pills, and sicker of emetics,
I 'm sick of pulses' tardiness or quickness,
I 'm sick of blood, its thinness or its thickness,—
In short, within a word, I 'm sick of sickness!
HOOD, *Fragment, Probably Written during Illness*

Side-curl.— When a young female wears a flat circular side-curl, gummed on each temple,— when she walks with a male, not arm in arm, but with his arm against the back of hers,— and when she says "Yes?" with the note of interrogation, you are generally safe in asking her what wages she gets, and who the "feller" was you saw her with. HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, i

Sides.— Much may be said on both sides.
H. FIELDING, *The Covent Garden Tragedy*, i, 8

Sigh.— Here 's a sigh to those who love me,
And a smile to those who hate;[1]
BYRON, *To Thomas Moore*, st. 2

What a sigh is there! The heart is sorely charged.[2]
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, v, 1

Sighed.— Had sighed to many, though he loved but one,[3]
And that loved one, alas! could ne'er be his.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto i, st. 5

Sighed and looked, and sighed again.
DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast*, line 113

Sighs.—My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange,
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:
She wished she had not heard it, yet she wished
That heaven had made her such a man: she thanked me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
And I loved her that she did pity them.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, i, 3

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[1] With a pardon for the foes who hate,
And a prayer for those who love us.
ELIZA COOK, *Song for the New Year*, st. 3

[2] He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
That [as] it did seem to shatter all his bulk.— SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, ii, 1

[3] He 'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
He 'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells —
All is, he couldn't love 'em. LOWELL, *The Courtin'*, st. 9

Sight.— And out of mind, as soon as out of sight.[1]

LORD BROOKE, *Sonnet lvi*

Silence.— There was silence deep as death;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time. T. CAMPBELL, *Battle of the Baltic*, st. 2

Silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound.

HOLMES, *The Music-Grinders*, st. 10

Silence in love bewrays more woe
Than words, tho' ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb you know,
May challenge double pity.

RALEIGH, *The Silent Lover*, st. 8

Silk.— And ye sall walk in silk attire,
And siller hae to spare,
Gin ye 'll consent to be his bride,
Nor think o' Donald mair.

SUSANNA BLAMIRE, *The Siller Croun*, st. 1

Some marrowy crapes of China silk,
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

HOLMES, *Contentment*, st. 6

Simile.— One simile, that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines.

POPE, *Imitations of Horace*, II, Epistle i, lines 111, 112

Simon.— The real Simon Pure.

SUSANNA CENTLIVRE, *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*, v, 1

Simplicity.— Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace:
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:
Such sweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.[2]

BEN JONSON, *The Silent Woman*, i, 1

She 's modest as ony, and blithe as she 's bonnie,—
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
And far be the villain, divested of feeling,
Wha 'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o' Dumblane.

R. TANNAHILL, *The Flower o' Dumblane*, st. 3

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[1] To-day man is; to-morrow he is gone. And when he is out of sight, quickly also is he out of mind.

THOMAS À KEMPIS, *Imitation of Christ*, I, xxiii, 1

[2] A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness: . . .
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility:
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

HERRICK, *Delight in Disorder*

In the complicated agitation of modern existence, our wearied souls dream of simplicity.
CHARLES WAGNER, *The Simple Life*, Preface

Sin.— This uneradicable taint of sin.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iv, st. 126

'T was best, he said, mankind should cease to sin.
TIMOTHY DWIGHT, *The Smoothe Divine*, line 11

Said I not so, that I would sin no more?
Witness my God, I did;
Yet I am run again upon the score:
My faults cannot be hid.
GEORGE HERBERT, *Vows Broken and Renewed*, st. 1

The sin ye do by two and two ye must pay for one by one. KIPLING, *Tomlinson*

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.
LONGFELLOW, *Sin*, from the German of F. von Logau

O Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with predestined evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my fall to sin!
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 80

For Charlie's sake I will arise;
I will anoint me where he lies,
And change my raiment, and go in
To the Lord's house, and leave my sin
Without, and seat me at his board,
Eat, and be glad, and praise the Lord.
For wherefore should I fast and weep,
And sullen moods of mourning keep?
I cannot bring him back, nor he,
For any calling, come to me.
The bond the angel Death did sign,
God sealed — for Charlie's sake, and mine.
J. W. PALMER, *For Charlie's Sake*, st. 4

Water cannot wash away your sin.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, iv

Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall.
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, ii, 1

God said of old to a woman like me,
"Go, sin no more," or your Bibles lie;
But you, you mangle his merciful words
To "Go, and sin till you die!"
R. H. STODDARD, *On the Town*, st. 15

No mercy now can clear her brow
For this world's peace to pray;
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,
Her woman's heart gave way! —
But the sin forgiven by Christ in Heaven
By man is cursed alway!

N. P. Willis, *Unseen Spirits*, st. 5

Sinful.— A sinful heart makes feeble hand.

Scott, *Marmion*, vi, 31

Sing.— Swans sing before they die,—'twere no bad thing
Did certain persons die before they sing.

S. T. Coleridge, *On a Bad Singer*

Single.— Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—[1]
Why not I with thine?

Shelley, *Love's Philosophy*, st. 1

Oh, fie upon this single life! forego it.

J. Webster, *Duchess of Malfi*, iii, 2

Sink.— Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote.

Daniel Webster, *Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson*, delivered in Boston, Aug. 2, 1826

Sinned. Sinned I not
But in mistaking.

Shakespeare, *Much Ado about Nothing*, v, 1

Sinning. I am a man
More sinned against than sinning.

Shakespeare, *King Lear*, iii, 2

Sins.— Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.

Butler, *Hudibras*, I, i, lines 215, 216

When you break up housekeeping, you learn the extent of your treasures;
Till he begins to reform, no one can number his sins.

John Hay, *Distichs*, ix

Unto each man comes a day when his favourite sins all forsake him,
And he complacently thinks he has forsaken his sins.

Ibid., xi

[1] Another reading is: In one spirit meet and mingle.

That frown upon Saint Giles's sins, but blink
The peccadilloes of all Piccadilly.[1]
HOOD, *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire*, st. 12

Commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, iv, 5 [4]

Sires. Few sons attain the praise
Of their great sires, and most their sires disgrace.
POPE, *The Odyssey*, II, lines 315, 316

Sixpence.— I give thee sixpence! I will see thee damned first. CANNING, *The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder*, st. 9

Skies.— They change their skies above them,
But not their hearts that roam!
KIPLING, *The Native-Born*, st. 2

Skimble-skamble.— A deal of skimble-skamble stuff.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, iii, 1

Skin. That whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, v, 2

Skull.— Behold this ruin! 'Twas a skull[2]
Once of ethereal spirit full.
This narrow cell was Life's retreat;
This space was Thought's mysterious seat,
What beauteous visions filled this spot!
What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
Nor hope, nor joy, nor love, nor fear
Have left one trace of record here.
ANONYMOUS, *To a Skeleton*, st. 1

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[1] Piccadilly,
A place where peccadilloes are unknown.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto xiii, st. 27

[2] Remove yon skull from out the scattered heaps:
Is that a temple where a god may dwell?
Why even the worm at last disdains her shattered cell.

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
Yes this was once ambition's airy hall,
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul:
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,
And passion's host, that never brooked control:
Can all, saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto ii, st. 5, 6

The thoughts once chambered there,
Have gathered up their treasure and are gone.
FELICIA HEMANS, *Lines to a Butterfly Resting on a Skull*, st. 2

That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, v, 1

Sky.— The sky, one blue, interminable arch,
Without a breeze, a wing, a cloud.— JAMES MONTGOMERY, *The Pelican Island*, Canto i, st. 2

That inverted bowl they call the sky.
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 72

Slander.— Where it concerns himself,
Who 's angry at a slander, makes it true.
BEN JONSON, *Catiline*, iii, 1

'Tis slander,
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.
SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, iii, 4

Slander, meanest spawn of hell
(And women's slander is the worst).
TENNYSON, *The Letters*, st. 5

Slanderous.— Done to death by slanderous tongues.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, v, 3

Slaughter.— Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.
GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, st. 18

Slaves.— Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
COWPER, *The Task: The Time-Piece*, lines 40–42

They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak;
They are slaves who will not choose
Hatred, scoffing, and abuse,
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think;
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three.
LOWELL, *Stanzas on Freedom*, st. 4

Mechanic slaves
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers.
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, v, 2

Slayer.— If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.
EMERSON, *Brahma*, st. 1

Sleep. Sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence. BYRON, *The Dream*, st. 1

While I am sleeping, I neither fear nor hope, have neither pain nor pleasure: and well fare him that invented sleep, a cloak that covers all human thoughts; the food that slakes hunger; the water that quencheth thirst; and the fire that warmeth cold; the cold that tempers heat; and finally a current coin, with which all things are bought, a balance and weight that equals the king to the shepherd; the fool to the wiseman; only one thing (as I have heard) sleep hath ill, which is, that it is like death, in that between a man asleep, and a dead man, there is little difference.—CERVANTES, *Don Quixote* (Tudor Translation, ed Henley), II, lxviii

O sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,
That slid into my soul.
COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*, lines 292–296

Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.
SAMUEL DANIEL, *Sonnet liv*

We do not know what it is, dear, this sleep so deep and still;
The folded hands, the awful calm, the cheek so pale and chill;
The lids that will not lift again, though we may call and call;
The strange, white solitude of peace that settles over all.
MARY MAPES DODGE, *The Two Mysteries*, st. 1

My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at sleep:
For sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep!
HOOD, *The Dream of Eugene Aram*

Be not afraid, ye doubting [waiting] hearts that weep,
For God still [still He] giveth his beloved sleep,
And if an endless sleep he wills, so best.
Epitaph of T. H. Huxley, from a poem by his wife, HENRIETTA A. HUXLEY

O, magic sleep! O comfortable bird,
That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
Till it is hushed and smooth.
KEATS, *Endymion*, 1, lines 453–455

How calm they sleep beneath the shade
Who once were weary of the strife,
And bent, like us, beneath the load
Of human life!
CRAMMOND KENNEDY, *Greenwood Cemetery*

Now I lay me down to take my sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep:
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.— *New England Primer*

No boy knows when he goes to sleep.[1]
J. W. RILEY, *No Boy Knows*

Give me to drink mandragora . . .
That I might sleep out this great gap of time.
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, i, 5

O sleep! O gentle sleep!
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down[2]
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, iii, 1

Sleep that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye.
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, iii, 2

Tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep![3]
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinions flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, I, lines 1–5

Sleeping.— Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatched:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled,
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 5

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[1] If ignorance be indeed a bliss,
What blessed ignorance equals this,
To sleep — and not to know it? — HOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg*, Her Dream

[2] The timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines
Our eyelids.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IV, lines 614–616

Sleep shall neither night or day
Hang upon his pent-house lid.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, i, 3

[3] Innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, ii, 2

Sleeps.— He that sleeps feels not the toothache.
SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, v, 4

There are a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, iii, 3

Sleeve. I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For daws to peck at. SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, i, 1

Slept.— Then went to bed and slept as sound
As if I'd paid a note.—LANIER, *A Florida Ghost*, st. 15

God's finger touched him, and he slept.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, lxxxv, st. 5

Slippery. So slippery that
The fear's as bad as falling.
SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, iii, 3

Sluggard.— 'T is the voice of the sluggard, I heard him complain,
"You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again."
WATTS, *The Sluggard*

Slumbers.— To all, to each, a fair good night
And pleasing dreams and slumbers light.
SCOTT, *Marmion*, L'Envoy

Smart. *Leonato.* I will be heard.
Antonio. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, v, 1

Smell.— The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IX, line 450

A very ancient and fish-like smell.
SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, ii, 2

Smile.— Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile.
S. T. COLERIDGE, *Ode to Tranquillity*, st. 4

He smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was childlike and bland.
BRET HARTE, *Plain Language from Truthful James*, st. 4

She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
SCOTT, *Marmion*, v, 12

Smitest.— Man of age, thou smitest sore.
SCOTT, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto iii, st. 10

Smoky.— Holding these smoky localities responsible for the conflagrations within them has a very salutary effect.
LINCOLN, *Letter to J. R. Underwood*, Oct. 26, 1864

Snake.— We have scotched the snake, not killed it.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iii, 2

Snakes.— There's not a mile in Ireland's isle
Where dirty varmin musters,
But there he put his dear fore-foot,
And murdered them in clusters.
The toads went pop, the frogs went hop,
Slap-dash into the water;
And the snakes committed suicide
To save themselves from slaughter.
HENRY BENNETT, *St. Patrick Was a Gentleman*

Snapper-up.— A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.
SHAKESPEARE, *Winter's Tale*, iv, 3 [2]

Sneer.— There was a laughing devil in his sneer.
BYRON, *The Corsair*, Canto i, st. 9

Snow.— Now fades the last long streak of snow,
Now bourgeons every maze of quick.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, cxv, st. 1

Snow-flakes.— Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's nothing can freeze. HOLMES, *The Boys*, st. 2

Soap.— Seemed washing his hands with invisible soap,
In imperceptible water.
HOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg*, Her Christening

Sober.— And he that will to bed go sober,
Falls with the leaf still in October.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *The Bloody Brother*, ii, 2 (Song)

If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then,
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
Nay, more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say "Amen,"
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent
To please his grandam, never trust me more.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, ii, 2

Soiling.— Soiling another, Annie, will never make one's self clean. TENNYSON, *The Grandmother*, st. 9

Soldier.— Providence and courage never abandon the good soldier.
COIGNET, cited by W. M. SLOANE, *Napoleon Bonaparte*, III, 248

When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains,
And the women come out to cut up what remains,
Jest roll to your rifle and blow out your brains
An' go to your Gawd like a soldier.
KIPLING, *The Young British Soldier*, st. 13

"A soldier of the Union mustered out"
Is the inscription on an unknown grave
At Newport News, beside the salt-sea wave,
Nameless and dateless.
LONGFELLOW, *A Nameless Grave*

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking.
SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake*, Canto i, st. 31

A soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, ii, 7

Soldiers.— The worn white soldiers in khaki dress,
. . . . . .
Who gave up their lives at the Queen's command,
For the pride of their race, and the peace of the land.
KIPLING, *Ballad of Bon Da Thone*, st. 6, 8

Solitude.— He makes a solitude, and calls it — peace.
BYRON, *Bride of Abydos*, Canto ii, st. 20

O Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
COWPER, *Alexander Selkirk*, st. 1

Solitude sometimes is best society,
And short retirement urges sweet return.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IX, lines 249, 250

Somebody.— Somebody's courting somebody,
Somewhere or other to-night;
Somebody's whispering to somebody,
Somebody's listening to somebody,
Under this clear moonlight.— ANONYMOUS, *Somebody*

Son.— That unfeathered two-legged thing, a son.
DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel*, I, line 170

Song.— Here lived the soul enchanted
By melody of song;
Here dwelt the spirit haunted
By a demoniac throng;
Here sang the lips elated;
Here grief and death were sated;
Here loved and here unmated
Was he, so frail, so strong.
J. H. BONER, *Poe's Cottage at Fordham*, st. 1

His song was only living aloud,
His work, a singing with his hand!
LANIER, *Life and Song*, st. 5

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.
KINGSLEY, *A Farewell*, st. 2

Songs.— Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.[1]
LONGFELLOW, *The Day Is Done*, st. 9

Sons.— Good wombs have borne bad sons.
SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, i, 2

Sore. You rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaster.
SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, ii, 1

Sorrow.— The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown;
No traveller ever reached that blessed abode,
Who found not thorns and briers in his road.
COWPER, *Epistle to a Lady in France*, lines 9–12

They say 'tis a sin to sorrow,
That what God doth is best;
But 'tis only a month to-morrow
I buried it from my breast.
R. S. HAWKER, *Lament of a Cornish Mother*, st. 1

[1] It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.— A. A. PROCTER, *A Lost Chord*, st. 3

A feeling of sadness and longing,
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles the rain.
LONGFELLOW, *The Day Is Done*, st. 3

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish—
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
T. MOORE, *Come, Ye Disconsolate*

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 2

Gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it and sets it light.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, i, 3

If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender 't here.
SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, v, 4

O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me,
No casual mistress, but a wife.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, lix, st. 1

Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.
TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, line 76

Sorrows.— Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
O, give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.
T. Moss, *The Beggar*

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iv, 5

Soul.— Sweet friends! What the women lave
For its last bed of the grave
Is a tent which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage from which, at last,
Like a hawk my soul hath passed.
. . . . . .
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell,— one
Out of which the pearl is gone;
The shell is broken, it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, *After Death in Arabia*, st. 3, 4

Soul—*Continued*

Part they must: body and soul must part;
Fond couple! linked more close than wedded pair.[1]
R. BLAIR, *The Grave*

O God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood.
BYRON, *Prisoner of Chillon*, st. 8

But whither went his soul, let such relate
Who search the secrets of the future state:
Divines can say but what themselves believe;
Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative:
For, were all plain, then all sides must agree,
And faith itself be lost in certainty.
To live uprightly then is sure the best,
To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.
The soul of Arcite went where heathens go,
Who better live than we, though less they know.
DRYDEN, *Palamon and Arcite*, lines 2120–2129

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.
W. E. HENLEY, *Out of the Night That Covers Me*, st. 1

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!
HOLMES, *The Chambered Nautilus*, st. 5

My soul is like the oar that momently
Dies in a desperate stress beneath the wave,
Then glitters out again and sweeps the sea:
Each second I'm new-born from some new grave.
LANIER, *Struggle*

The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky,
The soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die.
JAMES MONTGOMERY, *The Grave*, st. 30

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[1] Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,
United jar, and yet are loth to part.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, II, lines 175, 176

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token, that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face.
A. A. PROCTER, *Judge Not*, st. 2

O limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged! SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 3

Now my soul hath elbow-room.
SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, v, 7

Why should this worthless tegument endure
If its undying guest be lost forever?
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue; that when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.
HORACE SMITH, *Address to a Mummy*, st. 13

For of the soule the bodie forme doth take;
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.
SPENSER, *Hymne in Honour of Beautie*, lines 132, 133

So passed the strong heroic soul away.
TENNYSON, *Enoch Arden*, line 909

Where wert thou, Soul, ere yet my body born
Became thy dwelling-place? Didst thou on earth,
Or in the clouds, await this body's birth?
Or by what chance upon that winter's morn
Didst thou this body find, a babe forlorn?
Didst thou in sorrow enter, or in mirth?
Or for a jest, perchance, to try its worth
Thou tookest flesh, ne'er from it to be torn?
Nay, Soul, I will not mock thee; well I know
Thou wert not on the earth, nor in the sky;
For with my body's growth thou too didst grow;
But with that body's death wilt thou too die?
I know not, and thou canst not tell me, so
In doubt we'll go together,— thou and I.
SAMUEL WADDINGTON, *Soul and Body*

A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarmed
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather or to drown a fly.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, I, lines 149–154

Souls.— Of two souls — one must bend, one rule above.
R. Browning, *Beatrice Signorini*, line 86

'T is an awkward thing to play with souls,
And matter enough to save one's own:
Yet think of my friend, and the burning coals
He played with for bits of stone!
R. Browning, *A Light Woman*, st. 12

We are only we
While souls and bodies in one frame agree.
Dryden, *Translation of Lucretius*, III, lines 17, 18

These are the times that try men's souls.
T. Paine, *The Crisis*, No. 1

Thou almost mak 'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men.
Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

Sound.— A winged and wandering sound.
Maria Tesselschade Visscher, *The Nightingale* (trans. Sir John Bowring)

Sow.— He has the wrong sow by the ear.
Ben Jonson, *Every Man in His Humour*, ii, 1

The sow that was washed [is turned] to her wallowing in the mire. *2 Peter* ii, 22

Spaniel. You play the spaniel,
And think with wagging of your tongue to win me.
Shakespeare, *King Henry VIII*, v, 3 [2]

I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love
(And yet a place of high respect with me),
Than to be used as you use your dog?
Shakespeare, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, ii, 1

Sparkled.— She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven.[1]
Young, *Night Thoughts*, V, line 601

[1] That loving soul, which on the parent's breast
Had sparkled as a dew-drop, was exhaled,
To mingle mid the brightness of the skies.
L. H. Sigourney, *Dew-drops*

Speak. I trust I may have leave to speak;
And speak I will.

SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, iv, 3

I speak as my understanding instructs me and as my honesty puts it to utterance.

SHAKESPEARE, *Winter's Tale*, i, 1

Spectres. They drink out of skulls newly torn from the grave,
Dancing 'round them the spectres are seen;
Their liquor is blood, and this horrible stave
They howl: "To the health of Alonzo the Brave,
And his consort, the Fair Imogine!"

M. G. LEWIS, *Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogine*

Speculation.— Speculation is a round game; the players see little or nothing of their cards at first starting; gains may be great — and so may losses. . . . A mania prevailed, a bubble burst, four stockbrokers took villa residences at Florence, four hundred nobodies were ruined, and among them Mr. Nickleby.

DICKENS, *Nicholas Nickleby*, i

Speech.— Men ever had, and ever will have, leave
To coin new words well suited to the age.
Words are like leaves, some wither every year,
And every year a younger race succeeds.

. . . . . .

Use may revive the obsoletest words,
And banish those that now are most in vogue;
Use is the judge, the law, and rule of speech.

ROSCOMMON, *Art of Poetry*, lines 73–91

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirlwind of passion,[1] you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I would have such a fellow whipped for o'erdoing Termagant.

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 2

[1] "As I may say, whirlwind of your passion" according to different versions

Mend your speech a little,
Lest it [you] may mar your fortunes.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, i, 1

His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered.
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, v, 1

Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, i, 3

Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
Speech burnishes our mental magazine.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, II, lines 478, 479

Spider.— The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.[1]
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle i, lines 217, 218

Spin.— Spin, spin, Clotho, spin!
Lachesis, twist! and, Atropos, sever!
Darkness is strong, and so is Sin,
But surely God endures for ever!
LOWELL, *Villa Franca*, st. 7

Spirit.— The letter kills, the spirit keeps alive[2]
In law and gospel.
R. BROWNING, *The Ring and the Book*, XI, lines 1531, 1532

O Lord! since we have feasted thus,
Which we so little merit,
Let Meg now take away the flesh,
And Jock bring in the spirit!
BURNS, *On a Sheep's Head*

I am thy father's spirit,
Doomed for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,

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[1] Much like a subtle spider which doth sit,
In middle of her web, which spreadeth wide;
If aught do touch the utmost thread of it,
She feels it instantly on every side.
SIR J. DAVIES, *The Immortality of the Soul*

[2] The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life. *2 Cor.* iii, 6

And each particular hair to stand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine [porcupine]:
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood.—SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 5

Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! *Ibid.*

When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough: this earth that bears thee dead
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, v, 4

These foolish drops do something [somewhat] drown my manly spirit.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, ii, 3

Our tastes, our needs, are never twice the same.
Nothing contents us long, however dear,
The spirit in us, like the grosser frame,
Outgrows the garments which it wore last year.
ELLA WHEELER WILCOX, *The Year Outgrows the Spring*, st. 4

Spirits. Spirits, when they please,
Can either sex assume, or both; so soft
And uncompounded is their essence pure,
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
Like cumbrous flesh; but, in what shape they choose,
Dilated or condensed, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, I, lines 423–431

Glendower. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Hotspur. Why, so can I, or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, iii, 1

Spirits of peace, where are ye? are ye all gone,
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, iv, 2

Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee,
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.
UHLAND, *The Passage* (trans. Sarah Austen), st. 6

Spiritual.— Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IV, lines 677, 678

Spleen.— You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I 'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 3

Splendour.— The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
TENNYSON, *The Princess*, iii

Spoke.— When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 3

Sport.— Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
MILTON, *L'Allegro*, lines 31, 32

Spot.— My family . . . think it indispensable that [Mr. Micawber] should be upon the spot . . . in case of anything turning up.
DICKENS, *David Copperfield*, I, xii

Out, damned spot! out, I say.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, v, 1

Spring.— The spring comes slowly up this way.
S. T. COLERIDGE, *Christabel*, I, line 22

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king.
T. NASH, *Spring, the Sweet Spring*

Come, gentle Spring, ethereal mildness, come.[1]
THOMSON, *The Seasons*, Spring, line 1

Spring-time.— Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves.
C. F. ALEXANDER, *Burial of Moses*, st. 3

Squadron.— A fellow almost damned in a fair wife;
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster; . . .
Mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, i, 1

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[1] "Come, gentle spring! ethereal mildness! come."
O Thomson! void of rhyme as well as reason;
How couldst thou thus poor human nature hum?
There's no such season!
HOOD, *Spring, A New Version*

Square.— Utopia is a pleasant place,
But how shall I get there?
"Straight down the crooked lane,
And all round the square."
HOOD, *A Plain Direction*, st. 2

Square Deal.— A man who is good enough to shed his blood for his country[1] is good enough to be given a square deal afterward. More than that no man is entitled to, and less than that no man shall have.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, *Speech at Springfield, Ill.*, July 4, 1903

Squeezing.— What holds a pretty girl's
Hand without squeezing?
F. LOCKER, *On an Old Muff*

Staff.— The boy was the very staff of my age.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, ii, 2

Stage. All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.[2]
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, ii, 7

A kingdom for a stage, princes to act
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, Prologue

Stammer.— I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, iii, 2

Stand.— Here I stand; I cannot do otherwise; God help me!
MARTIN LUTHER, *His Defence before the Diet of Worms*

Standard.— But still he waves the standard, and cries, amid the rout —
"For Church and King, fair gentlemen, spur on and fight it out!"
And now he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he hums a stave,
And here he quotes a stage-play, and there he fells a knave. PRAED, *Sir Nicholas at Marston Moor*, st. 5

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[1] Alluding to coloured troops.

[2] The world's a theatre, the earth a stage
Which God and nature do with actors fill.
T. HEYWOOD, *Apology for Actors*

Star.— "No sight? no sound?" "No; nothing save
The plover from the marshes calling,
And in yon western sky, about
An hour ago a star[1] was falling."

"A star? There's nothing strange in that."
"No, nothing; but, above the thicket,
Somehow it seemed to me that God
Somewhere has just relieved a picket."

BRET HARTE, *Relieving Guard*, st. 2, 3

Yet, if thou wilt remember one
Who never can forget,
Whose lonely life is not so lone
As if we had not met,
Believe that in the frosty sky
Whereon is writ his destiny,
Thy light is lingering yet,
A star before the darkened soul,
To guide, and gladden, and control.

PRAED, *A Farewell*, st. 7

It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it, he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind that would be mated by the lion
Must die for love.

SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well*, i, 1

Stare. And then with a riding-whip
Leisurely tapping a glossy boot,
And curving a contumelious lip,
Gorgonized me from head to foot
With a stony British stare.—TENNYSON, *Maud*, xiii, st. 2

Stars. When the patient stars look down
On all their light discovers,
The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,
The lips of lying lovers,

They try to shut their saddening eyes,
And in the vain endeavour
We see them twinkling in the skies,
And so they wink for ever.

HOLMES, *Album Verses*, st. 6, 7

Starve.— But still the great have kindness in reserve,
He helped to bury whom he helped to starve.

POPE, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, lines 247, 248

[1] Thomas Starr King died in San Francisco, March 4, 1864.

State.— A thousand years scarce serve to form a state;
An hour may lay it in the dust.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto ii, st. 84

In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolved to ruin or to rule the state. DRYDEN,
Absalom and Achitophel, I, lines 173, 174

What constitutes a state?
Not high raised battlements or laboured mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No: — men, high-minded men, . . .
Men, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain;
Prevent the long aimed blow
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain:
These constitute a state,
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
SIR WILLIAM JONES, *Ode in Imitation of Alcæus*

I have done the state some service, and they know't.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, v, 2

Statesman.— Statesman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gained no title, and who lost no friend;
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
And praised, unenvied, by the Muse he loved.[1]
POPE, *Moral Essays*, Epistle v, lines 67–72

Statuary. She was one
Fit for the model of a statuary
(A race of mere impostors, when all's done —
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal).
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto ii, st. 118

Statue.— The more the marble wastes
The more the statue grows.
MICHAELANGELO BUONAROTTI, *Sonnet*
(trans. Mrs. Henry Roscoe)

[1] This quotation was also used as an epitaph on the tomb of James Craggs in Westminster Abbey, with a change in the last line to "Praised, wept, and honoured by the Muse he loved."

Stature.— *Jaques.* What stature is she of?
Orlando. Just as high as my heart.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, iii, 2

Steal.— Thieves for their robbery have authority
When judges steal themselves.
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, ii, 2

"Convey," the wise it call. "Steal!" foh! a fico for the phrase! SHAKESPEARE, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, i, 3

We steal by line and level.
SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, iv

Stealing.— In vain we call old notions fudge,
And bend our conscience to our dealing;
The Ten Commandments will not budge,
And stealing will continue stealing.
LOWELL, *Epigram: International Copyright*

B, taught by Pope to do his good by stealth,
'Twixt participle and noun no difference feeling,
In office placed to serve the Commonwealth,
Does himself all the good he can by stealing.
LOWELL, *Epigram: A Misconception*

When to bed the world are bobbing,
Then's the time for orchard-robbing;
Yet the fruit were scarce worth peeling
Were it not for stealing, stealing.
T. RANDOLPH, *Fairies' Song* (trans. from the Latin, by Leigh Hunt)

Steam.— Soon shall thy arm, unconquered steam! afar
Drag the slow barge, or drive the rapid car;
Or on wide waving wings expanded bear
The flying-chariot through the field of air.[1]
E. DARWIN, *A Botanic Garden*, I, i

Steed.— And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
And through it there rolled not the breath of his pride:
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.
BYRON, *Destruction of Sennacherib*, st. 4

Like the impatient steed of war,
He snuffed the battle from afar.—SCOTT, *Marmion*, vi, 1

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[1] I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made;
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,
I carry, I spin, I weave,
And all my doings I put into print
On every Saturday eve.
G. W. CUTTER, *The Song of Steam*

Steeds.— The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein;
Curved is each neck, and flowing each mane;
White is the foam of their champ on the bit:
The spears are uplifted; the matches are lit;
The cannon are pointed and ready to roar,
And crush the wall they have crumbled before.
BYRON, *Siege of Corinth*, st. 22

Steer. I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer
Right onward. MILTON, *Sonnet to Cyriac Skinner*

Stenches.— In Köhln, a town of monks and bones,
And pavements fanged with murderous stones,
And rags, and hags, and hideous wenches;
I counted two-and-seventy stenches,
All well defined, and several stinks!
S. T. COLERIDGE, *Cologne*, lines 1–5

Stephen.— King Stephen was a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor lown.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, ii, 3

Steps.— He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.
BRYANT, *To a Waterfowl*, st. 8

Stile.— I 'm sittin' on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side.
. . . . .
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.
LADY DUFFERIN, *Lament of the Irish Immigrant*, st. 1

Stimulating.— There are companies of men of genius into which I sometimes go, where the atmosphere of intellect and sentiment is so much more stimulating than alcohol, that, if I thought fit to take wine, it would be to keep me sober.— HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, viii

Stolen.— Stolen sweets are always sweeter;
Stolen kisses much completer.
T. RANDOLPH, *Fairies' Song* (trans. from the Latin, by Leigh Hunt)

Stolid.— A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox.
EDWIN MARKHAM, *The Man With the Hoe*, st. 1

Stomach. He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, iv, 2

Stomachs. Our stomachs
Will make what's homely savoury.
SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, iii, 6

They have only stomachs to eat, and none to fight.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, iii, 7

Stone.— As cold as any stone.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, ii, 3

The earth upon her corpse was pressed,
This post was driven into her breast,
And a stone is on her face.
SOUTHEY, *The Cross-Roads*, st. 27

The stone that is rolling can gather no moss.
THOMAS TUSSER, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, Good Husbandry Lessons, st. 46

Stonewall.— Appealing from his native sod,
In forma pauperis to God,
"Lay bare Thine arm! Stretch forth Thy rod:
Amen!"— That's Stonewall's Way.
J. W. PALMER, *Stonewall Jackson's Way*, st. 3

Storm.— And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.[1]
ADDISON, *The Campaign*, lines 291, 292

Poor creatures! how they envies us!
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck, in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean!
WILLIAM PITT (of Malta), *The Sailor's Consolation*, st. 2

So foul a sky clears not without a storm.
SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, iv, 2

Like a storm he came,
And shook the house, and like a storm he went.
TENNYSON, *Aylmer's Field*, lines 215, 216

[1] This line is frequently ascribed to Pope as it is found in the *Dunciad*, iii, line 264.
Cf. GOD, Quotation from Cowper.

Stormy.— I 've seen your stormy seas and stormy women,[1]
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto vi, st. 53

Story.— Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir.
CANNING, *The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-Grinder*, st. 6

A woman's story at a winter's fire,
Authorized by her grandam.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iii, 4

Straight.— There is no force however great
Can stretch a cord however fine
Into a horizontal line
That shall be accurately straight.
W. WHEWELL, *The Unconscious Poetizing of a Philosopher*

Strangers.— I do desire we may be better strangers.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, iii, 2

Straw.— Take a straw and throw it up into the air, you may see by that which way the wind is.
JOHN SELDEN, *Table Talk: Libels*

Street.— A street there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is —
The New Street of the Little Fields.
THACKERAY, *The Ballad of Bouillabaisse*, st. 1

Strength. If you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, v, 1

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.
TOM TAYLOR, *Abraham Lincoln*, st. 9

Strenuous.— I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life, the life of toil and effort, of labour and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who

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[1] This only proved as a spark to the powder,
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder;
It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed
To express the abusive, and then its arrears
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears,
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an observation was lost in a tempest of sobs.
W. A. BUTLER, *Nothing to Wear*

desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship, or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.
THEODORE ROOSEVELT, *Speech before the Hamilton Club*, Chicago, April 10, 1899

Strife.— A man whose soul is pure and strong, whose sword is bright and keen,
Who knows the splendour of the fight and what its issues mean;
Who never takes one step aside, nor halts, though hope be dim,
But cleaves a pathway through the strife, and bids men follow him.—HENRY VAN DYKE, *Another Chance*, st. 7

Better a day of strife
Than a century of sleep.
A. J. RYAN, *The Rosary of My Tears*

Oh, hush thee, my baby, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.[1]
SCOTT, *Lullaby of an Infant Chief*, st. 3

Strike.— Strike when the iron is hot.
JOHN WEBSTER, *Westward Ho!* ii, 1;
G. FARQUHAR, *The Beaux Stratagem*, iv, 1

Strikes.— A mechanic his labour will often discard
If the rate of his pay he dislikes;
But a clock — and its case is uncommonly hard —
Will continue to work though it strikes.
HOOD, *Epigram on the Superiority of Machinery*

Strings.— 'T is good in every case, you know,
To have two strings unto your bow.[2]
CHARLES CHURCHILL, *The Ghost*, IV

Stripes. Stripes, that Mercy, with a bleeding heart,
Weeps when she sees inflicted on a beast.
COWPER, *The Task: The Time-Piece*, lines 24, 25

Strokes. Hercules himself must yield to odds;
And many strokes, though with a little axe,
Hew down and fell the hardest-timbered oak.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part III*, ii, 1

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[1] Yet must they wake again,
Wake soon to all the bitterness of life,
The pang of sorrow, the temptation strife,
Aye to the conscience pain. G. W. BETHUNE, *Hymn to Night*

[2] He that has two strings to his bow. BUTLER, *Hudibras*, III, i, line 3
I had two strings to my bow. FIELDING, *Love in Several Masques*, v, 13

Strong.— Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, though they come from the ends of the earth.
KIPLING, *Ballad of East and West*

Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.
LONGFELLOW, *Light of the Stars*, st. 9

Struggle.— Hath hope been smitten in its early dawn?
Have clouds o'ercast thy purpose, trust, or plan?
Have faith, and struggle on!
R. S. S. ANDROS, *Perseverance*, st. 6

Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain.
. . . . . .
If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.
A. H. CLOUGH, *Say not, the Struggle Nought Availeth*, st. 1, 2

Study.— No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, i, 1

Style.— Style is the dress of thoughts.
CHESTERFIELD, *Letter to His Son*, Nov. 24, 1749

Sublime.— The sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related, that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime.
THOMAS PAINE, *Age of Reason, II, ad finem*

Submission.— Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IV, lines 310, 311

Submission bondage, and resistance death.
JAMES MONTGOMERY, *The West Indies*, i, st. 16

Success.— 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we 'll deserve it.[1]
ADDISON, *Cato*, i, 2

Such a nature,
Tickled with good success, disdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon.
SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, i, 1

Sue.— Come not cringing to sue me!
Take me with triumph and power,
As a warrior storms a fortress!
I will not shrink or cower.
Come, as you came in the desert,
Ere we were women and men,
When the tiger passions were in us,
And love as you loved me then!
W. W. STORY, *Cleopatra*, st. 12

Suez.— Ship me somewhere east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,
Where there are n't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst;
For the temple-bells are callin', and it 's there that I would be —
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea.
KIPLING, *Mandalay*

Sufferance.— Sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 3

Sufferings.— To each his sufferings: all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own. THOMAS GRAY, *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, st. 10

Suggestion.— They 'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk.
SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, ii, 1

Sun.— Let others hail the rising sun:
I bow to that whose course is run.
DAVID GARRICK, *On the Death of Mr. Pelham*

Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, st. 26

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[1] "'Tis not in mortals to command success;"
But do you more, Sempronius — *don't* deserve it.
And take my word, you won't have any less:
Be wary, watch the time, and always serve it.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto xiii, st. 18

Taking the year together, my dear,
There is n't more cloud than sun.
R. PEALE, *Faith and Hope*

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car
Gives signal [token] of a goodly day to-morrow.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III*, v, 3

An hour before the worshipped sun
Peered forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, i, 1

Sunbeams.— He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers, which were to be put in phials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw, inclement summers.
SWIFT, *Gulliver's Travels: A Voyage to Laputa*, v

Sunday.— In spite of all hypocrisy can spin,
As surely as I am a Christian scion,
I cannot think it is a mortal sin —
(Unless he 's loose) to look upon a lion.
I really think that one may go, perchance,
To see a bear, as guiltless as on Monday —
(That is, provided that he did not dance)
Bruin 's no worse than bakin' on a Sunday —
But what is your opinion, Mrs. Grundy?
HOOD, *An Open Question*, st. 11.

Sunflower.— The heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.
THOMAS MOORE, *Believe Me, If All Those Endearing Young Charms*, st. 2

Superfluity.— Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 2

Supper.— This night he makes a supper, and a great one.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, i, 3

About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper.
SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, i, 1

Being full of supper and distempering draughts.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, 1, i

Suspicion.— See what a ready tongue suspicion hath!
He that but fears the thing he would not know
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
That what he feared is chanced.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, i, 1

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part III*, v, 6

Swan.— Sweet swan of Avon! BEN JONSON, *To the Memory of Shakespeare*, line 71

I will make thee think thy swan a crow.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, i, 2

Swap.— It is not best to swap horses while crossing the river.
LINCOLN, *Reply to the National Union League*, June 9, 1864

Swashing.— We 'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, i, 3

Swear.— For though an oath obliges not,
Where any thing is to be got,
As thou hast proved, yet 't is profane,
And sinful, when men swear in vain.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, II, iii, lines 101–104

It 's 'most enough to make a deacon swear.
LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, II, ii, line 91

Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I 'll believe thee.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 2

Sweet.— How sad and bad and mad it was —
But then, how it was sweet!
R. BROWNING, *Confessions*, st. 9

Sweet are all things, when we learn to prize them,
Not for their sake, but His who grants them or denies them! AUBREY DE VERE, *Sad Is Our Youth*

Sweetness.— And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,[1]
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkéd sweetness long drawn out.
MILTON, *L'Allegro*, lines 135–140

[1] Wisdom married to immortal verse.— WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion: Churchyard Among the Mountains* (Book VII), line 541

Sweets.— The fly that sips treacle is lost in the sweets.
GAY, *The Beggar's Opera*, ii, 2

Sweets to the sweet:[1] farewell!
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, v, 1

Swig. I'll meet 'im later on
At the place where 'e is gone —
Where it 's always double drill and no canteen;
'E 'll be squattin' on the coals,
Givin' drink to poor damned souls,
An' I 'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din.
KIPLING, *Gunga Din*, st. 5

Swimmer.— A solitary shriek — the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto ii, st. 53

Swine.— Or sheer swine, all cry and no wool.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, i, line 852 [850]

Sword.— "I would," quoth grim old Oliver, "that Belial's trusty sword
This day were doing battle for the Saints and for the Lord!" PRAED, *Sir Nicholas at Marston Moor*, st. 6

Full bravely hast thou fleshed
Thy maiden sword.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, v, 4

Nay, never lay thy hand upon thy sword;[2]
I fear thee not.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, v, 1

Swords.— And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, iii, 1

Swore.—"Our armies swore terribly in Flanders," cried my uncle Toby,—"but nothing to this. For my own part, I could not have a heart to curse my dog so."
STERNE, *Tristram Shandy*, III, xi

Syllables.— Syllables govern the world.
JOHN SELDEN, *Table Talk: Power*, 3

Table-talk. Let it serve for table-talk;
Then, howsoe'er thou speak 'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 5

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[1] The sweetest garland to the sweetest maid.
T. TICKELL, *To a Lady with a Present of Flowers*

[2] Nay, never look upon your lord
And lay your hands upon your sword. SCOTT, *Marmion*, vi, st. 14

Tailor.— Be sure your tailor is a man of sense;
But add a little care, a decent pride,
And always err upon the sober side.
HOLMES, *A Rhymed Lesson*, st. 47

Take. The good old rule
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,
That they should take, who have the power,
And they should keep who can.
WORDSWORTH, *Rob Roy's Grave*, st. 10

Tale.— A tale should be judicious, clear, succinct;
The language plain, and incidents well linked.
COWPER, *Conversation*, lines 235, 236

I cannot tell how the truth may be;
I say the tale as 'twas said to me.
SCOTT, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto ii, st. 22

Mark now, how a plain tale [how plain a tale] shall put you down.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, ii, 4

Thereby hangs a tale.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, ii, 7; *Merry Wives of Windsor*, i, 4; *Taming of the Shrew*, iv, 1

I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love.—SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, i, 3

Talk. The herd of such,
Who think too little, and who talk too much.[1]
DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel*, I, lines 533, 534

A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month. SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 4

This gentleman will out-talk us all.
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, i, 2

In after-dinner talk
Across the walnuts and the wine.[2]
TENNYSON, *The Miller's Daughter*, lines 31, 32

Talked.— I believe they talked of me, for they laughed consumedly.—G. FARQUHAR, *The Beaux Stratagem*, iii, 1

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[1] E'en wit's a burthen, when it talks too long.
DRYDEN, *Juvenal*, Satire vi, line 573

[2] My lips let loose among the nuts and wine.
HOLMES, *A Rhymed Lesson*, st. 2

Talking.— Words learned by rote a parrot may rehearse,
But talking is not always to converse.
COWPER, *Conversation*, lines 7, 8

Talking is like playing on the harp; there is as much in laying the hand on the strings to stop their vibrations as in twanging them to bring out their music.
HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, i

A good old man, sir; he will be talking.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, iii, 5

Tall.— I am more than common tall.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, i, 3

Taste.—"I don't at all take it ill that you speak your sentiment; it is your sentiment only that I find bad. I have been most egregiously deceived in your narrow understanding. . . . Say no more, my child," said he; "you are yet too raw to make proper distinctions. Know that I never composed a better homily than that which you disapprove; for my genius (thank Heaven!) has as yet lost nothing of its vigour. Henceforth I will make a better choice of a confidant, and keep one of greater ability than you. . . . Adieu, Mr. Gil Blas; I wish you all manner of prosperity, with a little more taste!"[1]
LE SAGE, *Gil Blas*, lviii

Tastes.— Such and so various are the tastes of men.
MARK AKENSIDE, *Pleasures of the Imagination*, III, line 567

Tea.— Tea! thou soft, thou sober, sage, and venerable liquid; thou female-tongue-running, smile-smoothing, heart-opening, wink-tippling cordial, to whose glorious insipidity I owe the happiest moments of my life, let me fall prostrate. COLLEY CIBBER, *The Lady's Last Stake*, i, 1

Teach.— If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart
To find that better way.
POPE, *The Universal Prayer*, st. 8

I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 2

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[1] Th' assuming Wit, who deems himself so wise,
As his mistaken patron to advise,
Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous thought,
A noble fool was never in a fault.
POPE, *January and May*, lines 162–165

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot.
THOMSON, *The Seasons*, Spring, lines 1152, 1153

Tear.— The lips may beguile,
With a dimple or smile,
But the test of affection's a tear.
BYRON, *The Tear*, st. 1

Forgive this foolish tear,
But let the old oak stand.
G. P. MORRIS, *Woodman Spare That Tree*, st. 3

What a hell of witchcraft lies
In the small orb of one particular tear!
SHAKESPEARE, *A Lover's Complaint*, lines 288, 289

Tears.— More tears are shed in playhouses than in churches.
T. GUTHRIE, *The Gospel in Ezekiel*, xv

Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, I, line 620

Some reckon their age by years,
Some measure their life by art;
But some tell their days by the flow of their tears,
And their lives by the moans of their heart.
A. J. RYAN, *The Rosary of My Tears*

The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.
SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake*, Canto iv, st. 1

A child will weep a bramble's smart,
A maid to see her sparrow part:
A stripling for a woman's heart:
But woe awaits a country when
She sees the tears of bearded men.[1]
Then, oh! what omen, dark and high,
When Douglas wets his manly eye!
SCOTT, *Marmion*, v, 16.

The tears live in an onion that should water this sorrow. SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, i, 2

The big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase. SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, ii, 1

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[1]A woman's tear-drop melts, a man's half sears,
Like molten lead, as if you thrust a pike in
His heart, to force it out, for (to be shorter)
To them [*women*] 'tis a relief, to us a torture.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto v, st. 118

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 2

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 2

My tears,
The moist impediments unto my speech.[1]
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, iv, 5 [4]

The pretty and sweet manner of it forced
Those waters from me which I would have stopped;
But I had not so much of man in me,
And all my mother came into mine eyes
And gave me up to tears.[2]
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, iv, 6

One whose subdued eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees,
Their medicinal gum. SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, v, 2

She drinks no other drink but tears,
Brewed with her sorrows, mashed [sorrow, meshed] upon
her cheeks. SHAKESPEARE, *Titus Andronicus*, iii, 2

A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears.
SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iii, 1

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean.
TENNYSON, *The Princess*, iv, line 21

Tedious. He 's as tedious
As is a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house: I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer house in Christendom.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, iii, 1

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[1] He has strangled
His language in his tears. SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, v, 1

[2] Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iv, 7

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, iii, 2

Oh! I could play the woman with mine eyes
And braggart with my tongue. SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iv, 3

Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,[1]
Vexing the dull ear of a drowsy man.
SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, iii, 4

Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to hear.
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, iii, 2

Tediousness.— Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, ii, 3

Tell.— All down the long and narrow street he went
Beating it in upon his weary brain
As though it were the burthen of a song,
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
TENNYSON, *Enoch Arden*, lines 791–794

Temper.— There was a stock of temper we both had for a start,
Although we never suspected 't would take us two apart.
W. CARLETON, *Betsey and I Are Out*, st. 4

Oh! blessed with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
She, who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;

. . . . .

Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys.
POPE, *Moral Essays*, Epistle ii, lines 257–264

Tempest.— If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven. SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, ii, 1

Temples.— The groves were God's first temples.
BRYANT, *A Forest Hymn*, line 1

Tempted.— 'Tis one thing to be tempted, Escalus,
Another thing to fall.
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, ii, 1

Tempter.— The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, ii, 2

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[1] What is so tedious as a twice-told tale? POPE, *Odyssey*, XII, *ad finem*

This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the last repeating troublesome.— SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, iv, 2

Tender.— More tender and more true.—SCOTT, *Marmion*, v, 16

Tennis. Renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
Short blistered breeches, and those types of travel.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, i, 3

Tent.—'T is but a tent where takes his one day's rest
A Sultán to the realm of Death addressed;
The Sultán rises, and the dark Ferrash
Strikes, and prepares it for another guest.
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 45

Terms.— Many holiday and lady terms.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, i, 3

Terrors.— The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave;
The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm;
These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
The terrors of the living, not the dead.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, IV, lines 10–13

Text. Many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.
GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, st. 22

Texts. Old Brown, . . .
Mad as he was, knew texts enough to wear a parson's gown. E. C. STEDMAN, *How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry*, st. 7

Thankful.— I doubt whether that practice of piety, . . . to be thankful because we are better off than somebody else, be a very rational religious exercise.
THACKERAY, *Vanity Fair*, lxvi

Thanks.— Thanks, the exchequer of the poor.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, ii, 3

Theoric.— The bookish theoric. SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, i, 1

Thief.— *Dogberry.* If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty.

Second Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogberry. Truly, by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled: the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is and steal out of your company. SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, iii, 3

Thievery. I 'll example you with thievery:
The sun 's a thief, and with his great attraction
Robs the vast sea; the moon 's an arrant thief,
And her pale fire she snatches from the sun:
The sea 's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves
The moon into salt tears; the earth 's a thief,
That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen
From general excrement: each thing 's a thief.
SHAKESPEARE, *Timon of Athens*, iv, 3

Thieves.— A plague upon it when thieves cannot be true one to another.—SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, ii, 2

Thing.— Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;
To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
EDWIN MARKHAM, *The Man With the Hoe*, st. 2

Think.— Could we but think with the intensity
We love with, we might do great things.
P. J. BAILEY, *Festus*, Scene — Home

What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath.
SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, ii, 1

Thinking.— There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, ii, 2

Thirsty.— When my thirsty soul I steep,
Every sorrow 's lulled to sleep.
Talk of monarchs! I am then
Richest, happiest, first of men;
Careless o'er my cup I sing,
Fancy makes me more than king;
Gives me wealthy Crœsus' store,
Can I, can I wish for more?
T. MOORE, *Odes of Anacreon*, xlviii

Thorn.— If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'T is when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale.
BURNS, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, st. 9

A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine!

A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green,—
No more of me you knew,
My love!
No more of me you knew.

SCOTT, *Rokeby*, **Canto iii, st. 28**

Thorns.— The rills of pleasure never run sincere,
(Earth has no unpolluted spring);
From the cursed soil some dang'rous taint they bear,
So roses grow on thorns, and honey wears a sting.

ISAAC WATTS, *Lyric Poems: Earth and Heaven*, lines 9–12

Thought.— Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought.

C. P. CRANCH, *Thought*, st. 1

Tic-tac! tic-tac! go the wheels of thought; our will cannot stop them; they cannot stop themselves; sleep cannot still them; madness only makes them go faster; death alone can break into the case, and, seizing the ever-swinging pendulum, which we call the heart, silence at last the clicking of the terrible escapement we have carried so long beneath our wrinkled foreheads. . . . Will nobody block those wheels, uncouple that pinion, cut the string that holds those weights, blow up the infernal machine with gunpowder? . . . If anybody would only contrive some kind of a lever that one could thrust in among the works of this horrid automaton and check them, or alter their rate of going, what would the world give for the discovery?

"From half a dime to a dime, according to the style of the place and the quality of the liquor,"— said the young fellow whom they call John.

HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, viii

The weapons which your hands have found
Are those which Heaven itself has wrought,
Light, Truth, and Love; your battle-ground
The free, broad field of Thought.

WHITTIER, *To the Reformers of England*, st. 8

Thoughts.— And as I walk by the vast, calm river,
The awful river so dread to see,
I say, "Thy breadth and thy depth for ever
Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."

JEAN INGELOW, *Divided*, viii, st. 2

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts. SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, *Arcadia*, I

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.
WORDSWORTH, *Ode on Intimations of Immortality*, st. 11

Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil, like bales unopened to the sun.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, II, lines 467, 468

Threats.— There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats
For I am armed so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 3

Thrift.— Thrift is a blessing, if men steal it not.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 3

Throats.— Men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and some say knives have edges.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, ii, 1

Throne. A little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night.
We looked in, and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white;
And thar sot Little Breeches, and chirped,
As peart as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that 's what 's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm.
They just scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around the Throne.
JOHN HAY, *Little Breeches*, st. 6, 7

In that fierce light which beats upon a throne.
TENNYSON, *Idylls of the King*, Dedication, line 26

Thumb.— Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, i, 1

Thumbs.— By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes.
SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iv, 1

Thumps.— The man that hails you Tom or Jack,
And proves by thumps upon your back
How he esteems your merit,[1]
Is such a friend that one had need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it.
COWPER, *Friendship*, st. 29 [26]

Thunder.— From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder!
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iii, st. 92

They will not let my play run; and yet they steal my thunder.
JOHN DENNIS, cited in *Biographia Britannica*, V

The thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe.
SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, iii, 3

Thwack.— With many a stiff thwack, many a bang,
Hard crab-tree and old iron rang.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, ii, lines 831, 832

Tickling.— Here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, ii, 5

Tide.— There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood,[2] leads on to fortune.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 3

Even at the turning o' the tide.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, ii, 3

Tiger.— Tiger! Tiger! burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?
WILLIAM BLAKE, *The Tiger*, st. 1

Timbrel.— Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed — his people are free.
T. MOORE, *Sound the Loud Timbrel*

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[1] Another reading is: "His sense of your great merit."

[2] "There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which, taken at the flood,"— you know the rest,
And most of us have found it, now and then;
At least we think so, though but few have guessed
The moment, till too late to come again.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto vi, st. 1

Time.— Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow —
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iv, st. 182

Rich with the spoils of time.
GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, st. 14

Time murders our youth with his sorrow and sin,
And pushes us on to the windowless inn.
EDWIN MARKHAM, *Youth and Time*, st. 4

Time was, Time is, but Time shall be no more.
W. MARSDEN, *What is Time?*

The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter.
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 7

Who [*Time*], in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days:
But from this earth, this grave, this dust
My God shall raise me up, I trust![1]
SIR WALTER RALEIGH, *Even Such Is Time*[2]

Time is best measured by tears.
A. J. RYAN, *The Rosary of My Tears*

Time rolls his ceaseless course.[3]
SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake*, Canto iii, 1

The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time.[4]
SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well*, v, 3

Rosalind. Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.
Orlando. I pr'ythee, who doth he trot withal?

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[1] According to a London edition of 1751
And from which grave, and earth, and dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust.

[2] Said by Oldys to have been written by Raleigh the night before his execution.

[3] Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe! — what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on,
He presses, and forever. G. D. PRENTICE, *The Closing Year*, st. 5

[4] Too late I stayed,— forgive the crime!
Unheeded flew the hours:
How noiseless falls the foot of Time
That only treads on flowers.— W. R. SPENCER, *Too Late I Stayed*

Rosalind. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

. . . . . .

Orlando. Who doth he gallop withal?
Rosalind. With a thief to the gallows, for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there. SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, iii, 2

The time is out of joint. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 5

We see which way the stream of time doth run.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, iv, 1

Old Time the clock-setter, that bald sexton Time.
SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, iii, 1

Time goes on crutches till Love have all his rites.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, ii, 1

What seest thou else
In the dark backward and abysm of time?
SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, i, 2

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devoured
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 3

Thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.
SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, v

Time tries the troth in everything.
TUSSER, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, The Author's Epistle, i

We take no note of time
But from its loss.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, I, lines 55, 56

Time wasted is existence; used, is life.[1]
Ibid., II, line 150

Times.— The times and titles now are altered strangely
With me since first you knew me.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, iv, 2

[1] Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of. FRANKLIN, *Poor Richard's Almanac*

Timid.— Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto ii, st. 52

Tintinnabulation. The tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells —
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.
POE, *The Bells*, st. 1

Toad.— Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IV, line 800

Tobacco.— Sublime tobacco![1] which from east to west
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest; . . .
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping or the Strand;
Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,[2]
When tipped with amber, yellow, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazzlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far
Thy naked beauties — Give me a cigar!
BYRON, *The Island*, Canto ii, st. 19

What a glorious creature was he who first discovered the use of tobacco.
FIELDING, *The Grub Street Opera*, iii, 1

Peart and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight,—
And I 'd larnt him ter chaw terbacker,
Jest to keep his milk-teeth white.
JOHN HAY, *Little Breeches*, st. 2

To-day. Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.[3]
DRYDEN, *Paraphrase of Horace*, III, Ode 29, lines 65–68

Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.
FRANKLIN, *Poor Richard's Almanac*

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[1] Divine tobacco!
SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, III, Canto v, 32

[2] A short frail pipe, which yet had blown
Its gentle odours over either zone,
And, puffed where'er winds rise or waters roll,
Had wafted smoke from Portsmouth to the Pole.
BYRON, *The Island*, Canto ii, st. 19

[3] Boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived to-day.
COWLEY, *Essay XI: Of Myself*

Cf. LIFE.

Rise from your dreams of the future,—
Of gaining some hard-fought field;
Of storming some airy fortress,
Or bidding some giant yield;
Your future has deeds of glory,
Of honour (God grant it may!)
But your arm will never be stronger,
Or the need so great as to-day.

A. A. PROCTER, *Now*, st. 2

Toe.— Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe.[1]

MILTON, *L'Allegro*, lines 33, 34

Together.— I would change life's Spring for his roughest weather,
If we might bear the storm together;
And give my hopes for half thy fears,
And sell my smiles for half thy tears.

Give me one common bliss or woe,
One common friend, one common foe,
On the earth below, or the clouds above,
One thing we both may loathe, or love.

PRAED, *To* ———, st. 9, 10

They have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds.

SHAKESPEARE, *Winter's Tale*, i, 1

Toil.— Heaven is blessed with perfect rest, but the blessing of Earth is toil. HENRY VAN DYKE, *The Toiling of Felix*, Envoy, st. 5

He that will not live by toil
Has no right on English soil!
God's word 's our warrant!

KINGSLEY, *Alton Locke's Song*, st. 2

Perchance, when long, long years are o'er —
I care not how they flow —
Some note of me to that far shore
Across the deep may go;
And thou wilt read, and turn to hide
The conscious blush of woman's pride;
For thou alone wilt know
What spell inspired the silent toil
Of mid-day sun and midnight oil.

PRAED, *A Farewell*, st. 9

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[1] Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round. MILTON, *Comus*, lines 143, 144

Toiler.— Round swings the hammer of industry, quickly the sharp chisel rings,
And the heart of the toiler has throbbings that stir not the bosom of kings,—
He the true ruler and conqueror, he the true king of his race,
Who nerveth his arm for life's combat, and looks the strong world in the face.
D. F. Mac-Carthy, *The Bell-Founder*

Toilet.— Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty smock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning masque.
Pope, *Moral Essays*, Epistle ii, lines 21–26

Toiling.— Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.
Longfellow, *The Village Blacksmith*, st. 7

Toll.— Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more!
Cowper, *On the Loss of the Royal George*, st. 1

Tolling.— Hear the tolling of the bells —
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels.
Poe, *The Bells*, st. 4

Tom.— Poor Tom's a-cold.— Shakespeare, *King Lear*, iii, 4

Tomb.— When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been.
Byron, *Inscription on the Monument of a Newfoundland Dog*, lines 1–6

Tombs.— Gilded tombs do worms enfold.
Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, ii, 7

Tommy. It's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck him out, the brute!"
But it's "Saviour of 'is country," when the guns begin to shoot.
Kipling, *Tommy*

To-morrow.— *To-morrow!*— Why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's seven thousand years.[1]
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 21

And if the wine you drink, the lip you press,
End in what all begins and ends in — Yes;
Think then you are To-day what Yesterday
You were — To-morrow you shall not be less.
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 42

To-morrow shall be like
To-day, but much more sweet.[2]
C. G. ROSSETTI, *The Unseen World*, st 2.

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day
To the last syllable of recorded time,
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage[3]
And then is heard no more: it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing. SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, v, 5

In human hearts what bolder thought can rise
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
Where is to-morrow?
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, I, lines 373–375

Tongue.— Within this hollow cavern hung
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue:
If Falsehood's honey it disdained,
And when it could not praise was chained;
If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
Yet gentle concord never broke,—
This silent tongue shall plead for thee
When Time unveils Eternity!
ANONYMOUS, *To a Skeleton*, st. 3

The firste vertue, sone, if thou wolt lere,
Is to restreyne, and kepe wel thy tonge.[4]
CHAUCER, *The Manciple's Tale*, lines 228, 229

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[1] To-morrow, when You shall be You no more?
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 53

[2] We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal. SHAKESPEARE, *Winter's Tale*, i, 2

[3] Our little hour of strut and rave.— LOWELL, *Commemoration Ode*, st. 4

[4] Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.— SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 3

When this poor lisping stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
COWPER, *Praise for the Fountain Opened*, st. 5

Let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 2

With doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, iii, 2

Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough. SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, ii, 1

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart,
Or else my heart, concealing it, will break;
And rather than it shall, I will be free
Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, iv, 3

What a spendthrift is he of his tongue!
SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, ii, 1

The tongue is a fire,[1] as you know, my dear, the tongue is a fire.
TENNYSON, *The Grandmother*, st. 7

We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake, the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held.
WORDSWORTH, *It Is Not to Be Thought of*

Tongues.— Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;[2]
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love
Doth work like madness in the brain.
S. T. COLERIDGE, *Christabel*, II, lines 408–413

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 2

Music of thousand tongues, formed by one tongue alone.
M. T. VISSCHER, *The Nightingale* (trans. Bowring)

[1] *James* iii, 6.

[2] A tonge cutteth frendship al a-two.
CHAUCER, *The Manciples Tale*, line 238

Toothache. There was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, v, 1

Tough.— He's hard-hearted, sir, is Joe — he's tough, sir, and de-vilish sly! DICKENS, *Dombey and Son*, vii

Tower. That tower of strength
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!
TENNYSON, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, st. 4

Tract.— I pray for grace — repent each sinful act —
Peruse, but underneath the rose, my Bible;
And love my neighbour, far too well, in fact,
To call and twit him with a godly tract
That's turned by application to a libel.
HOOD, *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire*, st. 4

Trade.— Hence merchants, unimpeachable of sin
Against the charities of domestic life,
Incorporated, seem at once to lose
Their nature; and, disclaiming all regard
For mercy and the common rights of man,
Build factories with blood, conducting trade
At the sword's point, and dyeing the white robe
Of innocent commercial justice red.[1]
COWPER, *The Task: The Winter Evening*, lines 676–683

Traders.— Within this hour it will be dinner-time:
Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine inn,
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
SHAKESPEARE, *Comedy of Errors*, i, 2

Traveller.— A traveller between life and death.
WORDSWORTH, *She Was a Phantom of Delight*, st. 3

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[1] How long, O cruel nation,
Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,——
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?
Our blood splashes upward, O gold-heaper,
And your purple shows your path!
But the child's sob in the silence curses deeper
Than the strong man in his wrath.
E. B. BROWNING, *The Cry of the Children*, st. 13

The kilns and the curt-tongued mills say Go!
There's plenty that can, if you can't, we know.
Move out, if you think you're underpaid.
The poor are prolific; we're not afraid;
Trade is trade. LANIER, *The Symphony*, lines 46–50

Treason.— Treason doth never prosper: what 's the reason?
Why, if it prosper, none dare call it treason.[1]
SIR JOHN HARRINGTON, *Epigrams*, iv, 3

Cæsar had his Brutus; Charles the First, his Cromwell; and George the Third —— (Treason! cried the Speaker . . .) —— may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it. PATRICK HENRY, *Speech on the Resolutions Concerning the Stamp Act, in the Virginia Assembly*, May, 1765

Tree.— And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to Life,
Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by,
Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IV, lines 218–222

Tremble.— I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just. THOMAS JEFFERSON, *Notes on Virginia: Query xviii*

Trencher-man.— He is a very valiant trencher-man.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, i, 1

Trick.— I know a trick worth two of that.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, ii, 1

Trickled. His answer trickled through my head
Like water through a sieve.
C. L. DODGSON, *Through the Looking-Glass*, viii

Trifle.— Think naught a trifle, though it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life.
YOUNG, *Love of Fame*, Satire vi, lines 205–207 [208–211]

Triton.— This Triton of the minnows.
SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, iii, 1

Trivial.— What dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things.
POPE, *Rape of the Lock*, Canto i, lines 1, 2

Troubadours.—Oh, the troubadours of old! with the gentle minstrelsie
Of hope and joy, or deep despair, whiche'er their lot might be;
For years they served their ladye-loves ere they their passions told,—
Oh, wondrous patience must have had those troubadours of old!
FRANCES BROWN, *Oh, the Pleasant Days of Old!*

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[1] Let them call it mischief;
When it is past, and prospered, 't will be virtue.
BEN JONSON, *Catiline*, iii, 3

Trowel.— Well said: that was laid on with a trowel.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, i, 2

True.— He serves all who dares be true.
EMERSON, *The Celestial Love*, st. 8

This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 3

'Tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true. *Ibid.*, ii, 2

My man's as true as steel.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, ii, 4

Trumpet.— He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat. JULIA WARD HOWE, *Battle-Hymn of the Republic*, st. 4

Trumps.— Like a man with eight trumps in his hand at a whist-table. LOWELL, *Fable for Critics*, line 40

Trust.— Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust. HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, ii

This be our motto, In God is our trust.
F. S. KEY, *The Star-Spangled Banner*, st. 4

What a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; . . . they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer. SHAKESPEARE, *Winter's Tale*, iv, 4 [3]

Truth.— No pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth. BACON, *Essay I: Of Truth*

Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things. R. BROWNING, *Paracelsus*, i

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
Th' eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.[1]
BRYANT, *The Battle-Field*, st. 9

[1] Truth outlives pain, as the soul does life.
E. B. BROWNING, *Aurora Leigh*, VII, line 774

Does not Mr. Bryant say that Truth gets well if she is run over by a locomotive, while Error dies of lockjaw if she scratches her finger?
HOLMES, *Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, v

Whoever knew truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?
MILTON, *Areopagitica*

Truth — *Continued*

'Tis strange,— but true; for truth is always strange;
Stranger than fiction.

BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto xiv, st. 101

"Truth," I cried, "though the Heavens crush me for following her; no Falsehood! though a whole celestial Lubberland were the price of the apostasy."

CARLYLE, *Sartor Resartus*, II, vii

The good old bishops took a simpler way;
Each asked but what he heard his father say,
Or how he was instructed in his youth,
And by tradition's force upheld the truth.

DRYDEN, *The Hind and the Panther*, lines 736–739

I did n't know Truth was such an invalid. . . . How long is it since she could only take the air in a close carriage, with a gentleman in a black coat on the box?

HOLMES, *Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, v

Truth is invariable; but the Smithate of truth must always differ from the Brownate of truth. *Ibid.*, xii

The time is racked with birth-pangs; every hour
Brings forth some gasping truth, and truth new-born
Looks a misshapen and untimely growth,
The terror of the household and its shame,
A monster coiling in its nurse's lap
That some would strangle, some would only starve;
But still it breathes, and —

. . . . . .

— moves transfigured into angel guise,
Welcomed by all that cursed its hour of birth,
And folded in the same encircling arms
That cast it like a serpent from their hold.

HOLMES, *Truths*, lines 1–15

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dust of books to find her, . . .
Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for her;
But these, our brothers, fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her.[1]

LOWELL, *Commemoration Ode*, st. 3

Men in earnest have no time to waste
In patching fig-leaves for the naked truth.

LOWELL, *A Glance Behind the Curtain*, lines 261, 262

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[1] Immortal truth
That heroes fought for, martyrs died to save.

HOLMES, *Truths*, lines 31, 32

Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the throne,[1]—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own. LOWELL, *The Present Crisis*, st. 8

Were truth our uttered language, angels might talk with men,
And God-illumined earth should see the Golden Age again.—GERALD MASSEY, *This World is Full of Beauty*

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam. MILTON, *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, Introduction

I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smooth pebble, or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.
SIR ISAAC NEWTON, *Memoirs*, by Brewster, II, xxvii

'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth,
But the plain single vow that is vowed true.
SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well*, iv, 2

Power i' the truth o' the cause.
SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, iii, 3

If they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, ii, 4

Tell truth and shame the devil! *Ibid.*, iii, 1

The good I stand on is my truth and honesty.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, v, 1

Truth hath a quiet breast.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, i, 3

Truth is truth
To the end of reckoning.
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, v

Truth will come to light; . . . truth will out.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, ii, 2

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[1] Showed worth on foot, and rascals in the coach.
DRYDEN, *Art of Poetry*, line 376

Wrong rules the land, and waiting justice sleeps.
J. G. HOLLAND, *Wanted*

Captive Good attending Captain Ill. SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet lxvi*

Ring in the love of truth and right.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, cvi, st. 6

Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power.
TENNYSON, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, st. 7

The sages say, Dame Truth delights to dwell,
Strange mansion! in the bottom of a well.
JOHN WOLCOTT, *Birthday Ode*

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill!
SIR HENRY WOTTON, *Character of a Happy Life*, st. 1

Truths. Never earth's philosopher
Traced, with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.
C. F. ALEXANDER, *Burial of Moses*, st. 7

Truth-teller.— Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named.
TENNYSON, *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, st. 7

Tub.— Every tub must stand upon its own bottom.
Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, I, Stage iii;
MACKLIN, *Man of the World*, i, 2

Turkey-cock.— Here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, v, 1

Twain.— They two are twain.
SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 1

Tweedle-dum— Strange! all this difference should be
'Twixt Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee![1]
JOHN BYROM, *Epigram on the Feuds about Handel and Bononcini*

Twin.— In form and feature, face and limb,
I grew so like my brother,
That folks got taking me for him,
And each for one another.
It puzzled all our kith and kin,
It reached an awful pitch;
For one of us was born a twin,
And not a soul knew which.
HENRY S. LEIGH, *The Twins*, st. 1

[1] These lines have also been attributed to Swift and Pope; they are assigned to Byrom in the Chalmers edition of *The English Poets* (1810).

Type.— So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, lv, st. 2

Tyranny. A name of fear
That tyranny shall quake to hear.[1]
BYRON, *The Giaour*, lines 119, 120

Where law ends, tyranny begins.
WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM, *Speech on Wilkes's Case*, Jan. 9, 1770

Tyrant. A tyrant throned in lonely pride,
Who loves himself, and cares for naught beside;
Who gave thee, summoned from primeval night,
A thousand laws, and not a single right,—
A heart to feel, and quivering nerves to thrill,
The sense of wrong, the death-defying will;
Who girt thy senses with this goodly frame,
Its earthly glories and its orbs of flame,
Not for thyself, unworthy of a thought,
Poor helpless victim of a life unsought,
But all for him, unchanging and supreme,
The heartless centre of thy frozen scheme!
HOLMES, *A Rhymed Lesson*, st. 10

Tyrants.—'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
SHAKESPEARE, *Pericles*, i, 2

Unborn.— The child may rue that is unborn
The hunting of that day.[2]
R. SHEALE, *Chevy-Chase*,[3] st. 2

Unction.— Lay not that flattering unction to your soul.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 4

Undefiled.— Clear and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle, and foaming weir;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
Undefiled, for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.
KINGSLEY, *Songs from the Water Babies*, I, st. 1

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[1] [He] beckoned to the people, and in bold voice and clear
Poured thick and fast the burning words which tyrants quake to hear.
MACAULAY, *Virginia*, st. 5

[2] The woe's to come; the children yet unborn
Shall feel this day as sharp to them as thorn.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, iv

[3] There are very many versions of this old ballad; the one here quoted belonging to the sixteenth or seventeenth century.

Undisputed.— Thou say'st an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way. HOLMES, *To an Insect*, st. 1

Unfaltering.— And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.
SIR F. H. DOYLE, *The Private of the Buffs*, st. 4

Unfortunate.— One more unfortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death! HOOD, *The Bridge of Sighs*

Unhand. Unhand me, gentlemen!
By heaven I 'll make a ghost of him that lets me!
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 4

Uniform.— The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before,
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be 'ind,
For a piece o' twisty rag
An' a goatskin water-bag
Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.
KIPLING, *Gunga Din*, st. 2

Union.— We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union.
RUFUS CHOATE, *Letter to Massachusetts Whig Convention*, Oct. 1, 1855

The Federal Union — it must be preserved.
ANDREW JACKSON, *Toast on the Jefferson Birthday Celebration*, 1830

The flag of our Union for ever.
G. P. MORRIS, *The Flag of Our Union*

When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonoured fragments of a once glorious Union, on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood.—DANIEL WEBSTER, *Second Speech on Foote's Resolution* (*The Reply to Hayne*), Jan. 26, 1830

United.— United we stand — divided we fall![1] [2]
G. P. MORRIS, *The Flag of Our Union*

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[1] The motto of the State of Missouri.

[2] By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall.
JOHN DICKINSON, *Liberty Song*

"We must indeed all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately."
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,* cited in J. T. MORSE, *Benjamin Franklin*, viii

* Said at the time of the adoption of the Declaration of Independence.

Unkind.— Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 1

Unkindliness.— Killed with inutterable unkindliness.
TENNYSON, *Merlin and Vivien*, line 884

Unkindness. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 3

Unknown.— Not to know me argues yourselves unknown.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IV, line 830

Unrewarded.— Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel*, I, line 560

Urn.— Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death?
GRAY, *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, st. 12

Usance.— I hate him for he is a Christian,
But more for that in low simplicity
He lends out money gratis and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 3

Use.— Use almost can change the stamp of nature.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 4

Use gave me fame at first, and fame again
Increasing gave me use. . . . .
I rather dread the loss of use than fame.
TENNYSON, *Merlin and Vivien*, lines 491, 492, 517

Uses.— To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole? . . . As thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam; and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?
Imperious [Imperial] Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
Oh, that that [the] earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, v, 1

Usurer.— The usurer is the greatest Sabbath-breaker, because his plough goeth every Sunday.
BACON, *Essay XLI: Of Usury*

Utopianism.— Utopianism: that is another of the devil's pet words. I believe the quiet admission which we are all of us so ready to make, that because things have long been wrong, it is impossible they should ever be right, is one of the most fatal sources of misery and crime.

RUSKIN, *Architecture and Painting*, iii

Vagrom.— *Dogberry.* You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand in the prince's name.

Second Watch. How if a' will not stand?

Dogberry. Why, then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together and thank God you are rid of a knave.

SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, iii, 3

Valentine.— To-morrow is Saint Valentine's Day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iv, 5

Valiant.— Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, iii, 4

I do not think a braver gentleman,
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, v, 1

As valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, iii, 2

Ring in the valiant man and free.

TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, cvi, st. 8

Valley.— Love is of the valley.

TENNYSON, *The Princess*, line 183

Valour.

He
That kills himself t' avoid misery, fears it,
And at the best shows but a bastard valour:
This life's a fort committed to my trust,
Which I must not yield up till it be forced;
Nor will I: he's not valiant that dares die,[1]
But he that nobly hears calamity.

P. MASSINGER, *The Maid of Honour*, iv, 3

[1] *Cf.* COWARD.

The better part of valour is discretion.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part I*, v, 4

Ten to one is no impeach of valour.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part III*, i, 4

You are the hare of whom the proverb goes,
Whose valour plucks dead lions by the beard.
SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, ii, 1

In a false quarrel there is no true valour.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, v, 1

My valour is certainly going! — it is sneaking off! I feel it oozing out, as it were, at the palms of my hands.
SHERIDAN, *The Rivals*, v, 3

Vampyrism.— Long illness is the real vampyrism; think of living a year or two after one is dead, by sucking the life-blood out of a frail young creature at one's bedside!
HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, ix

Variety.— Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.[1]
COWPER, *The Task: The Time-Piece*, lines 606, 607

Vaux.— I wonder if Brougham thinks as much as he talks,
Said a punster, perusing a trial:
I vow, since his Lordship was made Baron Vaux,
He's been *Vaux et præterea nihil!*
ANONYMOUS, *A Voice, and Nothing Else*

Veil.— There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I could not see;
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee
There was — and then no more of Thee and Me.
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 32

Veins.— But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly, like curled maple.
LOWELL, *The Courtin'*, st. 10

Vengeance.— Roused the vengeance blood alone could quell.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iii, st. 23

Vengeance to God alone belongs;
But when I think on all my wrongs,
My blood is liquid flame! SCOTT, *Marmion*, vi, 7

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[1] Variety alone gives joy;
The sweetest meats the soonest cloy.
PRIOR, *The Turtle and Sparrow*, lines 234, 235

Can vengeance be pursued further than death?
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, v, 3

Old Brown
Osawatomie Brown,
Raised his right hand up to heaven, calling Heaven's vengeance down.
E. C. STEDMAN, *How Old Brown Took Harper's Ferry*, st. 4

Venice.— I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs;
A palace and a prison on each hand.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iv, st. 1

Venom.— We must supplant those rough rug-headed kerns,
Which live like venom where no venom else
But only they have privilege to live.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, ii, 1

Venture.— Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.
FRANKLIN, *Poor Richard's Almanac*

Ventures.— My ventures are not in one bottom trusted.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 1

Venus.— Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, iv, 1

Verbosity.— He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument.
SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, v, 1

Verse.— Who says in verse what others say in prose.[1]
POPE, *Imitations of Horace*, II, Epistle i, line 202

Verses.— Tear him for his bad verses.
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iii, 3

Veteran.— Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.
SAMUEL JOHNSON, *Vanity of Human Wishes*, line 308

Vice.— When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.
ADDISON, *Cato*, iv, 4

Vice itself lost half its evil by losing all its grossness.
BURKE, *On the French Revolution*

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[1] Prose poets like blank verse.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto i, st. 201

Prose is verse, and verse is merely prose.
BYRON, *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, line 236 [241]

Whose [*Emerson's*] prose is grand verse, while his verse, the Lord knows,
Is some of it pr—— no, 'tis not even prose.
LOWELL, *Fable for Critics*, lines 530, 531

Before any vice can fasten on a man, body, mind, or moral nature must be debilitated. The mosses and fungi gather on sickly trees, not thriving ones; and the odious parasites which fasten on the human frame choose that which is already enfeebled.

HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, viii

If he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why, sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons.

SAMUEL JOHNSON, *Life*, by Boswell, 1763

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;[1]
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle ii, lines 217–220

There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.

SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 2

Vices.— The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, v, 3

Vicissitudes.— The sad vicissitudes of things.

R. GIFFORD, *Contemplation*

Victory.— A victory is twice itself when the achiever brings home full numbers.

SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, i, 1

"What they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory."

. . . . .

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby, died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory."

. . . . .

"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why, that I cannot tell," said he;
"But 't was a famous victory."

SOUTHEY, *Battle of Blenheim*, st. 6, 8, 11

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[1] Truth has such a face and such a mien
As to be loved needs only to be seen.

DRYDEN, *The Hind and the Panther*, lines 33, 34

Villain.— If God writes a legible hand, that fellow's a villain.
JAMES QUIN (speaking of Charles Macklin's features), cited in Watkins' Biographical Dictionary

O villain, villain, smiling damned villain!
My tables,— meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 5

Hamlet. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark
But he's an arrant knave.
Horatio. There needs no ghost, my lord, come from the grave
To tell us this. *Ibid.*

Villainy.— Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villainy is not without such rheum.
SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, iv, 3

Vine.— You know, my friends, with what a brave carouse
I made a second marriage in my house;
Divorced old barren Reason from my bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to spouse.
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 55

Vintners. I wonder often what the vintners buy
One half so precious as the stuff they sell.
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 95

Violet.— And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, xviii, st. 1

Violets.— Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrowe is in vaine;
For violets pluckt the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow againe.
THOMAS PERCY, *The Friars of Orders Gray*, st. 12

Lay her i' the earth:
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministering angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, v, 1

Virgins.— Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine.
BYRON, *Bride of Abydos*, Canto i, st. 1

Virtue.— Virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for prosperity doth best discover vice, and adversity doth best discover virtue.
BACON, *Essay V: Of Adversity*

Virtue is its own reward![1] JOHN HOME, *Douglas*, iii, 1

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die:
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.
BEN JONSON, *Epitaph on Elizabeth L. H.*

Let this great maxim be my virtue's guide;
In part she is to blame that has been tried —
He comes too near that comes to be denied.
LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, *The Lady's Resolve*, lines 9–11

Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
"Virtue alone is happiness below."
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle iv, lines 309, 310

Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iii, 4

Virtuous.— For blessings ever wait on virtuous deeds;
And though a late a sure reward succeeds.
CONGREVE, *Mourning Bride*, v, 3

Sir Toby. Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?
Clown. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too. SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, ii, 3

Visage. That large-moulded man,
His visage all agrin as at a wake,
Made at me through the press.
TENNYSON, *The Princess*, v, lines 509–511

Vision.— At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.
CAMPBELL, *The Soldier's Dream*, st. 2

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[1] Why to true merit should they have regard?
They know that virtue is its own reward.
GAY, *Epistle to Paul Methuen*, lines 41, 42

Virtue is to herself the best reward. HENRY MORE, *Cupid's Conflict*

Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on,[1] and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, iv, 1

Vital.— Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame.[2]

POPE, *The Dying Christian to His Soul*, st. 1

Voice.— Give every man thy [thine] ear, but few thy voice.

SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 3

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, v, 3

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay,
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away. TICKELL, *Colin and Lucy*

Vows.— Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

BYRON, *When We Two Parted*, st. 2

Yet now she says those words were air,
Those vows were written all in water,
And, by the lamp that saw her swear,
Has yielded to the first that sought her.
J. H. MERIVALE, *The Vow* (from the Greek of Meleager)

Those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, i, 3

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[1] Wrought of such stuffs as dreams are; and as baseless
As the fantastic visions of the evening.

NATHANIEL COTTON, *To-Morrow*, lines 15, 16

[2] Soon may this fluttering spark of vital flame
Forsake its languid melancholy frame.

CAMPBELL, *Love and Madness*, st. 12

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows.[1] SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 3

By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke.
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, i, 1

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is.
SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv, 3

Wager. Most men (till by losing rendered sager)
Will back their own opinions with a wager.
BYRON, *Beppo*, st. 27

Waist.— Her waist is ampler than her life,
For life is but a span. HOLMES, *My Aunt*, st. 1

Wait.— Those who wait the coming rider travel twice as far as he;
Tired wench and coming butter never did in time agree.
BRET HARTE, *Concepcion de Arguello*, iii, st. 13

They also serve who only stand and wait.
MILTON, *Sonnet on His Blindness*

Waiting.— Only waiting till the shadows
Are a little longer grown,
Only waiting till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded
From the heart, once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and grey.
F. L. MACE, *"Only Waiting."*

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[1] Fain would I say, "Forgive my foul offence!"
Fain promise never more to disobey;
But, should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair Virtue's way.
BURNS, *In the Prospect of Death*, st. 2

What shall I do? Make vows and break them still?
'T will be but labor lost!
My good cannot prevail against mine ill:
The business will be crost.

O, say not so; thou canst not tell what strength
Thy God may give thee at the length:
Renew thy vows, and if thou keep the last,
Thy God will pardon all that 's past
Vow while thou canst; while thou canst vow, thou mayst
Perhaps perform it when thou thinkest least.
. . . . .

Then once again
I vow to mend my ways;
Lord, say Amen,
And thine be all the praise.
GEORGE HERBERT, *Vows Broken and Renewed*, st. 2, 3

Walks.— She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies.
BYRON, *She Walks in Beauty*, st. 1

Wall.— The weakest goes to the wall.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, i, 1

Walrus.— "The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes — and ships — and sealing-wax —
Of cabbages — and kings."
C. L. DODGSON ("LEWIS CARROLL"), *Through the Looking-Glass*, iv

Want.— For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!
HOOD, *The Song of the Shirt*, st. 9

The more you have,
The more you want.
POPE, *Imitations of Horace*, II, Epistle ii, lines 213, 214

Ring out the want, the care, the sin.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, cvi, st. 5

War. My voice is still for war.[1]
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death!
ADDISON, *Cato*, ii, 1

Just fear of an imminent danger, though there be no blow given, is a lawful cause of a war.
BACON, *Essay XIX: Of Empire*

It hath been said that an unjust peace is to be preferred before a just war.[2]
S. BUTLER, *Speeches in the Rump Parliament*

War's a game, which, were their subjects wise,
Kings would not play at.
COWPER, *The Task: The Winter Morning Walk*, lines 187, 188

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[1] War, war is still the cry, "war even to the knife!"*
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto i, st. 86

My sentence is for open war. MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, II, line 51

[2] There never was a good war or a bad peace.
FRANKLIN, *Letter to Josiah Quincy*, Sept. 11, 1773

* This was the answer of General Palafox at Saragoza when summoned to surrender by the French besieging army.

War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble.
DRYDEN, *Alexander's Feast*, v, 5

Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish. And the war came.
LINCOLN, *Second Inaugural Address*, March 4, 1865

Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
There you hev it plain an' flat;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my testyment fer that:
. . . .
An' you've gut to git up airly
Ef you want to take in God.
LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, I, i, st. 5

With good old idees o' wut's right an' wut ain't,
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war an' pillage,
An' thet eppyletts worn't the best mark of a saint.
Ibid., iii, st. 5

Not but wut abstract war is horrid,
I sign to thet with all my heart,—
But civlyzation does git forrid
Sometimes upon a powder-cart. *Ibid.*, vii, st. 5

Long peace, I find,
But nurses dangerous humours up to strength,
License and wanton rage, which war alone
Can purge away. D. MALLET, *Mustapha*

War, then, war
Open or understood, must be resolved.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, I, lines 661, 662

In war the moral element and public opinion are half the battle.
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, *Life*, by Sloane, IV, 28

War its thousands slays, Peace its ten thousands.
PORTEOUS, *Death*, line 178

I have seen war's lightning flashing,
Seen the claymore with bayonet clashing,
Seen through red blood the war-horse dashing,
And scorned, amid the reeling strife,
To yield a step for death or life.
SCOTT, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto v, st. 21

The harsh and boisterous tongue of war.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, iv, 1

The poor souls for whom this hungry war
Opens his vasty jaws.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, ii, 4

In war was never lion raged more fierce,
In peace was never gentle lamb more mild.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, ii, 1

The purple testament of bleeding war. *Ibid.*, iii, 3

Grim-visaged war hath smoothed his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III*, i, 1

War is a virtue,—weakness a sin.
C. D. SHANLY, *Civil War*

War is hell.[1] W. T. SHERMAN[2]

Satan gave thereat his tail
A twirl of admiration;
For he thought of his daughter War
And her suckling babe Taxation.
SOUTHEY, *The Devil's Walk*, st. 10

To be prepared for war is one of the most effectual means of preserving peace.
GEORGE WASHINGTON, *Speech to Both Houses of Congress*, Jan. 8, 1790

Warble. Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
MILTON, *L'Allegro*, lines 133, 134

War-drum.— The war-drum of the white man 'round the world. KIPLING, *The Song of the Banjo*, st. 4

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[1] This is the soldier brave enough to tell
The glory-dazzled world that "war is hell";
Lover of peace, he looks beyond the strife,
And rides through hell to save his country's life.
HENRY VAN DYKE, *On the St. Gaudens Statue of Sherman*

War is a terrible trade.
LONGFELLOW, *Courtship of Miles Standish*, iv, line 135

[2] This saying is commonly ascribed to Gen. Sherman, but has never been definitely located in any of his writings or speeches.

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.
TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, lines 127, 128

Warfare.— The world is full of warfare 'twixt the evil and the good;
I watched the battle from afar as one that understood
The shouting and confusion, the bloody, blundering fight —
How few they are that see it clear, how few that wage it right! HENRY VAN DYKE, *Another Chance*, st. 5

Warmth. What can match, to solve a learned doubt,
The warmth within that comes from "cold without"?
HOLMES, *A Modest Request: The Toast*, lines 49, 50

Warrant.— I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.
SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, iv, 1

Warrior.— But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades of the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drums,
Follow the funeral car.
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.
C. F. ALEXANDER, *Burial of Moses*, st. 5

He lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.
CHARLES WOLFE, *Burial of Sir John Moore*, st. 3

Warriors.— The stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake*, Canto v, st. 10

Wars.— Why then are you not contented?
Why then will you hunt each other?
I am weary of your quarrels,
Weary of your wars and bloodshed,
Weary of your prayers for vengeance,
Of your wrangles and dissensions;
All your strength is in your union,
All your danger is in discord;
Therefore be at peace henceforward,
And as brothers live together.
LONGFELLOW, *Song of Hiawatha: The Peace-Pipe*, lines 106–115

What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one? SHAKESPEARE, *Pericles*, iv, 6

Ring out the thousand wars of old.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, cvi, st. 7

Washington.— Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great;
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable state?
Yes — one — the first — the last — the best —
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make man blush there was but one!
BYRON, *Additional Stanzas to the Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte*, st. 19

Waspish.— If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, ii

Wasted.— Oh, the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by!
Oh, the good that might have been —
Lost, without a sigh!
Love that we might once have saved
By a single word,
Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
Perishing unheard;
Take the proverb to thine heart,
Take, and hold it fast —
"The mill cannot grind
With the water that is past."
SARAH DOUDNEY, *The Lesson of the Water Mill*, st. 5

Watch.—"Wal'r, . . . a parting gift, my lad. Put it back half an hour every morning, and about another quarter towards the arternoon, and it's a watch that'll do you credit." DICKENS, *Dombey and Son*, xix

For the watch to babble . . . is most tolerable and not to be endured.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, iii, 3

Watches.—'T is with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, lines 9, 10

Watchman.—"What of the night, watchman?
What of the night?"
"Cloudy — all quiet;
No land yet — all's right."
Be wakeful, be vigilant;
Danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth
Securest to thee.
C. A. B. SOUTHEY, *Christian Mariner's Hymn*, st. 3

Water.— Water, water, every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water, every where
Nor any drop to drink.[1]
COLERIDGE, *Ancient Mariner*, lines 119–122

The conscious water saw its God and blushed.
R. CRASHAW, *Translation of Divine Epigram on John ii*

Oh, water for me! Bright water for me![2]
EDWARD JOHNSON, *The Water-Drinker*, st. 1

I came like water, and like wind I go.
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 28

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part II*, iii, 1

More water glideth by the mill
Than wots the miller of; and easy it is
Of a cut loaf to steal a shive.
SHAKESPEARE, *Titus Andronicus*, ii, 1

'T is a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame
More exquisite than when nectarean juice
Renews the life of joy in happier hours.
SIR T. N. TALFOURD, *Ion*, i, 2

Waterloo.— The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iii, st. 18

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[1] In midst of water I complain of thirst.
DRYDEN, *Iphis and Ianthe*, line 144

[2] Here's that which is too weak to be a sinner, honest water, which ne'er left man i' the mire. SHAKESPEARE, *Timon of Athens*, i, 2

Waters.— How gloriously her gallant course she goes!
Her white wings flying — never from her foes —
She walks the waters like a thing of life,[1]
And seems to dare the elements to strife.
BYRON, *The Corsair*, Canto i, st. 3

The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil in endless torture.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iv, st. 69

The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.
A. CUNNINGHAM, *A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea*

Unpathed waters, undreamed shores.
SHAKESPEARE, *Winter's Tale*, iv, 4 [3]

Waves.— Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iii, st. 2

The waves with all their white crests dancing
Come, like thick-plumed squadrons, to the shore
Gallantly bounding. SIR A. HUNT, *Julian*

Wax.— Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some labourers room.
SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well*, i, 2

Way. She hath a way,
Anne Hathaway;
To make grief bliss, Anne hath a way.
ANONYMOUS, *Anne Hathaway*

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The Minstrel was infirm and old.
SCOTT, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Introduction

Weak. To be weak is miserable,
Doing or suffering.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, I, lines 157, 158

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.
WHITTIER, *The Eternal Goodness*, st. 17

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[1] The master bold, . . .
Who ruled her like a thing of life
Amid the crested wave!— L. H. SIGOURNEY, *The Bell of the Wreck*, st. 2

Weakness.— Laments the weakness of these latter times.
THOMSON, *The Seasons: Autumn*, line 569

Weapons.— The race that shortens its weapons lengthens its boundaries. HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, i

Wear. Really and truly — I've nothing to wear.
W. A. BUTLER, *Nothing to Wear*

Weariness. Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.
SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, iii, 6

Weary.— Well may the children weep before you!
They are weary ere they run;
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory
Which is brighter than the sun.
E. B. BROWNING, *The Cry of the Children*, st. 12

I will arise, O Christ, when thou callest me; but oh! let me rest awhile, for I am very weary.
Epitaph in a German churchyard, quoted by
W. E. H. LECKY, *Map of Life*, xvi

Web-feet.— Nor must Uncle Sam's web-feet be forgotten. . . . Not only on the deep sea, the broad bay, and the rapid river, but also up the narrow, muddy bayou, and wherever the ground was a little damp, they have been and made their tracks.
LINCOLN, *Letter to J. C. Conkling*, Aug. 26, 1863

Wed.— So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells.
TENNYSON, *Enoch Arden*, line 80

Wedded.— Hail, wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring!
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IV, lines 750, 751

Wedding.— Wedding is great Juno's crown.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, v, 4

Wedding-bells.— Hear the mellow wedding-bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells.
POE, *The Bells*, st. 2

Wedges.— Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips.
HOLMES, *The Deacon's Masterpiece*, st. 5

Wedlock. Wedlock without love, some say,
Is but a lock without a key.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, II, i, lines 321, 322

Lawful awful wedlock.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto xi, st. 89

Weeds.— Great weeds do grow apace.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III*, ii, 4

Idle weeds are fast in growth. *Ibid.*, iii, 1

Weep.— Mine eyes smell onions; I shall weep anon.
SHAKESPEARE, *All's Well That Ends Well*, v, 3

I cannot choose but weep, to think that they should lay him i' the cold ground.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iv, 5

Oh, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, iv, 3

Weeping.— A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!
HOOD, *The Song of the Shirt*

I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are. SHAKESPEARE, *Winter's Tale*, ii, 1

Weeps. Look, the good man weeps!
He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, v, 1

Welcome.— 'T is sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home;
'T is sweet to know there is an eye will mark
Our coming, and look brighter when we come.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto i, st. 123

To say you 're [you are] welcome were superfluous.
SHAKESPEARE, *Pericles*, ii, 3

Welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing.
SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 3

Well.— Were 't the last drop in the well,
And I gasping on the brink,[1]
Ere my fainting spirit fell,
'T is to thee that I would drink.
BYRON, *Lines to Moore*, st. 4

Werther.— Werther had a love for Charlotte
Such as words could never utter;
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.
THACKERAY, *Sorrows of Werther*, st. 1

Westminster.— Westminster Abbey or victory!
HORATIO, VISCOUNT NELSON, Exclamation at the battle of Cape St. Vincent

Westward-Ho.— *Olivia.* There lies your way, due west.
Viola. Then westward-ho!
SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, iii, 1

Wether.— I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

Wethers.— To return to our wethers.[2] RABELAIS, I, i

Whale.— His angle-rod made of a sturdy oak;
His line a cable which in storms ne'er broke;
His hook he baited with a dragon's tail,
And sat upon a rock, and bobbed for whale.
W. KING, *Upon a Giant's Angling*

Wheels.— All day the iron wheels go onward,
Grinding life down from its mark;
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,
Spin on blindly in the dark.
E. B. BROWNING, *The Cry of the Children*, st. 8

And wheels [*bicycles*] rush in where horses fear to tread.— HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, vii, *Note*

Whip.— O heaven, that such companions thou 'dst unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the world.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, iv, 2

Whipped.— Thou shalt be whipped with wire, and stewed in brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, ii, 5

[1] Another reading is: As I gasped upon the brink.

[2] Usually quoted "muttons" from the French word *moutons*.

Whipping.— Use every man after his desert, and who should [shall] 'scape whipping? SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, ii, 2

She shall have whipping—cheer enough.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, v, 4

Whiskey.— No wonder that those Irish lads
Should be so gay and frisky,
For sure St. Pat he taught them that,
As well as making whiskey;
No wonder that the saint himself
Should understand distilling,
Since his mother kept a shebeen shop
In the town of Enniskillen.
HENRY BENNETT, *St. Patrick Was a Gentleman*

Freedom and whiskey gang thegither!
BURNS, *Prayer to the Scotch Representatives, ad finem*

Peat whiskey hot,
Tempered with well-boiled water!
These make the long night shorter,—
Forgetting not
Good stout old English porter.
R. H. MESSINGER, *A Winter Wish*, st. 1

Whistle.— Oh, whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad;
Though father and mither and a' should gae mad.
BURNS, *Oh, Whistle, and I'll Come To You*, st. 1

As clear as a whistle.
JOHN BYROM, *Epistle to Lloyd*, st. 12

With mug in hand to wet his whistle.
COTTON, *Virgil Travestie*, line 6

He has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.
FRANKLIN, *The Whistle*, November, 1719

The maiden laughed out in her innocent glee,—
"What a fool of yourself with your whistle you'd make!
For only consider, how silly 't would be
To sit there and whistle for — what you might take!"
ROBERT STORY, *The Whistle*

Whistled.— He trudged along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.
DRYDEN, *Cymon and Iphigenia*, lines 84, 85

Whistling.— The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up.
R. BLAIR, *The Grave*

Whitewood.— The panels of whitewood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these.
HOLMES, *The Deacon's Masterpiece*, st. 5

Why.— Whatever skeptic could enquire for,
For ev'ry why he had a wherefore.[1]
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, i, lines 131, 132

The "why" is plain as way to parish church.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, ii, 7

Wicked.— She never followed wicked ways —
Unless when she was sinning.
GOLDSMITH, *Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize*, st. 3

I's wicked — I is. I's mighty wicked, anyhow. I can't help it. H. B. STOWE, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, xx

Wickliffe.— The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea;
And Wickliffe's dust shall spread abroad,
Wide as the waters be.[2]
DANIEL WEBSTER, *Address before the "Sons of New Hampshire"*

Widow.— He died of the slow fever called the tertian,
And left his widow to her own aversion.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto i, st. 34

Widow Machree, and when winter comes in,
Och hone! Widow Machree,
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
Och hone! Widow Machree.
Sure the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs
Full of family glee;
While alone with your cup,
Like a hermit, you sup,
Och hone! Widow Machree.
SAMUEL LOVER, *Widow Machree*, st. 3

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[1] Every why hath a wherefore.
. . . . . .
Was there ever any man thus beaten out of season,
When in the why and the wherefore is neither rhyme nor reason?
SHAKESPEARE, *Comedy of Errors*, ii, 2

[2] Flung to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
The martyrs' ashes, watched,
Shall gathered be at last;
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.
MARTIN LUTHER, *The Martyrs' Hymn* (trans. W. J. Fox)

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye
That thou consum'st thyself in single life?
SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet ix*

I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow now,
That shall be wooed and wedded in a day.
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, iv, 2

Widower.— Tears of the widower, when he sees
A late-lost form that sleep reveals,
And moves his doubtful arms, and feels
Her place is empty.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, xiii, st. 1

Widows.— If for widows you die,
Learn to kiss, not to sigh.
CHARLES LEVER, *Widow Malone*, st. 6

Widow-maker. It grieves my soul,
That I must draw this metal from my side
To be a widow-maker!— SHAKESPEARE, *King John*, v, 2

Wife.— He that hath wife and children hath given hostages to fortune; for they are impediments to great enterprises, either of virtue or mischief.
BACON, *Essay VIII: Of Marriage and Single Life*

What is it, then, to have or have no wife,
But single thraldom or a double strife?
BACON, *The World*, st. 3

What is there in the vale of life
Half so delightful as a wife,
When friendship, love, and peace combine
To stamp the marriage bond divine?
COWPER, *Love Abused*, lines 1–4

The faithful wife, without debate.
HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY, *The Means to Attain Happy Life*

The world goes up and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain;
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
Can never come over again,
Sweet wife;
No, never come over again.

For woman is warm though man be cold,
And the night will hallow the day;
Till the heart which at even was weary and old
Can rise in the morning gay,
Sweet wife;
To its work in the morning gay
KINGSLEY, *Dolcino to Margaret*

Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife!
LONGFELLOW, *Building of the Ship*, st. 24

The wife, where danger or dishonour lurks,
Safest and seemliest by her husband stays,
Who guards her, or with her the worst endures.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IX, lines 267–269

All these good parts a perfect woman make;
Add love to me, they make a perfect wife;[1]
Without her love, her beauty I should take,
As that of pictures, dead; *that* gives it life;
Till then her beauty, like the sun, doth shine
Alike to all; *that* only makes it mine.
SIR T. OVERBURY, *A Wife*

You are my true and honourable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.[2]
SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*, ii, 1

Wilderness.— The wilderness shall blossom as the rose.[3]
TENNYSON, *Aylmer's Field*, line 649

Will.— Be there a will, and wisdom finds the way.
G. CRABBE, *The Birth of Flattery*, st. 18

At war 'twixt will and will not.[4]
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, ii, 2

Willie Winkie.— Wee Willie Winkie rins through the town,
Up stairs and doon stairs, in his nicht-gown,
Tirlin' at the window, cryin' at the lock,
"Are the weans in their bed? — for it's now ten o'clock."
W. MILLER, *Willie Winkie*, st. 1

Willing.— Barkis is willin'.— DICKENS, *David Copperfield*, I, v

[1] A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures and his cares dividing,
Winning him back when mingling in the throng,
Back from a world we love, alas! too long,
To fireside happiness, to hours of ease,
Blest with that charm, the certainty to please.
SAMUEL ROGERS, *Human Life*

[2] Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart.— GRAY, *The Bard*, i, 3

Dear as the vital warmth that feeds my life;
Dear as these eyes, that weep in fondness o'er thee.
T. OTWAY, *Venice Preserved*, v, i

[3] The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. *Isaiah* xxxv, 1

[4] What I will not, that I cannot do.
SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, ii, 2
We would, and we would not. *Ibid.*, iv, 4

Willow.— There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iv, 7

Win.— Heads I win,— ditto tails.
LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, II, ii, *Jonathan to John*, st. 4

Wind. 'T was but the wind
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iii, st. 22

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, ii, 7

Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.[1]
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part III*, ii, 5

Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,
Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 1

More inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being angered, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, i, 4

Windows.— Windows of her mind.
JOHN CHALKHILL, *The Dwelling of Orandra*

Wine.— Wine and Truth, is the saying.— BUCKLEY, *Theocritus*

Few things surpass old wine: and they may preach
Who please,— the more because they preach in vain,—
Let us have wine and women,[2] mirth and laughter,
Sermons and soda-water the day after.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto ii, st. 178

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[1] *Falstaff.* What wind blew you hither, Pistol?
Pistol. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, v, 3

Except winde stands as never it stood,
It is an ill winde turnes none to good.— THOMAS TUSSER, *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry: The Properties of Winds*

[2] Then comes witching wine again,
With glorious woman in its train.
T. MOORE, *Odes of Anacreon*

Who loves not wine, woman, and song,
He is a fool his whole life long!
THACKERAY, *A Credo*

It [wine] helps the headache, cough, and phthisic,
And is for all diseases physic.
JOHN FLETCHER, *Drink To-Day*, st. 2

Fill every beaker up, my men,
Pour forth the cheering wine;
There's life and strength in every drop,—
Thanksgiving to the vine!
A. G. GREENE, *The Baron's Last Banquet*, st. 7

If with water you fill up your glasses,
You'll never write anything wise;
For wine's the true horse of Parnassus,
Which carries a bard to the skies!
T. MOORE, from the Anthologia, cited in note to *Odes of Anacreon*

A cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying Tiber[1] in't.
SHAKESPEARE, *Coriolanus*, ii, 1

O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, ii, 3

Jars were made to drain, I think,
Wine, I know, was made to drink.
R. H. STODDARD, *Persian Songs: The Jar*, st. 1

Wisdom.— The strongest plume in wisdom's pinion
Is the memory of past folly.
S. T. COLERIDGE, *To an Unfortunate Woman*, st. 6

As if wisdom's old potato could not flourish at its root?
HOLMES, *Nux Postcœnatica*, st. 7

To observations which ourselves we make,
We grow more partial for th' observer's sake;
To written wisdom, as another's, less.
POPE, *Moral Essays*, Epistle i, lines 11–13

Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem vile.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, iv, 2

With wisdom fraught,
Not such as books, but such as practice taught.
WALLER, *On the King's Return*

Wisdom is oft-times nearer when we stoop
Than when we soar.
WORDSWORTH, *The Excursion: Despondency*, lines 232, 233

The man of wisdom is the man of years.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, V, line 775

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[1] With no allaying Thames. LOVELACE, *To Althea from Prison*, st. 2

Wise. Much too wise to walk into a well.
POPE, *Imitations of Horace*, II, *Epistle* ii, line 191

Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, II, line 47

Wiseacres.— Down deep in a hollow some wiseacres sit,
Like a toad in his cell in the stone;
Around them in daylight the blind owlets flit,
And their creeds are with ivy o'ergrown.
. . . . .
Contented to dwell deep down in the well
Or move like the snail in the crust of his shell,
Or live like the toad in his narrow abode,
With their souls closely wedged in a thick wall of stone,
By the grey weeds of prejudice rankly o'ergrown.
R. S. NICHOLS, *The Philosopher Toad*

Wisest. So well to know
Her own, that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, VIII, lines 548–550

He is oft the wisest man,
Who is not wise at all.
WORDSWORTH, *The Oak and the Broom*, st. 7

Wish.— Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, iv, 5 [4]

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.
WHITTIER, *Maud Muller*, st. 6

Wishes.— If wishes would prevail with me,
My purpose should not fail with me.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, iii, 2

Wishing. Wishing, of all employments, is the worst.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, IV, line 72

Wit. Although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it;
As being loth to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about,
Unless on holy-days, or so,
As men their best apparel do.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, i, lines 45–50

Don't put too fine a point to your wit, for fear it should get blunted.
CERVANTES, *The Little Gipsy* (*La Gitanilla*)

His wit invites you by his looks to come,
But when you knock it never is at home.[1]
COWPER, *Conversation*, lines 303, 304

The greatest sharp some day will find another sharper wit;
It always makes the devil laugh to see a biter bit.
C. G. LELAND, *El Capitan-General*, st. 12

A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.[2]
POPE, *Dunciad*, iv, line 90

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed;
Something, whose truth convinced at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, lines 297–304

You have a nimble wit.[3]
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, iii, 2

None are so surely caught, when they are catched,
As wit turned fool.
SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, v, 2

Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 5

Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit; by and by it will strike. SHAKESPEARE, *The Tempest*, ii, 1

A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward.
SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, iii, 1

As full of wit as an egg is full of meat.
STERNE, *Tristram Shandy*, VII, xxxvii

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[1] You beat you pate, and fancy wit will come:
Knock as you please, there's nobody at home. POPE, *Epigram*

[2] This man [*Lord Chesterfield*] I thought had been a lord among wits, but I find he is only a wit among lords.
SAMUEL JOHNSON, *Life*, by Boswell, 1754

[3] I have a pretty wit. SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, v, 1

Your wit ambles well; it goes easily.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, v, 1

Witchcrafts.— And the Devil will fetch me now in fire,
My witchcrafts to atone;
And I, who have troubled [rifled] the dead man's grave,
Shall never have rest in my own.
SOUTHEY, *The Old Woman of Berkeley*, st. 9

Withered. What are these
So withered and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,
And yet are on 't? SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, i, 3

Wives.— Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iv, 2

Woe. He scorned his own, who felt another's woe.
CAMPBELL, *Gertrude of Wyoming*, I, st. 24

Alas! by some degree of woe
We every bliss must gain;
The heart can ne'er a transport know
That never feels a pain. LORD LYTTELTON,
Song: Say, Myra, Why is Gentle Love

What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe[1]
To midnight dances and the public show?
POPE, *Elegy to an Unfortunate Lady*, lines 55–58

Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life, my gallant grey.
SCOTT, *Lady of the Lake*, Canto i, st. 9

One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow.[2] SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, iv, 7

Woes.— The graceful tear that streams for other's woes.
AKENSIDE, *Pleasures of the Imagination*, I, line 6

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[1] 'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods [modes], shapes [shows] of grief,
That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 2

[2] Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes;
They love a train; they tread each other's heel.
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, III, lines 63, 64

Wolf.— The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore.
THOMAS CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope*, i, st. 7

You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iv, 1

Woman.— When Eve brought woe to all mankind
Old Adam called her *wo-man;*
But when she wooed with love so kind,
He then pronounced her *woo-man.*
But now, with folly and with pride,
Their husbands' pockets trimming,
The women are so full of whims
That men pronounce them *wimmen!*
ANONYMOUS, *Woman*

Oh, woman! woman! thou should'st have few sins
Of thine own to answer for! Thou art the author
Of such a book of follies in a man,
That it would need the tears of all the angels
To blot the record out!
E. G. BULWER-LYTTON, *The Lady of Lyons*, v, 1

Say — the world is a nettle; disturb it, it stings:
Grasp it firmly, it stings not. On one of two things,
If you would not be stung, it behoves you to settle:
Avoid it or crush it. . . .
She tried
With the weak hand of woman to thrust it aside,
And it stung her. A woman is too slight a thing
To trample the world without feeling its sting.[1]
E. R. BULWER-LYTTON ("OWEN MEREDITH"),
Lucile, iii, 2

As father Adam first was fooled,
A case that's still too common,
Here lies a man a woman ruled —
The devil ruled the woman.
BURNS, *On a Hen-pecked Country Squire*

Extreme in love or hate, in good or ill,
The worst of crimes had left her woman still!
BYRON, *The Corsair*, Canto iii, st. 16

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[1] Nor wife nor maiden, weak or brave,
Can stand and face the public stare,
And win the plaudits she may crave,
And stem the hisses she may dare,
And modest truth and beauty save.— J. G. HOLLAND, *The Mistress of the Manse: Love's Philosophies*, vii

Woman—*Continued*

Woman! thy vows are traced in sand.[1]

BYRON, *To Woman*

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,
There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower!
. . . . . .
The world was sad! — the garden was a wild!
And man, the hermit, sighed — till woman smiled!

CAMPBELL, *Pleasures of Hope*, ii, st. 4

But what is woman? Only one of
Nature's agreeable blunders.

HANNAH COWLEY, *Who's the Dupe?* ii, 2

She married,— well,— a woman needs
A mate, her life and love to share,—
And little cares sprang up like weeds
And played around her elbow-chair.

F. S. COZZENS, *An Experience and a Moral*

O woman, God beloved in old Jerusalem! The best among us need deal lightly with thy faults, if only for the punishment thy nature will endure, in bearing heavy evidence against us, on the Day of Judgment.

DICKENS, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, II, iii

First, then, a woman will, or won't, depend on 't;
If she will do 't, she will; and there's an end on 't.[2]
But if she won't, since safe and sound your trust is,
Fear is affront, and jealousy injustice.

AARON HILL, *Epilogue to Zara*

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[1] Woman's faith, and woman's trust —
Write the characters in dust;
Stamp them on the running stream,
Print them on the moon's pale beam,
And each evanescent letter
Shall be clearer, firmer, better,
And more permanent, I ween,
Than the thing those letters mean. SCOTT, *The Truth of Woman*, st. 1

[2] Where is the man who has the power and skill
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?
For if she will, she will, you may depend on 't;
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on 't.

ANONYMOUS, Lines on a pillar in Dane John Field, Canterbury, quoted in *The Examiner* (London), May 31, 1829

Men, dying, make their wills, but wives
Escape a work so sad;
Why should they make what all their lives
The gentle dames have had? J. G. SAXE, *Woman's Will*

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will.

SIR S. TUKE, *Adventures of Five Hours*, v, 3

I would have a woman as true as Death. At the first real lie which works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world.

HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, xi

Hapless woman ne'er can say,
"My work is done," till judgment day.

ST. JOHN HONEYWOOD, *Darby and Joan*, i

It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

HOOD, *The Song of the Shirt*, st. 2

Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the woman who did not know . . .
And did not understand.

KIPLING, *The Vampire*, st. 2

Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost
And the excellent things we planned
Belong to the woman who did n't know why
And did not understand. *Ibid.*, st. 4

It is the fate of woman
Long to be patient and silent, to wait like a ghost that is speechless,
Till some questioning voice dissolves the spell of its silence.
Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women
Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers
Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruitful,
Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless murmurs.

LONGFELLOW, *Courtship of Miles Standish*, vi, lines 29–35

Praise of the virtuous woman, as she is described in the Proverbs,[1]—
How the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her always,
How all the days of her life she will do him good, and not evil,
How she seeketh the wool and the flax and worketh with gladness,
How she layeth her hand to the spindle and holdeth the distaff,
How she is not afraid of the snow for herself or her household,
Knowing her household are clothed with the scarlet cloth of her weaving! *Ibid.*, viii, lines 34–40

[1] *Proverbs* xxxi, 10–21.

Woman—*Continued*

A cunning woman is a knavish fool.
LORD LYTTELTON, *Advice to a Lady*

How sweetly sounds the voice of a good woman;
It is so seldom heard, that, when it speaks,
It ravishes all senses. MASSINGER, *The Old Law*, iv, 2

Thus it shall befall
Him who, to worth in woman overtrusting,
Lets her will rule; restraint she will not brook;
And, left to herself, if evil thence ensue,
She first his weak indulgence will accuse
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, IX, lines 1182–1186

Here woman reigns, the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
JAMES MONTGOMERY, *The West Indies*, iii, 1

Who trusts himself to woman or to waves
Should never hazard what he fears to lose.
JOHN OLDMIXON, *The Governor of Cyprus*, iii

I'd leave the world for him that hates a woman.
Woman, the fountain of all human frailty!
What mighty ills have not been done by woman!
Who was 't betrayed the Capitol? A woman.
Who lost Mark Antony the world? A woman.
Who was the cause of a long ten years' war,
And laid at last old Troy in ashes? Woman,
Destructive, damnable, deceitful woman![1]
THOMAS OTWAY, *The Orphan*, iii, 1

O woman! lovely woman![2] Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you;
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There 's in you all that we believe of Heaven,
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.
THOMAS OTWAY, *Venice Preserved*, i, 1

Here rests a woman, good without pretence,
Blessed with plain reason and with sober sense:
No conquests she, but o'er herself, desired,
No arts essayed, but not to be admired.

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[1] Oh, most pernicious woman! SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 5
[2] Woman, lovely woman! COWPER, *Progress of Error*, line 274

Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,
Convinced that virtue only is our own.
So unaffected, so composed a mind;
So firm, yet soft; so strong, yet so refined;
Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried;[1]
The saint sustained it, but the woman died.
POPE, *Epitaph on Mrs. Corbet*

Woman, the last; the best reserved of God.[2]
POPE, *January and May*, line 64

O woman! in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
And variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When pain and anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou![3] SCOTT, *Marmion*, vi, 30

Do you know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, iii, 2

A woman's thought runs before her actions.—*Ibid.*, iv, 1

'T is said a woman's fitness comes by fits.
SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, iv, 1

One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul! she's dead. SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, v, 1

She's beautiful, and therefore to be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore to be won.[4]
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part I*, v, 3

Oh, tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide!
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part III*, i, 4

There was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.[5] SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, iii, 2

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[1] Mrs. Corbet died of cancer.

[2] *Cf.* HEAVEN.

[3] Woman's at best a contradiction still.
POPE, *Moral Essays*, Epistle ii, line 270

Who is 't can read a woman? SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, v, 5

[4] She is a woman, therefore may be wooed;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be loved.
SHAKESPEARE, *Titus Andronicus*, ii, 1

[5] *Angelo.* Women are frail too.
Isabella. Ay; as the glasses where they view themselves.
. . . . . .
Nay, call us ten times frail,
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.— SHAKESPEARE, *Measure for Measure*, ii, 4

Was ever woman in this humour wooed?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III*, i, 2

She's a very tattling woman.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iii, 3

Such duty as the subject owes the prince
Even such a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she is froward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will,
What is she but a foul contending rebel
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, v, 2

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn [won],
Than women's are. SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, ii, 4

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iii, 1

Nor ever yet was woman's life complete
Till at her breast the child of him she loved
Made life and love one name.
E. C. STEDMAN, *The Blameless Prince*, st. 134

Man for the field, and woman for the hearth;
Man for the sword, and for the needle she;
Man with the head, and woman with the heart;
Man to command, and woman to obey;
All else confusion.
TENNYSON, *The Princess*, v, lines 437–441

One half of woman's life is hope
And one half resignation.
M. A. TOWNSEND, *Her Horoscope*

A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.
WORDSWORTH, *She Was a Phantom of Delight*, st. 3

Womanly.— Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her;
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.—HOOD, *The Bridge of Sighs*, st. 4

Women.— Alas! the love of women! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing;
For all of theirs upon that die is thrown,
And if 't is lost, life hath no more to bring
To them but mockeries of the past alone,
And their revenge is as the tiger's spring,
Deadly, and quick, and crushing; yet as real
Torture is theirs — what they inflict they feel.
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto ii, st. 199

Women are skeery, unless they have a home.
W. CARLETON, *Betsey and I Are Out*, st. 13

If women could be fair, and yet not fond,
Or that their love were firm, not fickle still,
I would not marvel that they make men bond
By service long to purchase their good will;
But when I see how frail those creatures are,
I muse that men forget themselves so far.
EDWARD DE VERE, EARL OF OXFORD,
A Renunciation, st. 1

No cause is tried at the litigious bar,
But women plaintiffs or defendants are,
They form the process, all the briefs they write;
The topics furnish, and the pleas indite.
DRYDEN, *Juvenal*, Satire vi, lines 341–344

O, weary fa' the women fo'k,
For they winna let a body be!
JAMES HOGG, *The Women Fo'k*

There are some very pretty . . . women who don't understand the law of the road with regard to handsome faces. Nature and custom . . . agree in conceding to all males the right of at least two distinct looks at every comely female countenance, without any infraction of the rules of courtesy or the sentiment of respect. HOLMES, *Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, viii

I sometimes think women have a sixth sense, which tells them that others, whom they cannot see or hear, are in suffering. . . . We . . . draw our first breath in their arms, as we sigh away our last upon their faithful breasts!
HOLMES, *Professor at the Breakfast-Table*, xi

Nothing so true as what you once let fall,
"Most women have no characters at all."
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguished by black, brown, or fair.
POPE, *Moral Essays*, Epistle ii, lines 1–4

If weak women went astray,
Their stars were more in fault than they.
MATTHEW PRIOR, *Hans Carvel*, lines 11, 12

Women are not
In their best fortunes strong.
SHAKESPEARE, *Antony and Cleopatra*, iii, 12[10]

The pleasing punishment that women bear.
SHAKESPEARE, *Comedy of Errors*, i, 1

Women are shrews, both short and tall.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry IV, Part II*, v, 3

Women's weapons, water-drops.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, ii, 4

I am ashamed that women are so simple
To offer war where they should kneel for peace,
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.
Why are our bodies soft and weak and smooth,
Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
But that our soft conditions and our hearts
Should well agree with our external parts?
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, v, 2

Women, not clothes, were loved
When this old flag was new. R. H. STODDARD,
When This Old Flag Was New, st. 9

Wonder.— And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*, st. 14

Gloucester. Ten days' wonder at the least.
Clarence. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part III*, iii, 2

Woo.— Time to dance is not to woo;
Wooing light makes fickle troth.
E. B. BROWNING, *The Lady's Yes*, st. 4

If fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow;
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing,
Oh, tell me how to woo.
GRAHAM OF GARTMORE, *If Doughty Deeds My Lady Please*, st. 3

What is the greatest bliss
That the tongue o' man can name?
'T is to woo a bonnie lassie
When the kye comes hame!
JAMES HOGG, *When the Kye Comes Hame*, st. 1

Men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May[1] when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, iv, 1

We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be wooed, and were not made to woo.[2]
SHAKESPEARE, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, ii, 1

Woodcock.— So strives the woodcock with the gin.[3]
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part III*, i, 4

Woodland.— Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, CXV, st. 2

Woodman.— Woodman, spare that tree![4]
Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
And I'll protect it now.
G. P. MORRIS, *Woodman Spare That Tree*, st. 1

Woodpecker.— The woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.
T. MOORE, *Ballad Stanzas*, st. 2

Woods.— There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iv, st. 178

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forespent, forespent.
Into the woods my Master came,
Forespent with love and shame.

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[1] Women are angels, wooing. SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida*, i, 2

[2] Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
That would be wooed, and not unsought be won.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, VIII, lines 502, 503

[3] Now is the woodcock near the gin. SHAKESPEARE, *Twelfth Night*, ii, 5

[4] Spare, woodman, spare the beechen tree.
CAMPBELL, *The Beech-Tree's Petition*, st. 1

But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little grey leaves were kind to Him:
The thorn-tree had a mind to Him
When into the woods he came.
LANIER, *A Ballad of Trees and the Master*, st. 1

Fresh woods and pastures new.
MILTON, *Lycidas*, line 193

Wooer.— Last May a braw wooer cam' down the lang glen,
And sair wi' his love he did deave [*deafen*] me;
I said there was naething I hated like men,—
The deuce gae wi'm to believe me!
BURNS, *Last May a Braw Wooer*, st. 1

The wooer who can flatter most will bear away the belle.
G. W. THORNBURY, *The Jester's Sermon*

Wooing.— Never wedding, ever wooing,
Still a love-lorn heart pursuing,
Read you not the wrong you're doing
In my cheek's pale hue?
All my life with sorrow strewing,
Wed, or cease to woo.
CAMPBELL, *The Maid's Remonstrance*, st. 1

If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning. LONGFELLOW,
Courtship of Miles Standish, iii, line 111

Word.— A word and a blow.[1]
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, iii, 1

Word-catcher.— Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserved in Milton's or in Shakespeare's name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
POPE, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, lines 165–172

Words. He could coin, or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;
Words so debased and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on;
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em.
BUTLER, *Hudibras*, I, i, lines 109–114

[1] All words came first, and after blows.
CHARLES LLOYD, *Speech of Courtney*

Words are women, deeds are men.[1]
GEORGE HERBERT, *Jacula Prudentum*

Words are wise men's counters, they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools.
HOBBES, *The Leviathan*, I, 4

Well-placed words of glozing courtesy,
Baited with reasons not unplausible.
MILTON, *Comus*, lines 161, 162

To those who know thee not no words can paint,
And those who know thee, know all words are faint.
HANNAH MORE, *Sensibility*

Words, words, words.[2] SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, ii, 2

'T is a kind of good deed to say well:
And yet words are no deeds.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VIII*, iii, 2

You have bereft me of all words.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, iii, 2

Words pay no debts.
SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida*, iii, 2

Work.—Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness.[3]
CARLYLE, *Past and Present: The Modern Worker*, xi

Now, by Saint Paul, the work goes bravely on!
COLLEY CIBBER, *Richard III*, iii, 1

Honest toil is holy service; faithful work is praise and prayer.
HENRY VAN DYKE, *Toiling of Felix*, Legend, st. 61

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[1] I am not so lost in lexicography as to forget that words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven.
SAMUEL JOHNSON, *Preface to His Dictionary*

Words are men's daughters, but God's sons are things.
SAMUEL MADDEN, *Boulter's Monument* *

[2] Words, words, mere words. SHAKESPEARE, *Troilus and Cressida*, v, 3

[3] This is my work; my blessing, not my doom;
Of all who live, I am the one by whom
This work can best be done in the right way.
HENRY VAN DYKE, *Work*, st. 1

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* These words have been supposed to be an interpolation by Dr. Johnson. See Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, 1756.

Work—work—work—
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work—
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,—
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!
HOOD, *The Song of the Shirt*

Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at whiles,
Helping, when we meet them,
Lame dogs over stiles;
See in every hedgerow
Marks of angels' feet,
Epics in each pebble
Underneath our feet.[1]
KINGSLEY, *The Invitation*, lines 97–104

The best way to live well is to work well. Good work is the daily test and safeguard of personal health.
JOSEPH MORTIMER-GRANVILLE, *How to Make the Best of Life*, i

To delight in doing one's work in life, that is what helps one on, though the road is sometimes very stiff and tiring — uphill rather, it would seem, than downhill, and yet downhill it is.
MAX MÜLLER, *Life*, by His Wife, II, xxv

No good work is ever lost; many labourers must be content to sow; others will come to reap the harvest.
MAX MÜLLER, *Letter to Mr. Nanjio*, Dec. 27, 1883, *Life*, by His Wife, II, xxvi

Work is life to me;[2] and when I am no longer able to work, life will be a heavy burden.
MAX MÜLLER, *Letter to Miss Byrd McCall*, Oct. 22, 1888, *Life*, by His Wife, II, xxix

I have never found the limit of my capacity for work.
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, *Life*, by Sloane, III, 163

Worker. That which the worker winneth shall then be his indeed,
Nor shall half be reaped for nothing by him that sowed no seed.[3]—WILLIAM MORRIS, *The Day Is Coming*, st. 8

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[1] *Cf.* ADVERSITY.

[2] Work done is the true happiness of life. MAX MÜLLER, *Letter to B. M. Malabari*, March 12, 1890, *Life*, by His Wife, II, xxx

[3] *Cf.* SEED.

Workers.— On we march then, we the workers, and the rumour that ye hear
Is the blended sound of battle and deliverance drawing near.
WILLIAM MORRIS, *The March of the Workers*, st. 4

Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new;
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.
TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, lines 117, 118

Workman.— There the workman saw his labour taking form and bearing fruit,
Like a tree with splendid branches rising from a humble root.
HENRY VAN DYKE, *Toiling of Felix*, Legend, st. 57

Works.— Every one is the son of his own works.
CERVANTES, *Don Quixote*, I, iv

These are thy glorious works, Parent of good.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, V, line 153

World.— The world's a bubble, and the life of man
Less than a span.[1] BACON,[2] *The World*, st. 1

Let any man show the world that he feels
Afraid of its bark, and 't will fly at his heels:
Let him fearlessly face it, 't will leave him alone:
But 't will fawn at his feet if he flings 't a bone.
E. R. BULWER-LYTTON ("OWEN MEREDITH"), *Lucile*, II, vii

Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home.
EMERSON, *Good-Bye*, st. 1

Into this world we come like ships,
Launched from the docks, and stocks, and slips,
For fortune fair or fatal.
HOOD, *Miss Kilmansegg*, Her Birth

There is another and a better world.
A. F. F. VON KOTZEBUE, *The Stranger* (trans. R. Thompson), i, 1

Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez the world'll go right, ef he hollers out Gee!
LOWELL, *The Biglow Papers*, I, iii, st. 9

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[1] This life, which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble. W. DRUMMOND, *Madrigal: This Life*

[2] Ascribed also to Raleigh, Donne, and others.

World—*Continued*

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds above;
And, if we did our duty, it might be full of love.
GERALD MASSEY, *This World Is Full of Beauty*

The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.
MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, XII, lines 646–649

Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;
Still by himself abused, or disabused;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled:
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle ii, lines 13–18

See how the world its veterans rewards!
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A fop their passion, but their prize a sot;
Alive, ridiculous, and, dead, forgot.
POPE, *Moral Essays*, Epistle ii, lines 243–248

I think, whatever mortals crave,
With impotent endeavour,
A wreath—a rank—a throne—a grave—
The world goes round for ever;
I think that life is not too long,
And therefore I determine
That many people read a song,
Who will not read a sermon.

. . . . .

I think the world, though dark it be
Has aye one rapturous pleasure,
Concealed in life's monotony,
For those who seek the treasure;
One planet in a starless night—
One blossom on a brier—
One friend not quite a hypocrite—
One woman not a liar!
PRAED, *Chant of the Brazen Head*, st. 1, 11

Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, i, 2

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, i, 2

I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.
SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*, i, 1

The world is not thy friend nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich.
SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*, v, 1

Let the world slide.
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, 1

And o'er the hills, and far away
Beyond their utmost purple rim,
Beyond the night, across the day,
Through all the world she followed him.
TENNYSON, *The Day-Dream*, The Departure, st. 4

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.
WORDSWORTH, *The World Is Too Much With Us*, lines 1, 2

Worldly.— Be wisely worldly, be not worldly wise.
FRANCIS QUARLES, *Emblems*, II, 2

Worlds.— Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.
POPE, *The Universal Prayer*, st. 6

Worm.— I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
COWPER, *The Task: Winter Walk at Noon*, lines 560–563

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on,
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry VI, Part III*, ii, 2

Worms.— The worms they crept in, and the worms they crept out,
And sported his eyes and his temples about,
While the spectre addressed Imogene.
M. G. LEWIS, *Alonzo the Brave and the Fair Imogene*, st. 12

Wormwood.— His [*cup*] had been quaffed too quickly, and he found
The dregs were wormwood.
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iii, st. 9

Worship.— He wales [*chooses*] a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship God!" he says, with solemn air.
BURNS, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, st. 12

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war? —
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,—
Freedom to worship God.[1]
FELICIA HEMANS, *Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers*, st. 9, 10

One wishes worship freely given to God,
Another wants to make it statute-labour.
HOOD, *Ode to Rae Wilson, Esquire*, st. 11

Worst.— When things are at the worst, they sometimes mend.[2] BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto vi, st. 1

When the worst comes to the worst, no man is without a friend who is possessed of shaving-materials.
DICKENS, *David Copperfield*, I, xvii

In the worst inn's worst room.
POPE, *Moral Essays*, Epistle iii, line 299

We are not the first
Who, with best meaning, have incurred the worst.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear*, v, 3

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, i, 3

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[1] And now the aisles of the ancient church
By equal feet are trod,
And the bell that swings in its belfry rings
Freedom to worship God! WHITTIER, *In the Old South*, st. 9

[2] Would Heaven this mourning year were past!
One may have better luck at last;
Matters at worst are sure to mend,
The Devil's wife was but a fiend.
PRIOR, *Turtle and Sparrows*, lines 414–417

Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
To what they were before. SHAKESPEARE, *Macbeth*, iv, 2

Worth.— Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunello.
POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epistle iv, lines 203, 204

Wrath. Our hame,
Whare sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.
BURNS, *Tam O'Shanter*, st. 1

Come not within the measure of my wrath.
SHAKESPEARE, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, v, 4

Wreck. All at once a sea broke over them,
And they that saw it from the shore have said
It struck the wreck and piecemeal scattered it,
Just as a woman might the lump of salt
That 'twixt her hands into the kneading-pan
She breaks and crumbles on her rising bread.
JEAN INGELOW, *Brothers and a Sermon*

Wrecked.— As men wrecked upon a sand, that look to be
washed off the next tide.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, iv, 1

Wrestled.— Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.
SHAKESPEARE, *As You Like It*, i, 2

Wretched.— The wretched have no friends
DRYDEN, *All for Love*, iii, 1

Lest, when our latest hope is fled, ye taste of our despair,
And learn by proof, in some wild hour, how much the
wretched dare. MACAULAY, *Virginia*, st. 6

Wrinkles.— Wrinkles (the d — d democrats) won't flatter
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto x, st. 24

Writ.— The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.[1]
OMAR KHAYYÁM, *Rubáiyát* (trans. Fitzgerald), st. 71

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[1] What is writ, is writ,—
Would it were worthier!
BYRON, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto iv, st. 185

Whatever hath been written shall remain,
Nor be erased nor written o'er again;
The unwritten only still belongs to thee:
Take heed, and ponder well what that shall be.
LONGFELLOW, *Morituri Salutamus*, st. 18

Write.— He cannot write who knows not to give o'er.
DRYDEN, *Art of Poetry*, line 63

Learn to write well, or not to write at all.
DRYDEN, *Essay upon Satire*, line 281

It may be glorious to write
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight
Once in a century;

But better far it is to speak
One simple word, which now and then
Shall waken their free nature in the weak
And friendless sons of men;

To write some earnest verse or line,
Which, seeking not the praise of art,
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood shine
In the untutored heart.
LOWELL, *Incident in a Railroad Car*, st. 19–21

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipped me in ink, my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobeyed.
POPE, *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*, lines 125–130

But those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man
POPE, *Imitations of Horace*, II, Epistle i,
lines 187, 188

Thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.
SHAKESPEARE, *Cymbeline*, i, 1 [2]

I once did hold it, as our statists do,
A baseness to write fair, and laboured much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service.—SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, v, 2

Devise, wit! write, pen! for I am for whole volumes in folio. SHAKESPEARE, *Love's Labour's Lost*, i, 2

To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.
SHAKESPEARE, *Much Ado about Nothing*, iii, 3

Writing.— This comes of drinking asses' milk and writing.
DRYDEN, *Absalom and Achitophel*, II, line 395

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
POPE, *Essay on Criticism*, lines 362, 363;
Imitations of Horace, II, Epistle ii, lines 178, 179

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.
SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, *Essay on Poetry*, lines 1, 2

Wrong.— One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
R. BROWNING, *The Lost Leader*, line 24

Time at last sets all things even —
And if we do but watch the hour,
There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,
The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.
BYRON, *Mazeppa*, st. 10

Wrongs.— On adamant our wrongs we all engrave,
But write our benefits upon the wave.
KING, *Art of Love*, lines 971, 972

How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?
EDWIN MARKHAM, *The Man With the Hoe*, st. 5

Xerxes.— Xerxes must die,
And so must I. *New England Primer*

Yankee.— The Yankee boy, before he's sent to school,
Well knows the mysteries of that magic tool,
The pocket knife.

. . . . . .

And in the education of the lad
No little part that implement hath had.
His pocket knife to the young whittler brings
A growing knowledge of material things.

. . . . . .

Thus by his genius and his jack-knife driven,
Erelong he'll solve you any problem given;

. . . . . .

Ay, when he undertakes it,
He'll make the thing and the machine that makes it.

. . . . . .

For, there's go in it, you may know
That there's go in it, and he'll make it go
JOHN PIERPONT, *Whittling*

Yawp.— I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world. WALT WHITMAN, *Song of Myself*, 52

Year.— The old year lies a-dying.
TENNYSON, *Death of the Old Year*, st. 1

Yes.—"Yes," I answered you last night;
"No," this morning, sir, I say:[1]
Colours seen by candle-light
Will not look the same by day.
. . . . .
By your truth she shall be true,
Ever true, as wives of yore;
And her "yes," once said to you,
Shall be "yes" for evermore.
E. B. BROWNING, *The Lady's Yes*, st. 1, 7

Yesterday.— Oh, call back yesterday, bid time return!
SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard II*, iii, 2

Yesterdays.— Oh, for yesterdays to come!
YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, II, line 312

Yester-year.— Where are the snows of yester-year?
DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI, *The Ballad of Dead Ladies*

Yew.— Old Yew, which graspest at the stones
That name the underlying dead,
Thy fibres net the dreamless head,[2]
Thy roots are wrapped about the bones.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, ii, st. 1

Yorick.— Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour she must come.—SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet*, v, 1

Young.— Young fellows will be young fellows.
ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, *Love in a Village*, ii, 2

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[1] Why, I pray,
Look "Yes" last night, and yet say "No" to-day?
BYRON, *Don Juan*, Canto xii, st. 34

[2] The dreamless sleep that lulls the dead. BYRON, *Euthanasia*, st. 1

The young lambs are bleating in the meadows,
The young birds are chirping in the nest,
The young fawns are playing with the shadows,
The young flowers are blowing toward the west —
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others,
In the country of the free.
E. B. BROWNING, *The Cry of the Children*, st. 1

And both were young, and one was beautiful.[1]
BYRON, *The Dream*, st. 2

Young men think old men fools, and old men know young men to be so.
Quoted by CAMDEN as a saying of one Dr. Metcalf

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.
KINGSLEY, *Songs from the Water Babies*, II, st. 1

Young folks are smart, but all ain't good thet's new;
I guess the gran'thers they knowed sunthin' tu.
LOWELL, *Biglow Papers*, II, ii, lines 307, 308

The atrocious crime of being a young man.
WILLIAM PITT, EARL OF CHATHAM, *Speech*, March 6, 1741

Young people now-a-days
Have fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good old ways.
BAYARD TAYLOR, *The Quaker Widow*, st. 15

Younger.— We shall ne'er be younger.
SHAKESPEARE, *Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, 2

Yourself.— Why don't you speak for yourself, John?
LONGFELLOW, *Courtship of Miles Standish*, iii, line 154

Youth.— A strappan youth; he taks the mother's eye.
BURNS, *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, st. 8

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[1] Both young — and one how passing fair! BYRON, *Parisina*, st. 9

Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm:
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That hushed in grim repose expects his evening prey.
GRAY, *The Bard*, ii, 2

He doth not lack an almanac,
Whose youth is in his soul.
HOLMES, *Remember—Forget*, st. 5

In youth the heart exults and sings,
The pulses leap, the feet have wings;
In age the cricket chirps, and brings
The harvest home of day.
LONGFELLOW, *Kéramos*, st. 17

In the very May-morn of his youth,
Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.
SHAKESPEARE, *King Henry V*, i, 2

Cursed be the social wants that sin against the strength of youth![1]
Cursed be the social lies that warp us from the living truth! TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, lines 59, 60

There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain,
But when youth, the dream departs,
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.
R. H. STODDARD, *The Flight of Youth*, st. 1

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.
WHITTIER, *Maud Muller*, st. 52

Yule.— They bring me sorrow touched with joy,
The merry, merry bells of Yule.
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam*, xxviii, st. 5

Zaccheus.— Zaccheus he
Did climb the tree
Our Lord to see. *New England Primer*

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[1] This filthy marriage-hindering Mammon.
TENNYSON, *Aylmer's Field*, line 374

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